



Wells.

"We know not what a day may bring forth." This quiet village for many weeks has rested under a calm, with but a ripple now and then to disturb its peace, but the spell is broken, and the villagers are greatly excited at the appearance of the fatal and so much dreaded disease, "Diphtheria." A number have been made victims of the prowling disease, but through the skill and energy of our much esteemed physician, Dr. McGun, but one as yet has been claimed by death. The only daughter of Ira Hosley, an interesting child of five summers, was suddenly and violently attacked with the disease. For six days the anxious parents and friends watched her struggles with the terrible enemy, and then Clara was transplanted in the gardens of Heaven. The funeral services, which took place Wednesday, Jan. 16th, at the M. E. Church, were largely attended. Rev. A. J. Hayner, the services were conducted by the Rev. G. C. Thomas of Northville. The sermon was a masterly effort, and for fifty minutes the Rev. gentleman held his audience spellbound. This morning the oldest son of Mr. H., was taken ill with the same disease.

HOSLEY.—In Wells, Sept. 15, 1884, after a long and severe illness, Charry, wife of John G. Hosley, aged 51 years 7 months and 4 days. The funeral was attended on Wednesday at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Baptist Church, by a large circle of relatives and friends, the Rev. W. J. Quiney officiating.

MORRISON.—At the residence of his parents, in Griffin, N. Y., Sept. 26th, 1889, Buel, aged 8 months, infant son of I. P. and A. E. Morrison. The funeral was attended at the house on Friday, 1 p. m., Rev. C. N. Marvin officiating.

Death of Hon. Isaac Morrison.

We regret to announce the death of Hon. Isaac Morrison, of Wells, Hamilton county, which occurred on the 29th ult., after an illness of some six months, of an affliction of the kidneys, aged 67 years. Judge Morrison had long been a resident, and one of the most prominent men of the county, having held the office of County Judge, County Treasurer, Justice of the Peace, and other offices of trust, the duties of all which were well and faithfully performed. He was a consistent member of the M. E. Church, and an upright, honorable and obliging citizen, and his death will be mourned by all who enjoyed his acquaintance. Peace to his sacred ashes.

MORRISON.—In Wells, Dec. 18th, of consumption, Mrs. Mary C. Morrison, wife of David B. Morrison, aged 40 years, 11 months.

At Greenbush, on the 19th inst., ARTHUR W., infant son of Rev. John A. and Emma Savage, aged 1 year.

Mr. Charry Overaker, aged 78 years, died at the residence of A. Denning, Sunday morning, Mar. 18, 1888.

DIED.

CRAIG.—At his late residence in Wells, Nov. 6th, 1885, Washington Craig, in the 91st year of his age. The funeral was attended in the M. E. church on Sunday afternoon, Rev. C. Kennedy officiating.

DIED.

CRAIG.—In Wells, April 4th, 1886. Mrs. Lucy Craig, relict of Washington Craig, in her 86th year. The funeral was attended in the M. E. church on Wednesday at 2 o'clock p. m., Rev. C. Kennedy officiating.

HOSLEY.—In Wells, Monday morning, Jan. 3d, 1887, at the residence of her son, Martin, Mrs. Retina Hosley, relict of Benjamin Hosley, aged 84 years and nearly 4 months. The funeral was attended in the Baptist church on Wednesday afternoon by a large circle of relatives and mourning friends, Rev. Kennedy officiating.

Mrs. Catharine Morrison, relict of Heman Morrison of Wells, who died nearly 30 years ago, died at the residence of her son, Andrew, near Oxbow Lake in Arietta, last Friday morning. She was in her 75th year and had been in declining health for some time, but no immediate danger was apprehended until Tuesday previous to her death. The funeral was attended in the M. E. church in this village, of which the deceased had long been a member, Rev. C. Kennedy officiating.

DIED.

BROWN.—At his late residence in Northampton, Dec. 23d, 1887, David Brown, in his 76th year. His funeral was attended at the house on Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m., Rev. R. W. C. Zeilmann officiating. He leaves a widow, 3 sons, 2 daughters and a brother, beside many other relatives, to mourn his death.

MORRISON.—At the residence of Wm. Fowler, Piseco, N. Y., March 4th 1889, Lydia, wife of Andrew Morrison, aged 50 years.

MORRISON.—At Wells, N. Y., Jan. 5, J. B. Morrison, editor of the *Adirondack Herald*, 1882. He was born at Wells, April 3d, 1831. He was baptized in the church at Wells, N. Y., at the time of his death he held many offices which testified to the high esteem in which he was held. In the church he was clerk, trustee, and deacon; in the community he had been appointed as executor and notary public, and had been elected justice of the peace and county associate justice. He was a consistent member of the church, and gave generous financial support. He was buried with many friends following. The funeral was held at the residence of the late Baptist church, Udena, N. Y., officiated at the funeral, assisted by Rev. F. J. Marvin, pastor of the church.

Died.

HOSLEY.—At the residence of his father, after a severe and painful illness, Nov., 19th, 1887, Edgar W., youngest son of Ira B. and O. M. Hosley, of Norwood, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y. The funeral was attended on Monday 1 o'clock, p. m., at the house, by a large circle of mourning relatives and sympathizing friends, Rev. Mr. Marsh, of the M. E. church officiating assisted by Rev. Mr. Kelly of the Congregational church.

Died.

BROWN.—At the residence of her daughter Mrs. C. Buel of Buellet, N. Y. on Monday, June 1d, 1890 Mrs. Caroline Brown, relict of the late David Brown of Northampton and daughter of the late H. R. Peck of Wells, aged 70 years. The funeral was attended from her late residence on Wednesday and the remains buried beside those of her husband in the Northampton cemetery.

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A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"Glad tidings unto you I bring!"
(So sang the angel from on high),
"For unto you is given a king!"
"Sing joyfully, and earth reply—)
Hallelujah! Christ is born
On this blessed Christmas Morn!

Thus the glad tidings spread afar!
The shepherds heard it as they stood
And gazed in awe upon the Star,
Whose light fell soft o'er plain and wood!
Hallelujah! Christ is born
On this blessed Christmas Morn!

Kings, shepherds and the angelic host
In homage come to bow the knee!
A world redeemed, a world once lost,
A Savior born to set us free!
Hallelujah! Christ is born
On this blessed Christmas Morn!

Ring out, sweet chimes of Christmas, ring,
And hearts your Christmas songs essay;
So join the heavenly host who bring
The glad news on this precious day!
Hallelujah! Christ is born
On this blessed Christmas Morn!

Peasant, prince, shall share the blessing,
No heart so poor it may not hold
Part in Christmas, and possessing,
Sing joyfully that song of old—
Hallelujah! Christ is born
On this blessed Christmas Morn!

MIRIAM LESTER.

The Early Dead.

BY MRS. HARRIET WARD HODSON.

The reaper stood in the midst of his sheaves,
As he counted them one by one,
And his eye lit up with a lurid glare
As he saw in the sheaves sweet flowers fair,
All aglow in the setting sun.

He said, "I am only a servant at will,
Yet power to me has been given
To gather the choicest flowers of earth
And return them again to the land of their
birth,
Their beautiful home up in heaven.

"I gather sweet rose-buds that are fresh and
fair,
And fragrant with morning dew,
And the angels shall weave each glittering
gem
In wreaths for Christ's regal diadem,
Unfading and ever new.

"There holiest thoughts, free from earthly
alloy,
In beauty and fragrance arise
And bloom in the glorious gardens above,
Matured and united in infinite love,
The forget-me-nots of the skies.

There no blighting frosts, nor sun's scorch-
ing rays,
Nor storms of winter shall come;
Nor sickness, nor sorrow, nor death, nor
decay,
Nor parting that fills the soul with dismay,
Will be known in that heavenly home.

A Free Seat.

[Feeble poetry, but strongly suggestive.]

He was old and poor, and a stranger
In the great metropolis,
As he bent his steps thitherward
To a stately edifice.
Outside he inquires, "What Church is this?"
"Church of Christ," he hears them say;
"Ah! just the place I am looking for,
I trust he is here to-day."

He passed thro' the spacious columned door
And up the carpeted aisle,
And as he passed, on many a face,
He saw surprise and smile.
From pew to pew, up one entire side,
Then across the broad front space,
From pew to pew down the other side
He walked with the same slow pace.

Not a friendly voice had bid him sit
To listen to go-pel truth,
Not a sign of deference had been paid
To the aged one by youth.
No door was opened by generous hand,
The pews were paid for—rented,
And he was a stranger, old and poor,
Not a heart to him relented.

As he paused outside a moment to think,
Then again passed into the street,
Up to his shoulder he lifted a stone
That lay in the dust at his feet;
And bore it up the broad, grand aisle
In front of the ranks of pews,
Choosing a place to see and to hear,
He made a seat for his use.

Calmly sitting upon the huge stone,
Folding his hands on his knees,
Slowly reviewing the worshipers,
A great confusion he sees.
Many a cheek is crimsoned with shame,
Some whisper together sore,
And wish they had been more courteous
To the stranger old and poor.

As if by magic, some fifty doors
Open instantaneously,
And as many seats, and books, and hands
Are proffered hastily.
Changing his stone for a crimsoned pew,
And wiping a tear away,
He thinks it was a mistake after all,
And that Christ came late that day.

The preacher's discourse was eloquent,
The organ in finest tone,
But the most impressive sermon heard
Was preached by a humble stone.
'Twas a lesson of lowliness and worth
That lodged in many a heart,
And the Church preserves the sacred stone,
That the truth may not depart.

"These girls are all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given;
Their smiles of joy, their tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,
There's not one true in SEVEN!"

"Oh take me from these marble halls,
And take these pearls from out my hair;
I'm dying for love a cottage walls,
And flowers my childhood used to wear.
But who can take this heart of pain?
And who these weary, weary hours,
And give that joyous time again,
As fresh as morning's dewy flowers?"

LITTLE DORA'S SOLILOQUY.

I can't see what our baby boy is dood for any way;
He don't know how to walk or talk, he don't know
how to play;
He tears up ev'ry single zing he posser-billy tan,
And even tried to break, one day, my mamma's best
est fan.
He's all'ays tumb'lin' 'bout ze floor, and gives us
awful scares,
An' when he goes to bed at night, he never says his
prayers.
On Sunday, too, he musses up my go-to-meetin'
clothes;
An' once I found him hard at work a pin'in' Dolly's
noze;
An' ze ozzer day zat naughty boy (now what you
s'pose you zink?)
Upset a dreat big bottle of my papa's writin' ink;
An' 'stead of kyin' good an' hard, as course he ought
to done,
He laughed and kicked his head most off, as zough
he sought 'twas fun.
He even tries to reach up high an' pull zings of ze
shelf.
An' he's all'ays wantin' you, of course, just when you
want yourself.
I rather dess, I really do, from how he pulls my turls,
Zay all was made a purpose for to 'noy us little
durls.
An' I wish zere wasn't no such zing as naughty baby
boys—
Why—why zat's him a kyin' now; he makes a drefull
noise,
I dess I better run an' see, for if he bas—boo hoo!
Fell down the stairs and killed his self, whatever
shall I do!

THANKSGIVING.

Thanks to the Lord, ring out ye chimes,
Glad praise from every steeple,
For peaceful days and better times,
Rejoice now, oh, ye people;
For fruitful rains and cherry sun,
For bread so sweet that's hardly won,
For sweet night's rest after day's work's done,
Give thanks now, all ye people.

Praise ye the Lord, give thanks again,
Devoutly and with reason,
That earth is rich with garnered grain,
Fruit o' the bounteous season;
That want's grim specter now is laid,
That once sad homes are happy made,
That joy has come so long delayed,
Give thanks with joyful reason.

Give thanks in songs of sweet accord
For joy—e'en present sorrow
Which turns at touch of the blessed Lord,
To gladness on the morrow.
When faith shall prove our staff and stay,
The clouds shall dim our sight to-day,
Before His smile will roll away,
And bring a bright to-morrow.

I WILL never despair, though God has bereft me
Of those whom my heart prized the dearest of earth;
For e'en in bereaving, He kindly has left me
A heavenly gift of unspeakable worth.
I will hope, though my heart is often nigh breaking
With sorrow, which lieth so heavily there,
Though troubles assail and earth's joys are forsaking—
Still trusting in God, I will never despair.

I will never despair while being is given,
And power to accomplish my humble task here;
With faith in the rest which awaits me in Heaven,
While hoping, believing, I've nothing to fear.
Though woes gather 'round me and gloom is o'er-
spreading
The skies, which were once so invitingly fair,
Though rough is the path which my footsteps are
treading—
Still trusting in God, I will never despair.

MRS. ISABEL N. JOICE.

..... A clergyman who found it impossible to
provide for himself and family out of his very
slender income, wrote to his friend thus:—
"I must give up my living to save my life."

..... "Tim, on which side of your church
does the yew tree grow?"
"Why, on the outside. By the piper o' Moses,
ye wouldn't have it grow in the inside, sure?"

Mr. B. Hosley
Norwood, N. Y.

Some merry for love, and some for money,
And some—the Lord knows why;
Some find the hand of truth and mercy—
Some nothing but dried apple pie.
—*Chorus*

An old bachelor, who is very cynical upon
the subject of female fashions, says that people could get
out of church a great deal better if there were not half so
much bustle at the door.

the funeral, assisted by Rev. F. J. Marvin, pastor of
the church.

omitting.

TWICE GLAD.

Young Mulkittle's Grandmother Glad to See Him and Glad to Get Rid of Him.

"Willie," said Mr. Mulkittle, addressing his son, "as you have been a very good boy for the past week or so, your mother and I have agreed to let you go out in the country and spend a few days with your grandmother."

"When can I go?" asked the delighted boy.

"I'll send you out just as soon as you can get ready."

He ran into the house, hauled an old carpet bag from the closet and began to pack his clothes. With the assistance of his mother he was soon in readiness for the journey, and by the time the negro boy arrived with the buggy the youngster was in a high state of excitement.

Old Lady Mulkittle was delighted to see her grandson. She had not seen him for some time, which fact, together with her bad memory of everything about children but the ills to which their little flesh is lawful heir, greatly tended to increase her pleasure in seeing him. It was late in the afternoon when he arrived and he had not time to explore the premises; however, he succeeded in sitting down on a painful of duck eggs that had been encased in cotton and placed by the fire. The old lady, in the heartiness of good humor born of hale old age, readily forgave him, but when he tried to catch the cat and turned over the crock churn and spilt three days' collection of cream, her aggravation was not to be confined by the ordinary bounds of self control; for in the life of an old woman there is no perplexity like that of losing a "churnin'."

"What a dreadful boy!" she exclaimed. "He's ruined me."

"But I got the cat, gran'ma."

"Confound the cat. Turn her loose. There. I'm glad she scratched you," and she got a rag and began to mop up the milk. "I wouldn't have had this thing to happen for anything," she said in genuine sorrow.

"Are you mad, gran'ma?"

"Oh, I'm hurt."

"Did the churn fall on you?"

"No, it didn't."

"What hurt you, then?"

"Oh, don't bother me," and she arose and began to sweep the floor. "This is a putty mess. I don't see what makes children so bad. They want that way in my raisin'?"

"You wasn't a bad boy, was you?"

"No, I wasn't," and she sat down with an annoyed air.

"You wasn't a boy, was you?"

"No, thank the Lord!"

"But, grandpa what's dead was, wasn't he?"

"Yes, he was. Now hush up."

"If he hadn't been a boy, he couldn't be a man, could he?"

"I won't put up with your foolishness. You can't run over me like you do your mother and father. Take off them clothes and get into that bed."

"It's too soon."

"More, I tell you," and she took down a turkey-wing fan, and the boy stood no longer upon the order of his going, but went at once.

He arose early next morning and went out into the lot. He left the gate open and the calves ran into the cow pen.

"Now you have done it," said the old lady, bustling into the room. "The calves have got all the milk, and we fed the cows pumpkins, too. I never saw the like since the day I was born."

"The bad man will git you if you don't stop talkin' that way."

"What's that, you little rascal? Don't you come around me with your catechism."

"But ain't it a sin to get mad?"

"Yes," replied the old lady after a moment's reflection. "It is a sin and may the Lord forgive me for it."

"But if He forgives you every time you get mad it'll keep Him pretty busy, won't it?"

"Hush, you musn't talk that way."

"Is it a sin?"

"Yes, it is."

"But the Lord will forgive me, won't He?"

"No, He won't."

"Then, why will He forgive you when you get mad an' sin?"

"Lord a-massy, child, let me alone."

"If you waster marry agin you'd make my new grandpa hop, wouldn't you?"

"Jane, have Old John hitched up. I'm goin' to town," and she bustled out of the room. When the buggy was announced, she led the boy out. She stuffed cotton in her ears, and drove rapidly to town. Arriving at Mulkittle's house, she was putting the boy out, when Mr. Mulkittle came up and said:

"Mother, won't you get out? Willie isn't sick, is he?"

"No, I won't get out, and no he ain't sick. I want you to keep him at home. He tormented me till I forgot that I had the rheumatism; but give me the rheumatism. Now there," and she drove away.

LITTLE MAY.

BY ALICE CARY.

Call Jenny from her spinning,
And call Josey from the mill;
I am going on a journey
That is very dark and still.

I am going on a journey,
To be long and long away,
And I want to see and charge them
To be good to little May.

I am not afraid to leave them,
For they both have strength and will,
And will work away their grieving
At the wheel, and in the mill.

My Jenny's heart is tender,
But in all the long hot hours
She never leaves her spinning
To bear water to the flowers.

And I want to see and charge her,
Though I know she will do right,
To mind she keeps the cradle
Where the fire is shining bright.

And Josey, seeming proud and cold,
Is only firm and brave;
His hands will be the first to plant
The daisies on my grave.

But to his heart a baby's wants
Might fall to find their way,
And I want to see and charge him
To be good to little May.

So go and call them quickly
From the wheel and from the mill,
For I'm going on a journey
That is very dark and still.

Wedding trip—Stumbling over
the brde's train.

Anywhere with Jesus, says the Christian heart;
Let him take me where he will, so we do not part;
Always sitting at his feet, there's no cause for fears;
Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears!

Anywhere with Jesus! though he leadeth me
Where the path is rough and long, where the dangers be;
Though he taketh from me all I love below,
Anywhere with Jesus will I gladly go.

Anywhere with Jesus, in the summer heat,
Anywhere with Jesus, through the winter sleet;
Anywhere with Jesus, where the bright sun shines,
Anywhere with Jesus, when the day declines.

Anywhere with Jesus, though he please to bring
Into fires the fiercest, into suffering;
Though he bid me work or wait, or only bear for him,
Anywhere with Jesus, still shall be my hymn.

Anywhere with Jesus, though it be the tomb
With its fighting terror, with its dreaded gloom;
Though it be the weariness of a long-drawn life,
Fainting with the constant toil, drooping in the strife.

Anywhere with Jesus, for it cannot be
Dreary, dark, or desolate where he is with me;
He will love me alway, every need supply;
Anywhere with Jesus, should I live or die.

QUESTIONINGS.

Why do the children leave us, O our Father,—

The little children cradled on our breasts?

Why do our doves fly upward in the morning

While other birdlings sleep within the nest?

Can it be true that music up in heaven

Is sweeter when their voices join the hymn—

Is richer light to realms of glory given

For that which fading left our homes so dim?

And can the angels who, all day, are giving

Care to the lambs within the Shepherd's fold,

Need, as a mother needs amid her grieving,

The little ones at night to clasp and hold?

When shall we see again the precious faces

That gave our home such sunshine when they smiled?

Oh, what shall fill the heart's sad vacant places
Or hush the tones that plead, "Give back the child?"

Why must we listen vainly for the patter

Of little feet at morning on the stair?

And miss the merry sound of childish laughter,

Or gentler tones saying the evening prayer?

Why vainly long for kisses, falling purely

From lips that said their good night at our knees?

Oh, He who made the mother-heart hath surely
No chiding in His own for thoughts like these.

E'en this bow can we know—His hand hath smitten,

In wrath or mercy? Only He can tell.

Perhaps in some sweet day there may be written,
Upon our hearts this record, "It is well."

Perhaps the broken harps that thrill and quiver
Through all the night under the hand of pain,

May in the morning of a glad forever,

Wake 'neath God's touch to melody again.

..... IMPATIENCE.—A little girl, not three years of age, while her father was engaged in family prayer, becoming no doubt weary at the length of the exercise, and happily recollecting how it always terminated, suddenly shouted out "Amen." After waiting a moment or two and observing that this proved ineffectual, she repeated with more emphasis, "Amen." By this time a smile was creeping over her father's countenance, and noticing that he hesitated a little and betrayed a manifest effort to proceed with his devotion, she pleasantly added "Pa. can't you say it?" It is needless to say that length of prayer was much shortened.

SEVENTH ANIVERSARY.

Seven times the scarlet leaves have fallen,
Seven harvests in their pride
Have passed us by, dear wife:
Since you became my bride.

Seven years of shine and shade, dear,
But we've kept each by the hand;
And oftentimes we've wandered
Thro' a beautiful summer land.

Sometimes the sky has been clouded;
We could not see the way.
But we've always found the darkest night,
Was just before the day.

You have kept the hearthstone warm and
bright,

Your heart as leaf and true,
You've been a blessing all the way,
E'en greater than you knew.

To-night I am strong to battle
With all the ills of life,
If thro' the fiercest, I can feel,
The hand-clasp of my wife.

And you, my husband, have kept me,
From faltering by the way;
You have saved me from many a pitfall,
Where doubt and fear held sway.

I cannot think what life would be
Without your loving care,
Without your smiling face, dear;
Your presence everywhere,

Sometimes the hill has been hard to climb,
And my weary feet grew slow;
But by your keeping one step ahead,
You showed me where to go.

And when I could not understand;
What God in His dealings meant,
You told me they were meant in love.
That joys were sometimes lent.

Yes; dear, we've had shade with the sun-
shine;
Yet most of our days have been blest.
So together we'll keep our hearts light and
bright,
To God we'll leave the rest.

We are reaching by years the summit,
That shall crown the life of love
Of service to God and our fellows;—
At last,—a rest above.

Flai Baudry.

*The above lines were read to a little compa-
ny given by Mr. and Mrs. Lehman at their
home in this village, Wednesday evening Oct.
31st., in memory of the seventh anniversary of
their marriage. Reading and music, both vo-
cal and instrumental interspersed the even-
ing.*

—In some of the rural districts of
Italy a lover who wishes to make a
declaration of his passion places rose
leaves before the door of the lady. If
she rejects him she sweeps them away;
but if she accepts him the rose leaves
remain. In some of the rural districts
of Chicago a lover takes along a box
of candy when he goes to see his girl.
If she rejects him she keeps the candy.

O! I Want to Cross Over!

BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

O have you not heard of that realm of delight,
To which the blessed Saviour doth each one invite;
'Tis prepared for the good and the pure and the blessed;
'Tis over the River where the weary find rest.

CHORUS.

O! I want to cross over, don't you where he reigns,
And join the glad angels on Eden's fair plains;
I want to be gathered with all the redeemed;
Yes, over the River where the fields are all green.

True, death's foaming billows are rolling between,
But glories are there such as eye hath not seen;
And songs are there sung such as ear hath not caught;
And the way o'er the River the Saviour hath taught.

O! I want to cross over, &c.

'Tis a land of rare beauty—a realm of delight,
O'erflowing with gladness, refulgent with light,
Its verdure ne'er withers, its flowers ne'er die,
O! I long to pass over with Jesus on high.

O! I want to cross over, &c.

Its fountains are pure, and its pleasures untold,
Its fullness of joy no tongue can unfold;
Its life-breathing Zephyrs float gently along
O'er the River enticing a sin-redeemed throng.

O! I want to cross over, &c.

There the weary may rest, and the wicked ne'er come,
There the Saints are all safe in their heavenly home;
With their harps and their crowns they always are seen,
Away o'er the River where the valleys are green.

O! I want to cross over, &c.

'Tis Jesus invites me this glory to see,
To reign with him ever all happy and free;
I'll join the redeemed and with them abide,—
I'll cross the dark River, bright Angels will guide.

O! I want to cross over, &c.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.

Let sailors sing of the windy deep,
Let soldiers praise their armor;
But in my heart this toast I'll keep—
The Independent Farmer,
When first the rose in robe of green,
Unfolds its crimson lining
And round his cottage porch is seen
The honey suckle twining;
When banks of bloom their sweetness yield,
To bees who gather honey—
He drives his team across the field,
Where skies are soft and sunny.

The blackbird clucks behind the plow,
The quail patters loud and clearly;
The orchard hides behind its bough,
The home he loves so dearly;
The gray old barn whose doors unfold
His ample store in measure,
More rich than heaps of hoarded gold,
A precious, blessed treasure;
But yonder in the porch there stands
His wife, the lovely charmer,
The sweetest rose on all his hands
The Independent Farmer.

To him the spring comes dancing gay,
To him the summer blushes,
The autumn smiles with pleasant ray,
His sleep old winter hushes;
He cares not how the world may move
No fears or doubts confound him;
His little flock are linked in love,
His household angels' round him;
He trusts in God and loves his wife,
No grief or ill may harm her;
His nature's nobl. man in life—
The Independent Farmer.

DOT FRITZEY.—

I kin saw you, you shly leedle raskel,
A beekin' ad me drough dot shair;
Come here righd away now and kiss me—
You dought I don'd know you vos dere,
You all der dime hide from your fader,
Und subbose he can'd saw mit his eyes;
You vos goin' to fool me—oh, Fritzey—
Und gafe me a grade big surprize?

Dot boy vas a rekular monkey—
Dere vos noding so high he don'd glimb;
Und his mudder she says dot his drouers
Vants new bosoms in dem all der dime.
He vas shmard, dough, dot same leedle feller,
Und he sings all der vile like a lark,
From vonce he gids ub in der mornin',
Dill we drofe him to bed adfer dark.

He's der bissiest von in der family,
Und I bed you der louder he sings
He vas raisin' der dickens mit some von—
He vas ub do all manner of dings.
He vas beekin' away, dot young raskel,
Drough de shair—Holy Moses! vot's dot?
Dot young sun-of-a-gun mid a sceosors
Is cut all der dall off der cat!

—[Cofty Goofy.

THERE IS ONE THAT LOVES THEE STILL.

WHEN thou art sad and weary
'Gainst the selfish crowd to cope,
And thy heart is lone, and dreary
Runs the glim'ring lamps of hope;
When the year seems all December,
And life's cup with sorrows fill—
O! remember, then, remember
There is one that loves thee still.

When the stream of life is flowing,
Unchecked by gloom or sadness,
And the light of pleasure's flowing
In the rosy tints of gladness;
When all thy wants and joys are met
And life forebodes no ill,
I care not if you then forget
That there's one who loves thee still.

But, when friends are false and failing,
And have gone like sunbeams all,
And thy cheeks with sorrow paling,
And sad tears of trouble fall;
When the last low dying ember
Of warm hope is growing chill,
O! remember, then, remember,
There is one who loves thee still.

TO A FRIEND.

A LAS! my friend, what a wearisome world!
In vain we sigh for rest;
But there's no haven here on earth,
No balm for the wounded breast.

We fondly dream of future joys,
That gleam through mists of years;
But glittering bubbles always burst,
And smiles are bathed in tears.

When gazing on the deep blue sky,
A beautiful world is ours;
An echo from our hearts reply,
Earth has but fading flowers.

Then we to behold that beautiful shore
Where flowers never fade,
And speak of joys that are in store,
Where sorrow shall ne'er invade.

Let us endeavor, then, my friend,
To reach that happy shore,
Where every tear is wiped away,
And parting know no more.

I. D.

In modern Egypt a young man is not
permitted to see his wife's face before
marriage. This is rather rough on the
young man, but it prevents the news-
papers of Egypt from making jokes about
the girl enticing him into an ice cream
saloon and bankrupting him in the first
round.—*Norristown Herald.*

The average man takes very little in-
terest, perhaps, in rifle shooting at
Creedmoor and Walnut Hill, but it
tickles him half to death when he makes
a good shot with a stone at one of his
neighbor's hens which has come over
into his yard.

AUCTION OF BACHELORS.

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed, it ran into numbers.
It seemed that a law had been recently made;
That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid;
And in order to make them all willing to marry,
The tax was as large as a man could well carry,
The bachelors grumbled, and said 'twas no use;
'Twas a horrid injustice, and horrid abuse;
And declared that to save their hearts' blood from spilling,
Of such a vile tax they would not pay a shilling,
But the rulers determined them still to pursue,
So they set all old bachelors up at vendue,
A cryer was sent through the town to and fro,
To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow,
And to call out to all he might meet on his way.
"Hol forty old bachelors sold here to day."
And presently all the old maids in the town,
Each in her very best bonnet and gown,
From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
Of every description, all flocked to the sale.
The auctioneer then in his labor began,
And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
"How much for a bachelor? Who wants to buy?"
In a twink every maiden responded "I, I."
In short at a highly extravagant price
The bachelors were all sold off in a trice,
And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

When this Cruel War is Over.

Dearest love, do you remember,
When we last did meet,
How you told me that you loved me,
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of blue,
When you vowed to me and country,
Ever to be true.

Weeping, sad and lonely, [praying]
Hopes and fears, how vain—yet
When this cruel war is over,
Praying that we may meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing,
Mournfully along!
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song;
Oft in dreams I see thee lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.
Weeping, sad, &c.

If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you,
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would sooth your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies,
Ever in my brain.
Weeping, sad, &c.

But your country called you, darling,
Angels cheer your way,
While our nation's sons are fighting,
We can only pray;
Nobly strike for God and freedom,
Let all nations see
How we love our starry banner,
Emblem of the free.
Weeping, sad, &c.

Many have an idea they are serving
the Lord when they are meddling
with what is none of their
business.

S.

Do They Miss Me?

MISS CAROLINE A. BRIGGS, OF FITCHBURG, MASS.
Do they miss me at home—do they miss me?
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know that this moment some loved one
Were saying, "Oh, were she but here!"
To know that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam—
Oh yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they missed me at home.

When twilight approaches—the season
That ever was sacred to song—
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there a chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away?
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they place me a chair near the table
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
And candles are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm, azure sky?
And when the good-nights are repeated,
Does each the dear memory keep,
And think of the absent, and wait me
A whispered "Good-night" ere they sleep?

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon and at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcomed,
And pleasures less dear than before,
Because one is missed from the circle—
Because I am with them no more?

Oh, yes! they do miss me; kind voices
Are calling me back as I roam,
And eye- have grown weary with weeping,
And watch but to welcome me home!
Sweet friends, ye shall wait me no longer—
No longer I'll linger behind—
For how can I tarry while followed
By watchings and pleadings so kind?

*Lines read the last day of school, by the
teacher, in district No. 1, Arietta, Hamil-
ton county, September, 28th, 1883.*

The last day of school has come,
And you are all glad I know;
But I hope you'll make it a rule,
Each day some time to bestow
On your books, and remember that when
The swift rolling years have passed
To the time when you're women and men
You'll reap a benefit vast.

A dream to, I'll relate.
And I wish you to closely give ear,
For the dream shows you to me
As you may in the future appear.

From frolicsome boyhood escaped,
In my dream, now, Marshall I see,
With dignity stamped on his brow,
And a man that's gracefull and free.

Then Bertha and Edna appear,
No longer wee maidens as now,
But changed to young ladies fair,
Who are chaste and refined all allow.

Little Sherman and Mamie no more
In the schoolroom together are seen,
Or digging the dirt by the door,
Or gamboling over the green.

Now Mamie has grown a pert miss,
With merry black eyes just the same,
And Sherman now carries a watch,
But his hoper I'm sure he'll not stain.

And here is George, handsome and tall,
Refined, intellectual, kind,
Louis too stands by his side,
Showing caution and vigor of mind.

Here Emery to takes his place,
In his manhood fearless and strong,
With courage and truth in his face,
And a hatred for all that is wrong.

And now here is Willie I see,
A man who the right will defend,
He has a bright eye and a strong arm,
And a will that is hard to bend.

Lillie I see, slender and lithe,
Performing her duties with maidenly
grace.

And Nellie in womanhood seen,
Loses none of her sweet gentle ways.

John to is on the straight road,
That all true men will take,
And Bradie and Frank I see,
Evil ways ever try to forsake.

"Jim" is the last one I see,
A gentleman true he has grown,
In my dream serene is his face,
By which his fine life may be known.

My dream to you I have told,
And when the gay years are fled,
May your skies be roses and gold,
And may roses still pillow your head.

Such a fate may be yours, if you try
To learn all you can while young,
For knowledge is what will bring bliss,
And help you through life all along.

So if you'd be useful and loved,
To your parents and friends a joy;
Try to gain the wealth of the mind,
A wealth which nought can destroy.

I shall think of you oft when away,
And with pleasure recur to the time
When as pupils and teacher we met,
And our efforts for profit combined.

Your faces before me will rise,
At morning, at noon and at night.
As I have so often seen them,
Always smiling and brigot.

Oft, fancy a picture will make
Of a quiet retired little nook,
Where the school house by Oxbow lake
Had a happy and brigh little group.

Now I must bid you good bye,
Will you give me sometimes a kind
thought?
My patience too often I've lost,
But your welfare I ever have sought.

Your beautiful gift of to-day
Betokening your friendship true,
I value far more than it cost,
For 'twill ever remind me of you.

A GERMAN went to a friend and said:
"To-morrow I owe you \$20,000. I am
ruined. I cannot pay it, and I cannot
shleep a vink." The creditor said:—
"Vy didn't you wait to tell me to-morrow?
Now neither can I shleep a vink."

"UNCLE WILLYIM, when I grow up
shall I be your nephew?" "Yes, my
child, always. You will be my nephew
at sixty just the same as you are at six."
"Yes, Uncle Willyim, but then you
won't have been my uncle for a good
while, will you?"

THE APRIL FOOL.

'Twas in the spring of '72

I first met Bessie—charming girl—
Who caught me with her eyes of blue
And hair of mellow golden hue
That wandered into many a curl.
One night I asked her for my wife
While comin' home from singin' school—
Protesting else my future life
Would be a blank and dreary waste,
From which all sunlight were erased—
"Yes," answered then the pretty miss—
I stole a furtive, burning kiss,
And called her, in a burst of bliss,
My precious little April Fool.

'Tis now the spring of '83,
And we are married—Bet and I—
I will confess, 'twixt you and me,
She is not what she used to be—
My angel of the years gone by;
And when I think of that sweet time
I took her home from singin' school,
I feel like weaving into rhyme
This bitter, weary, sad reflection,
Resulting from profound dejection;
When I went courting that fair Miss
And begged her grant me wedded bliss
And sealed her answer with a kiss,
'Twas I who was the April Fool!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in our old Kentucky home;
'Tis summer—the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom;
White the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, all bright;
By 'em by hard times comes a knocking at the door—
Then my old Kentucky home, good night,

CHORUS.
Weep no more my lady; oh! weep no more to day!
We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky home,
For our old Kentucky home, far away!

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more, by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where 'a' was delight,
The time has come, when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS. Weep no more my lady, &c.

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the troubles all will end,
In the field where the sugar cane grow.
A few more days, for to tote the weary load,
No matter, it will never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home good night.

CHORUS. Weep no more, my lady, &c.

THE BROTHERS.

We are but two—the others sleep
Through death's untroubled night;
We are but two—O, let us keep
The link that binds us bright.

Heart leaps to heart, the sacred flood
That warms us is the same;
That good old man—his honest blood
Alike we fondly claim.

We in one mother's arms were locked,
Long be her love repaid;
In the same cradle we were rocked,
Round the same hearth we played.

Our boyish sports were all the same,
Each little joy and woe;
Let manhood keep alive the flame,
Lit up so long ago.

We are but two—be that the band
To hold us till we die;
Shoulder to shoulder let us stand
Till side by side we lie.

Boarding Round.

At sixteen, with a valiant heart,
The task I did commence,
To "teach young ideas how to shoot"
The germs of common sense;
Ah, yes; a mighty task was that,
But very soon I found
That it was not a simple one
To go a "boarding round."

The times were different then from now;
The folks were different, too;
The "master's" path with honor bright
Quite thickly did they strew;
And questions grave and problems deep,
That did their brains confound,
They always would be sure to keep
Till he came "boarding round."

Fathers would talk of politics,
Or church affairs propose,
And if my views were not like theirs,
A warm dispute arose;
And some old proverbs sly and wise,
Did oftentimes propound
Questions that sorely puzzled me,
When I went "boarding round."

The mothers talked of rude young girls,
Of sermons, books, and boys;
But always tried their best to add
Unto my earthly joys;
For did I catch the slightest cold,
Or hoarse my voice should sound,
I got a dose of catnip-ten (!)
When I went "boarding round."

The girls would talk of everything—
Of parties, rides and calls;
Of presents and of holidays,
Of beaux and Christmas balls;
Some grave, some gay and mischievous,
[These last I wish were drowned,
For sticking pins into my bed,
When I was "boarding round."

Long winter evenings then were passed
With laughing, jesting joy;
Nor did good apples, cider nuts,
The least that fun destroy;
Or if a singing school was near,
We'd go, and I'll be bound
I've often sung till I was hoarse,
When I was "boarding round."

The dinner basket, every noon,
My willing hand did greet,
And scarcely ever failed to bring
Me something good to eat;
Mince pies were full of raisins then,
Doughnuts were large and round;
Alas! such cakes I've never had
Since I quit "boarding round."

But now these pleasant days are gone:
Life's sunny spring time's past;
The boys I taught have one by one
Into the world been cast;
My locks are growing thin and gray,
I'll soon be under ground;
Then I'll forget and not till then,
About the "boarding round."

THE OTHER FELLOW'S SIN.—How easy it is to see the sin of other people. Even a child can do that. A Boston Sunday School Superintendent tells an experience of his in support of this truth. One Sunday he found in his school a class of urchins recently gathered in from the street, without a teacher for the day; so he took them in hand. He came right down to first principles, and talked of sin and salvation. One of his pointed questions was, "Is there any sinner in this class?" Instantly the answer came from one of the brightest of the boys who pointed to another boy at the end of the seat and said, "Yes, that feller down there." That boy was more outspoken than he would have been if he had been longer in the school; but his mode of judging was much that of those long under Christian training. There is no sorrow like our sorrow; and no sin like—"that feller's down there."

Old Letters.

I hope no one will call to-night,
I'll draw the shutters tighter,
I'll get my lamp and trim it well,
So make it burn the brighter.

I'm seated by the fire ball,
To read this worn, old letter;
I'll take my time, and read them all.
I can do nothing better.

Here's one from Jim, and one from Joe
And one from sister Mattie;
And one from Madison Monroe,
And one from gentle Hattie.

Here's one from Susie, on the hill,
And here is one from Mother;
And here is one from Cousin Phil,
And one from absent brother.

O, Jimmy, was a dear good boy,
I love him now, "all over,"
But Joseph went from here to Troy,
I fear he's quite a rover.

Dear Sister Mat., what good advice
You give your absent brother;
You say my love's "beyond all price,"
I wish you'd write another.

But here is one, I've read it more
I'm sure than any other,
The one I got from Hattie Moore,
Unless the one from mother.

O, Susie, I have not "forgot"
"The girl I left behind me,"
I'd "see you," just as soon as not,
Of old times 'twould remind me.

Poor cousin Phil, I'll read again
Your last and friendly token,
For five long years above your grave
The sod has been unbroken.

I think I'll read this one again,
The one I've read so often,
It has such power to soothe my pain,
My stubborn heart to soften.

A friend comes in—"lay down, I pray,
That dingy worn old letter,
And read this new one,—here—I say,
I'm sure it would be better."

"Yes," said Farmer Furrow, after
chasing a chicken clear around a ten
acre lot and clutching only a handful of
feathers, "the only sure thing in this
world is uncertainty."

"Don't go too much on show, my
son," remarked Mrs. Yeast to her boy.
"The drum major of a band, to be sure,
is very attractive, but he doesn't furnish
any of the music."

"What is that—is it a circus acrobat?"
"Oh, no, my son, that is a man who is
kicking himself." "What makes the
man kick himself?" "He has been to a
masquerade party and flirted with his
wife all the evening."

The following is an advertisement in
one of the New York papers, inserted by an Irish-
man:—

"Lost, on Saturday last, but the loser does not
know where, an empty sack with a cheese in it.—
On the sack the letters P. G. are marked, but so
completely worn out as not to be legible."

"A railroad man says that he thinks most of
the silk ties of matrimony are cross ties. Probably he
has tried to get married and found himself switched off
the track."

An Irishman, writing a sketch of his life, says
he ran away from his father, because he discover-
ed that he was only his uncle.
An insane preacher in Wisconsin, recently took
out one of his eyes, under the idea that the spirits
had instructed him to do so.

By a notice in another column
it will be seen brother Morrison of
the Adirondack Herald, has been
indulging in a winter pastime of
fishing, and that he has caught a
Bass. We congratulate him on his
good fortune.

Re-Enlisted.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Oh, did you see him in the street, dressed up in
army-blue,
When drums and trumpets into town their
storm of music threw—
A louder tune than all the winds could muster
in the air,
The Rebel winds, that tried so hard our flag in
strips to tear?

You didn't mind him? Oh, you looked beyond
him, then, perhaps,
To see the mounted officers, rigged out with
trooper-caps,
And shiny clothes, and sashes red, and epauletts
and all?—
It wasn't for such things as these he heard his
country call.

She asked for men; and up he spoke, my
handsome, hearty Sam:
"I'll die for the dear old Union, if she'll take
me as I am."
And if a better man than he there's a mother
that can show,
From Maine to Minnesota, then let the nation
know.

You would not pick him from the rest by
eagles or by stars,
By straps upon his coat-sleeve, or gold or silver
bars,
Nor a corporal's strip of worsted; but there's
something in his face,
And something in his even step, a marching in
his place,

That couldn't be improved by all the badges
in the land:
A patriot—a good, strong man; are Generals
much more grand?
We rest our pride on that big heart wrapped
up in army-blue,
The girl he loves, Mehitabel, and I, who love
him too.

He's never shirked a battle yet, though frightful
risks he's run,
Since treason flooded Baltimore, the spring of
'sixty-one;
Through blood and storm he's held out firm,
nor fretted once, my Sam,
At swamps of Chickahominy, or fields of
Antietam:

Though many a time he's told us, when he saw
them lying dead,
The boys that came from Newburyport, and
Lynn, and Marblehead,
Stretched out upon the trampled turf, and wept
on by the sky,
It seemed to him the Commonwealth had
drained her life-blood dry.

"But then," he said, "the more's the need the
country has of me;
To live and fight the war all through, what
glory it would be!
The Rebel balls don't hit me; and, mother, if
they should,
You'll know I've fallen in my place, where I
have always stood."

He's taken out his furlough, and short enough
it seemed:
I often tell Mehitabel he'll think he only
dreamed
Of waking with her nights so bright you
couldn't see a star,
And hearing the swift tide come in across the
harbor bar.

The stars that shine above the strips, they
light him southward now;

The tide of war has swept him back—he's
made a solemn vow
To build himself no home-nest till his country's
work is done:
God bless the vow and speed the work, my
patriot, my son!

And yet it is a pretty place where his new
house might be—
An orchard road that leads your eye straight
out upon the sea:
The boy not work his father's farm? it seems
almost a shame;
But any selfish plan for him he'd never let me
name.

He's re-enlisted for the war, for victory or for
death:
A soldier's grave, perhaps—the thought has
half-way stopped my breath,
And driven a cloud across the sun—my boy, it
will not be!
The war will soon be over—home again you'll
come to me!

He's re-enlisted; and I smiled to see him
going, too:
There's nothing that becomes him half so well
as army-blue.
Only a private in the ranks; but sure I am,
indeed,
If all the privates were like him, they scarcely
captains need!

And I and Massachusetts share the honor of
his birth:
The grand old State! to me the best in all the
peopled earth!
I cannot hold a musket; but I have a son who
can,
And I'm proud for Freedom's sake to be the
Mother of a man.

"You're Too Late Old Hoss!"
A fellow who has travelled on the
Mississippi gives an account of one of
those funny incidents which formerly
relieved the tedium of long days and
nights on the Father of Waters before
batteries and guerrillas were instituted
which now effect the same purpose.

Early this morning there was added
to our company of travellers a pair who
looked like runaways; the gentleman a
horse, half-alligator, class, and the lady
was a fair match for him. Among the
passengers from Napoleon was a solemn
looking gentleman, who had all along
been taken for a preacher. About
nine o'clock last night, I was conversing
with the "reverend" individual, when a
young man stepped up, and addressing
him, remarked: "We're going to have
a wedding and would like to have you
officiate." "All right, sir," he replied,
laughingly, and we stepped into the la-
dies' cabin, where, sure enough, there
stood the couple waiting. There had
been several mock marriages gone
through with during the evening, and I
supposed that this was merely a con-
tinuation of the sport; and so thought
the preacher, who I could see, had a
good deal of humor in him and was in-
clined to pronounce the general good
feeling.

The couple stood up before him—a
good deal more solemn than was neces-
sary in a mock marriage. I thought—
and the preacher asked the necessary
questions, and then proceeding in the
usual way, announced them husband
and wife. There was something said
offit afterwards, and when it was over I
left the cabin, and so did the preacher,
who remarked to me that he liked to
see young folks enjoy themselves, and
took a great deal of pleasure in contrib-
uting to their fun—but he did not un-
derstand why they selected him for
a preacher. Just then some one called
me aside, and the old gentleman step-
ped into his state-room, which was next
to mine. When I returned, the door
stood open, and "preacher" stood just
inside with coat and vest off, and one
boot in his hand, talking with the gen-
tleman who played the attendant, and
who as I came up remarked, "Well, if
that's the case, it is a good joke, for
they are in dead earnest, and have gone
to the same state room." The old gen-
tleman raised both hands as he ex-
claimed: "Good Heaven you don't tell
us so!" and rushing just as he was,
boot in hand, to the state-room indica-
ted, commenced an assault on the door
as if he would break it in, exclaiming
at each kick:

"For Heaven's sake don't! I ain't a
preacher!"
The whole cabin was aroused, every
state-room flying open with a slam,
when the door opened, and the "Ar-
kansas traveller," poking out his head,
coolly remarked:

"Old hoss, you're too late!"—Wide
World.

Certain new flings, murmurings
and an occasional shout from the
"South End" indicate that Wells
will witness, this year, one of the
most gorgeous "Fourth of July Cel-
ebrations" that has occurred since
"Hezekiah Stuffs spoke at Smo-
key Hollow." A certain young gen-
tleman who resides at the "South
End" has consented upon applica-
tion of a committee of one, consist-
ing of himself, to take charge of the

entire "celebaation." Fire-crackers-
Peanuts and Orators will be im-
ported for the edification and en-
tertainment of the excited populace.
It is earnestly requested that every
one become intensely patriotic.

Go fire the guns and ring the bells,
And fling the borrowed banner out,
Shout freedom; till the babes in Wells,
Give back their cradle shout.

The right man in the right place—A
husband at home in the evening.

The head of a pure old man, like a
mountain top, whitens as it gets nearer
to Heaven.

Josiar.

Things has come to a pretty pass
The whole wide country over,
When every married woman has
To have a friend or lover;
It ain't the way that I was raised,
An' I hain't no desire
To have some feller pokin' round
Instead of my Josiar.

I never kin forget the day
That we went out a walkin',
An' sot down on the river bank
An' kep' on hours a talkin';
He twisted up my apron string
An' folded it together,
An' said he thought for harvest-time
'Twas cur' as kind of weather.

The sun went down as we sot there—
Josiar seemed uneasy,
An' mother she began to call:
"Loweezy! O, Loweezy!"
An' then Josiar spoke right up,
As I was just a startin',
An' said, "Loweezy, what's the use
Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise,
An' yet I knew it was comin'—
I'd heard it all the summer long
In every wild bee's hummin';
I'd studied out the way I'd act,
But law! I couldn't do it;
I meant to hide my love from him,
But seems as if he knew it;
An' lookin' down into my eyes
He must a seen the fire;
An' ever since that hour I've loved
An' worshipped my Josiar.

Give not thy tongue too great liberty, lest it
take thee prisoner. A word unspoken, is like
the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented,
thy sword is in another's hand. If thou desire
to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy
tongue.—[Charles.]

THE Indianapolis *Herald*, in the
course of a moralizing article, says: "If
entangled in the wrong and there is no
way of escape, why 'just bust out.'
When the Know-Nothing party was in the
heyday of success here a number of men
got in who soon wished they were out.
An old Democrat found himself in a di-
lemma. He was in and he wanted out.
He went to Governor Joe Wright and
said: 'I came for advice. I went into
the Know-Nothing lodge and I am
bound by all the oaths and pledges, but
now I want out. How shall I get out?'
The old Governor studied a moment and
said: 'Just bust out!'"

—There is a young lady we know, whose
ill-fitting attire one of our devils accounts for
by saying: "She tosses it on with a pitch-
fork." It needs confirmation, however.

—"Every man should have a wife."—[Dr.
Beardsley. We have long thought so, but great
uncertainty as to whose to have has hitherto
prevented. However we'll skirmish round a
bit.

—It is currently reported that a former cor-
respondent of this paper is paying attentions
to a young lady here. The voice of the peo-
ple demand to know, "Who is that young la-
dy."

The Divine Pity.

Lift thy heart, erring one! Jesus hath pity,
And thou in His ear thy sad story may
tell;
Unchanged since the days, by Samaria's
city,
When, footsore and weary, He sat by the
well.

Hapless and fallen, thine heart hath grown
weary,
Exposed to the storm of the cold passer-by;
But a tender One watches thy wanderings
dreary,
His heart of love melts at the penitent's
cry.

Hark to His loving voice tenderly calling,—
O weary and wandering one, hasten and
come;
For soon will the shadows of evening be fall-
ing,
And leave thee forsaken and far from thy
home.

Leave far behind thee this vain world's
pleasures,—
At best they are hollow—they weary and
cloy;
Unfading the pleasures, immortal the treas-
ures
Awaiting the blest in the regions of joy!

"PAPA, FOT WOULD YOU TAKE FOR ME?"

She was ready for bed and lay on my arm,
In her little frilled cap so fine,
With her golden hair falling out at the edge,
Like a circle of noon sunshine,
And I hummed the old tune of "Banbury Cross,"
And "Three men who put out to Sea,"
When she speedily said, as she closed her blue eyes,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

And I answered: "A dollar, dear little heart,"
And she slept, baby weary with play,
But I held her warm in my love-strong arms,
And I rocked her and rocked away,
Oh, the dollar meant all the world to me,
The land and the sea and sky,
The lowest depths of the lowest place,
The highest of all that's high.

The cities, with streets and palaces,
Their pictures and stores of art,
I would not take for one low, soft throb,
Of my little one's loving heart,
Nor all the gold that was ever found
In the busy, wealth-finding past,
Would I take for one smile of my darling's face,
Did I know it must be the last.

So I rocked my baby and rocked away,
And I felt such a sweet content,
For the words of the song expressed to me more
Than they ever before had meant.
And the night crept on, and I slept and dreamed
Of things far too glad to be,
And I waked with lips saying close to my ear,
"Papa, fot would you take for me?"

Bane and Boon.

And may a bane become a boon?
Are curses born to bless?
Can midnight shine with rays of moon?
Will vice win virtue's dress?

That doctrine was in Eden taught,
And lo, earth has the fruit;
Sad boast that blessing would be wrought
Figs reaped from thistle root!

The laws of God are not repealed,
However men may dare:
Wheat still unfolds to wheaten yield,
Tare yet produces tare.

Whatever poisons human veins,
Corrupts the human race;
And drunkenness inflicts its stains,
That time may not efface.

If States approve and license give,
The crime is but the worse;
The righteous host of Heaven will live
And curse will follow curse.

Ah! men are 'wildered by their taste
And by their lust for gain;
Their vices only work their waste
And sting at last with pain.

—Rev. F. Denison.

Keep Your Eye on Your Neighbors.

Take care of them. Do not let them stir
without watching. They may do something
wrong, if you do. To be sure, you never knew
them to do anything very bad; but it may be
on your account they have not. Perhaps, if
it had not been for your kind care, they
might have disgraced themselves and families
a long time ago. Therefore, do not relax
any effort to keep them where they ought
to be; never mind your own business—that
will take care of itself. There is a man pass-
ing along—he is looking over the fence—be
suspicious of him; perhaps he contemplates
stealing, some of these dark nights: there is no
knowing what queer fancies he may have got
into his head.

If you find any symptoms of any one passing
out of the path of duty, tell every one else that
you see, and be particular to see a great many.
It is a good way to circulate such things,
though it may not benefit yourself or any one
else particularly. Do keep something going—
silence is a dreadful thing; though it is said
there was silence in Heaven for the space of
half an hour, do not let any such thing occur
on earth: it would be too much like Heaven
for this mundane sphere. If, after all your
watchful care, you cannot see anything out of
the way in any one, you may be sure it is not
because they have not done anything bad;
perhaps, in an unguarded moment, you lost
sight of them—throw out hints that they are
no better than they should be—that you should
not wonder if people found out what they were
after awhile, then they may not carry their
heads so high. Keep it going, and some one
will take the hint and begin to help you after
awhile—then there will be music, and every-
thing will work to a charm.

[Windham County Transcript.]

Mary had a little lamb
With mint sauce on it, oh;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It went with her to school one day
Within a sandwich white,
Which made the children laugh and say,
"Oh, give us all a bite."

A MARRIAGE PROPOSAL ANSWERED.

Writing from Greenfield, Conn., Rev. Dr. T. L.
Cuyler relates the following marriage incident which
happened there in "ye olden time." Rev. Stephen
Mix made a journey to Northampton in 1696, in
search of a wife. He arrived at Rev. Solomon Stod-
dard's, informed him of the object of his visit, and
that the pressure of home duties required the utmost
despatch.

Mr. Stoddard took him into the room where his
daughters were, and introduced him to Mary, Esther,
Christiana, Sarah, Rebekah and Hannah, and then
retired.

Mr. Mix, addressing Mary, the eldest daughter,
said he had lately been settled at Wethersfield, and
was desirous of obtaining a wife, and concluded by
offering her his heart and hand. She blushing-ly re-
plied that so important a proposition required time
for consideration.

He rejoined that he was pleased that she asked for
suitable time for reflection, and in order to afford
her the needed opportunity to think of his proposal,
he would step into an adjoining room and smoke a
pipe with her father, and she could report to him.
Having smoked his pipe, and sent a message to Miss
Mary that he was ready for her answer, she came in
and asked for further time for consideration.

He replied that she could reflect still longer on
the subject, and send her answer by letter to Weth-
ersfield. In a few weeks he received her reply,
which is probably the most laconic epistle of the
kind ever penned. Here is the model letter, which
was soon followed by a wedding:

"Northampton, 1696.

"REV. STEPHEN MIX,—Yes.
MARY STODDARD."

The matrimonial Mix-ture took place on the 1st of
Dec., 1696, and proved to be compounded of most
congenial elements.

Couldn't Slap Him.

On a railway train, just behind a plainly dressed, motherly-looking woman, accompanied by a noisy boy, sat two fashionably dressed ladies. The boy was given to asking all kinds of foolish questions, and occasionally he would whine like a cub bear and twist himself around and fret.

"If I had hold of him for a minute I'd blister him till he couldn't stand up," said one of the ladies.

"Here then," replied the motherly old lady, "you may take hold of him. If you want to slap, slap him. I haven't the heart to do it."

"Excuse me," faltered the annoyed lady. "I did not think that you could hear my remark."

"Oh, no harm done, for I know that he is enough to annoy any one, and it may seem strange to you that I do not slap him, but I can't. Once I had a little boy that I slapped. Every time he would ask foolish questions or whine, I'd slap him. I was determined to bring him up rightly, so that he would please everybody. He was the idol of my life and I did so much want to see him respected. Everybody said that I was a model mother and that my son would be a great man, and I was so flattered by these remarks that I was even more strict than ever with him. One night just after I put him to bed, company came, and while we were talking the little fellow awoke and began to cry. I told him to hush, and when I found that he did not intend to obey me, I went to the bed and spanked him. 'That's what I call discipline,' one of the company remarked, 'and I assure you that in after years you will not regret the strict measures which you have adopted.'

"The next morning my little boy was too sick to get up, and all day did he lay in bed. At night I sent for a physician, but before morning he was dead. I don't think that there was a more miserable woman in the world. I took his little boots—loots which a few days before I had whipped him for getting muddy, and I put them on my bureau. I could not bear to live in the same house where both my husband and little boy had died, and I moved away. One evening while walking along a lonely street I saw a little boy—a very small boy—standing among some tall weeds. I asked him where he lived and he plucked a blossom and held it out to me. I asked him where was his mother and father, and with curious intelligence he replied that some big men took them away in boxes. I knew then that he was a waif, and I took him home with me. In the night he cried and I got up and sat by the fire with him and rocked him. He was very delicate, but he was a light that shone on my withering soul. This is the child, and he is wearing the little boots that I put on the bureau. You may slap him, I can't."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house

Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse; The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,

In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there; The children were nestled all snug in their beds, While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;

And mamma in her 'kerchief and I in my cap, Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter, I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash, Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash. The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow, Gave a lustre of midday to objects below; When, what to my wondering eye should appear, But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer, With a little old driver, so lively and quick, I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick. More rapid than eagles his coursers they came, And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name:

"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!

On! Comet! on! Cupid; on! Donner and Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall! Now, dash away, dash away, dash away all!" As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,

So up to the housetop the coursers they flew, With the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

And then in a twinkling, I heard on the roof The prancing and pawing of each little hoof. As I drew in my head, and was turning around, Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.

He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot, And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;

A bundle of toys he had flung on his back, And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!

His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;

His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow, And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.

The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth, And the smoke, it encircled his head like a wreath.

He had a broad face and a little round belly That shook when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.

He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf; And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.

A wink of his eye, and a twist of his head, Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread. He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,

And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,

And laying his finger aside of his nose, And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.

He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,

And away they all flew like the down of a thistle, But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:

"Happy Christmas to all, and to all, a good night!"

"GEORGE," asked the teacher of a Sunday-school class, "who, above all others, shall you wish to see when you get to heaven?" With a face brightening up with anticipation the little fellow shouted, "Gerliah!"

Tattling.

Oh! could there in this world be found, Some little spot of happy ground, Where village pleasures might go round,

Without the village tattling;
How doubly blest that place would be,
Where all might dwell at liberty,
Free from the bitter misery
Of gossips' endless prattling.

If such a spot were really known,
Dame Peace might claim it as her own;
And in it she might fix her throne
Forever and forever;
There like a queen might reign and live,
While every one would soon forgive
The little slights they might receive,
And be offended never.

'Tis mischief makers that remove
Far from our hearts the warmth of love,
And lead us all to disapprove

What gives another pleasure.
They seem to take one's part, and when
They've heard our cares, unkindly then
They soon retail them all again,

Mixed with their poisonous measure.

And then they've such a cunning way
Of telling their ill-meant tales; they say
"Don't mention what I say, I pray;
I would not tell another."

Straight to your neighbor's house they go,
Narrating everything they know,
And break the piece of high and low,
Wife, husband, friend and brother.

Oh! that the mischief-making crew
Were all reduced to one or two,
And they were painted red or blue,

That every one might know them!
Then would our villages forget
To rage and quarrel, fume and fret,
And fall into an angry pet

With things so much below them.

For 'tis a sad degrading art
To make another bosom smart,
And plant a dagger in the heart

We ought to love and cherish!
Then let us evermore be found
In quietness with all around,
While friendship, joy and peace abound,

And angry feelings perish!

He is not a poor man that hath a but little; but he is a poor man that wants much.

SO MANY alleged wives of the late Thomas H. Blythe, the San Francisco millionaire, are appearing as claimants to his estate that one is led to believe the gentleman must have had a very blithesome life of it.

This is the season when little girls jump rope all day long and live through it, and these little girls were born of mothers who can't walk half a block without being "tired to death." But little girls don't wear corsets.

SCENE IN A POLICE OFFICE.—The prisoner in this case, whose name was Dicky Swivel, alias "Stove Pipe Peter," was placed at the bar and questioned by a judge to the following effect:

Judge—"Bring the prisoner into court."

Peter—"Here I am, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when he was all a fire."

"We will take a little out of you."

"Certainly!"

"How do you live?"

"I ain't particular, as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be roasted or fried."

"We don't want to hear what the oyster said or the spirits of turpentine, either. What do you follow?"

"Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he ran over a little nigger."

"Don't care anything about the locomotive. What is your business?"

"That's various, as the cat said when he stole the chicken off the table."

"If I here any more absurd comparisons, I will give you twelve months."

"I'm done, as the beefsteak said to the cook."

"Now, sir, your punishment shall depend on the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks?"

No, sir, I can't go round the docks without a boat, and I ain't got none."

"Answer me, sir. How do you get your bread?"

"Sometimes at the baker's and sometimes I eat taters."

"No more of your stupid nonsense. How do you support yourself?"

"Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair."

"How do you keep yourself alive?"

"By breathing, sir."

"I order you to answer this question correctly. How do you do?"

"Bout as I'm a mind to, I thank you judge. How do you do?"

"I shall have to commit you."

"Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation."

"I suppose I shall be married as soon as I am a big woman," said little Annie.
"Indeed, who will you marry?"
"Why, of course, the man that the preach (priest) gives me—unless it's a ugly man—then I won't take him, even if the preach does give him to me."

The idea that color cannot be distinguished in the dark is false. You may not be able to see, but you can feel blue.

Some people are like a well used rocking chair; they are always on the go, but never get ahead.—*Boston Transcript.*

A Difficult Question Answered.

"Can any one," says Fanny Fern, "tell me why, when Eve was manufactured from one of Adam's ribs, a hired girl was not made at the same time to wait on her?"

We can, easy: Because Adam never came whining to Eve with a ragged stocking to be darned, a collar string to be sewed on, or a glove to mend "right away, quick now!" Because he never read the newspaper until the sun got down behind the palm trees, and then stretching himself out, yawned out, "ain't supper most ready my dear?" No he! He made the fire and hung the kettle over it himself, we'll venture—and pulled the radishes, peeled the potatoes, and did everything else he ought to. He milked the cows, fed the chickens, and looked after the pigs himself. He never brought home half a dozen friends to dinner when Eve hadn't any fresh pomegranates, and the mango season was over? He never stayed out till eleven o'clock to a "ward meeting," hurrahing for an out and out candidate, and then scolded because poor Eve was sitting up and crying inside the gates. He never played billiards, rolled ten pins and rove fast horses, nor choked Eve with cigar smoke. He never loafed around corner groceries, while Eve was rocking little Cain's cradle at home. In short, he didn't think she was especially created for the purpose of waiting on him, and wasn't under the impression that it disgraced a man to lighten a wife's cares a little. That's the reason that Eve did not need not a hired girl, and with it was the reason that her fair descendants did.

OUR LIFE-TIME.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

WHEN the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their life-time appointed, the ass advanced first, and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will that be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while! Remember what a wearisome existence mine will be; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn-sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed with anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of that time, I pray thee."

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented him with but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature; "thirty years were too many for the ass, but will you be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last so long a time; and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in a corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years. The ape then approached.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature. "Thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"O no!" cried he; "so it may seem to others, but it will not be. Should puddings ever rain down, I shall have no spoon! I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest. I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the number of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house and kindled a fire on my own hearth,—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit,—when life with me will seem most desirable, I shall die! O, Nature, grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass, besides."

"That is not yet enough," replied man.

"Take, likewise, the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more."

"I give thee, then, the ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou crave more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy; he labors cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next, and burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the ape's ten years form the conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

GOSSIPY GLEANINGS.

It has just been discovered who first introduced kissing into England. It was a woman, blessed be her name, and the daughter of a king. We had supposed the custom originated in Paradise, and came to us as a matter of inheritance from our first parents. It is hard to believe that original sin could descend, without a break, through all generations that have followed Adam and Eve, and this other original instinct could have lapsed, in any part of the world, through disuse or neglect. But sober history relates that Rowena, the daughter of the Saxon Hengist, himself descended from the gods, at a banquet given in old England by the Britons, in honor of their northern allies, after pledging Vortizern in a brimming beaker, astonished and delighted him by a little kiss, according to the manner of the country. Bearded man that he was, and monarch of a fierce people, it was left for the young daughter of a rival king to show him, with a touch of the lips, a realm greater and more powerful than any ruled by man. The king and the maiden have slept in their graves for centuries, but neither the race whose fair daughter taught the king a lesson nor that one descended from her willing pupil have ever forgotten her example. The fashion she set came to stay. And it came to America by right of inheritance. It is the one article that will always remain on the free list, whatever tariff duties be imposed on other imports.

"We have been friends together, in sunshine and in shade, since first beneath the chestnut tree in infancy we played. But coldness dwells within thy heart, A cloud is on thy brow: We have been friends together, Shall a light word part us now?"

"I stood among the idols slain, A smitten, helpless thing; For friends were false and love was vain, And life a bitter sting."

"Immersed in tears my fainting soul Surveyed his pleasures riven; When on my ear a murmur stole, 'There are no tears in heaven.'"

Why is a dandy like a venison steak? Because he is a bit of a buck.

THE BAD BOY ON A FARM.

HE TELLS THE GROCERY MAN HIS DOLEFUL EXPERIENCE.

Working a Week as a Farm Hand--He Knows When He Has Got Enough--How the Farmer Made Him Flax Around.

"Want to buy any cabbages?" said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he stopped at the door of the grocery, dressed in a blue wamus, his breeches tucked in his boots, and an old hat on his head, with a hole that let out his hair through the top. He had got out of a democrat wagon, and was holding the lines hitched to a horse about forty years old, that leaned against the hitching-post to rest. "Only a shilling apiece."

"Oh, go 'way," said the grocery man. "I only pay three cents apiece." And then he looked at the boy and said: "Hello, Hennery, is that you? I have missed you all the week, and now you come on to me sudden, disguised as a granger. What does this all mean?"

"It means that I have been the victim of as vile a conspiracy as ever was known since Caesar was stabbed and Mark Antony crated over his prostrate corpse in the Roman forum to an audience of supes and scene-shifters," and the boy dropped the lines on the sidewalk, and said: "Whoa, gol blame you," to the horse that was asleep, wiped his boots on the grass in front of the store and came in and seated himself on the old half-bushel. "There, this seems like home again."

"What's the row? Who has been playing it on you?" and the grocery man smelled a sharp trade in cabbages, as well as other smells peculiar to the farm.

"Well, I'll tell you. Lately our folks have been constantly talking of the independent life of the farmer, and how easy it is, and how they would like it if I would learn to be a farmer. They said there was nothing like it, and several of the neighbors joined in and said I had the natural ability to be one of the most successful farmers in the State. They all drew pictures of the fun it was to work on a farm, where you could get your work done and take your fish-pole and go off and catch fish, or a gun and go out and kill game, and how you could ride horses, and pitch hay, and smell the sweet perfume, and go to husking bees and dances, and everything, and they got me all worked up so I wanted to go to work on a farm. Then an old deacon that belongs to our church, who runs a farm about eight miles out of town, he came on the scene and said he wanted a boy, and if I would go out and work for him he would be on me because he knew my folks, and we belonged to the same church. I see it now. It was all

a put up job on me, just like they play three card monte on a fresh stranger. I was took in. By gosh, I have been out there a week, and here's what there is left of me. The only way I got a chance to come to town was to tell the farmer I could sell cabbages to you for a shilling apiece. I knew you sold them for fifteen cents and I thought you would pay a shilling. So the farmer said he would pay me my wages in cabbages at a shilling apiece, and only charge me a dollar for a horse and wagon to bring them in. So you only pay three cents. Here are thirty cabbages, which will come to ninety cents. I pay a dollar for the horse, and when I get back to the farm I owe the farmer ten cents, beside working a week for nothing. Oh, it is all right. I don't kick, but this ends farming for Hennery. I know when I have got enough of an easy life on a farm. I prefer a hard life, breaking stones on the streets, to an easy, dreamy life on a farm."

"They did play it on you, didn't they," said the grocery man. "But wasn't the old deacon a good man to work for?"

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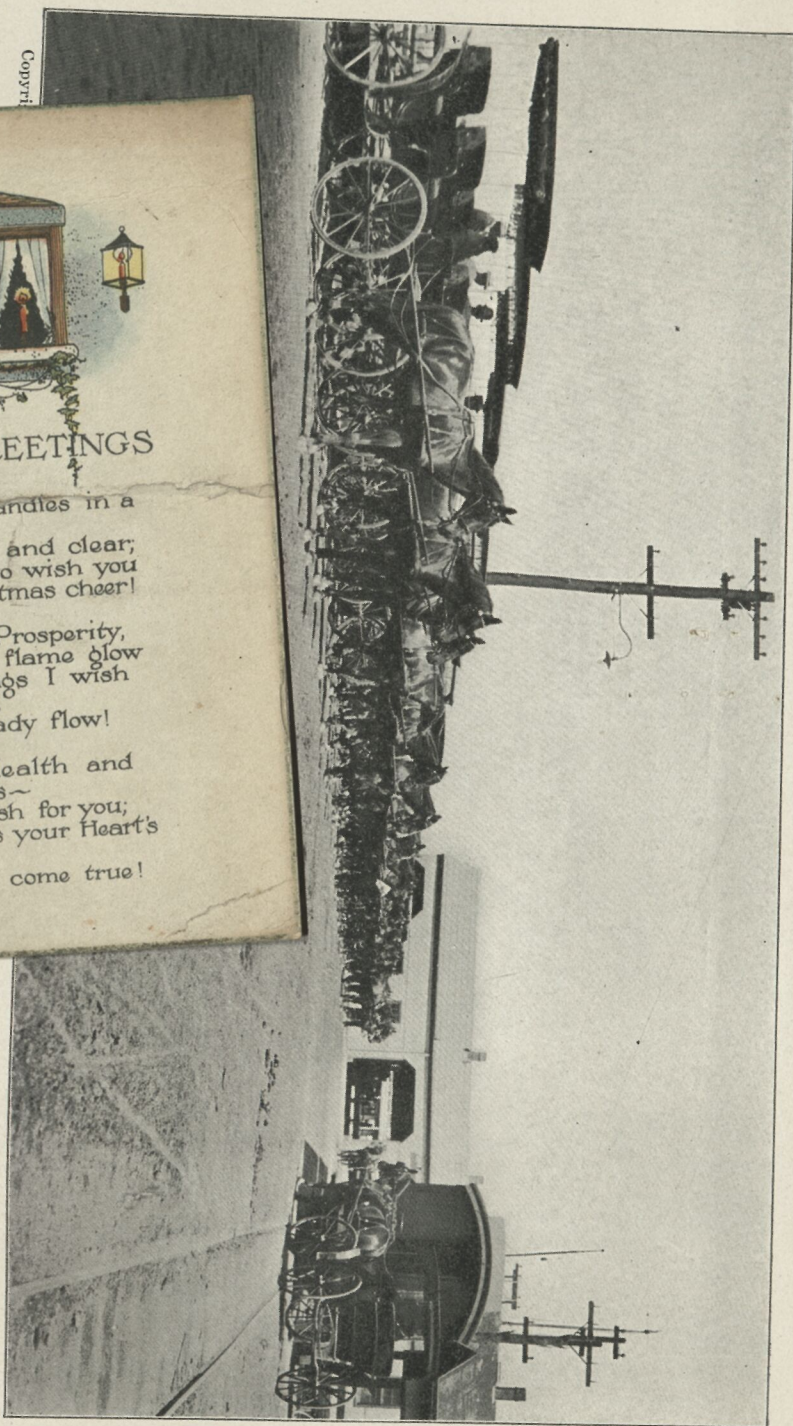
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Clark & Turner, Publishers.

Nantucket Island, Massachusetts

Subscription, \$2.00 per year.



Copyright

SUN

1917



CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Four Christmas candles in a row,
All burning bright and clear;
The first one burns, to wish you
The best of Christmas cheer!

The next is for Prosperity,
And may its bright flame glow
Like all good things I wish
for you,
A constant, steady flow!

The third's for Health and
Happiness—
Twin joys—I wish for you;
The fourth flame is your Heart's
Desire,
And may it soon come true!

ss.

FRIDAY SAT

1917

that tall girl; the blonde one, I mean, who
hair in" "butter is very good here. Col.
Peyton always particular about the quality of
his" "cot-bed out on the lawn to-night; the
house is full, and he was obliged to"—

of Samson, who
happy to chronicle.

dog: he would, once he was

THE BAD BOY ON A FARM.

HE TELLS THE GROCERY MAN HIS DOLEFUL EXPERIENCE.

Working a Week as a Farm Hand--He Knows When He Has Got Enough--How the Farmer Made Him Flax Around.

"Want to buy any cabbages?" said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he stopped at the door of the grocery, dressed in a blue wamus, his breeches tucked in his boots, and an old hat on his head, with a hole that let out his hair through the top. He had got out of a democrat wagon, and was holding the lines hitched to a horse about forty years old, that leaned against the hitching-post to rest. "Only a shilling apiece."

"Oh, go 'way," said the grocery man. "I only pay three cents apiece." And then he looked at the boy and said: "Hello, Hennery, is that you? I have missed you all the week, and now you come on to me sudden, disguised as a granger. What does this all mean?"

"It means that I have been the victim of as vile a conspiracy as ever was known since Cæsar was stabbed and Mark Antony orated over his prostrate corpse in the Roman forum to an audience of supes and scene-shifters," and the boy dropped the lines on the sidewalk, and said: "Whoa, gol blame you," to the horse that was asleep, wiped his boots on the grass in front of the store and came in and seated himself on the old half-bushel. "There, this seems like home again."

"What's the row? Who has been playing it on you?" and the grocery man smelled a sharp trade in cabbages, as well as other smells peculiar to the farm.

"Well, I'll tell you. 'Lately our folks have been constantly talking of the independent life of the farmer, and how easy it is, and how they would like it if I would learn to be a farmer. They said there was nothing like it, and several of the neighbors joined in and said I had the natural ability to be one of the most successful farmers in the State. They all drew pictures of the fun it was to work on a farm, where you could get your work done and take your fish-pole and go off and catch fish, or a gun and go out and kill game, and how you could ride horses, and pitch hay, and smell the sweet perfume, and go to husking bees and dances, and everything, and they got me all worked up so I wanted to go to work on a farm. Then an old deacon that belongs to our church, who runs a farm about eight miles out of town, he came on the scene and said he wanted a boy, and if I would go out and work for him he would be on me because he knew my folks, but I've belonged to the same church. I see it now. It was all

a put up job on me, just like they play three card monte on a fresh stranger. I was took in. By gosh, I have been out there a week, and here's what there is left of me. The only way I got a chance to come to town was to tell the farmer I could sell cabbages to you for a shilling apiece. I knew you sold them for fifteen cents and I thought you would pay a shilling. So the farmer said he would pay me my wages in cabbages at a shilling apiece, and only charge me a dollar for a horse and wagon to bring them in. So you only pay three cents. Here are thirty cabbages, which will come to ninety cents. I pay a dollar for the horse, and when I get back to the farm I owe the farmer ten cents, beside working a week for nothing. Oh, it is all right. I don't kick, but this ends farming for Hennery. I know when I have got enough of an easy life on a farm. I prefer a hard life, breaking stones on the streets, to an easy, dreamy life on a farm."

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running a political campaign. Well, sir, I had to jump from one thing to another from 3 o'clock in the morning till nine at night, pitching hay, driving reaper, raking and binding, shocking wheat, hoeing corn, and everything, and I never got a kind word. I spoiled my clothes, and I think another week would make a pirate of me.

"Now, you take these cabbages and give me ninety cents, and I will go home and borrow ten cents to make up the dollar, and send my chum back with the horse and wagon and my resignation. I was not cut out for a farmer. Talk about fishing, the only fish I saw was a salt white fish we had for breakfast one morning, which was salted by Noah, in the ark," and while the grocery man was unloading the cabbages the boy went out to look for his chum, and later the two boys were seen driving off toward the farm with two fish-poles sticking out of the hind end of the wagon.—*Peck's Sun*.

..... "What makes you look so very grim, oh?"

"O, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings."

"To your feelings! what on earth was it; do tell?"

"Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma was looking on!"

"Sad trial indeed. Wonder you didn't faint."

THE press of late have taken up the controversy of what constitutes a gentleman. We have always been under the impression that a gentleman was one who wore percale shirt collars, a white hat with a weed on it and wasn't afraid of a hotel clerk.—*Bradford Mail*.

ONE of the finest pieces of righteous indignation on record was uttered lately by a gentleman engaged in the ingenious industry of counterfeiting. He informed the *St. Louis Post* that the profits of the business were not large, because it was so hard to get honest men to dispose of the money.

MRS. WINTHROP SMITH was boasting to Mrs. Knickerbocker, "My ancestors, you know, really did come over in the Mayflower." Mrs. Knickerbocker (adjusting her eye-glasses)—"Really! I had no idea that the Mayflower carried steerage passengers." Mrs. Winthrop Smith was sorry she spoke.

BITS OF CONVERSATION.

A newspaper correspondent, strolling among the guests at an evening party at one of Virginia Mountain watering-places, heard the following amusing bits of conversation:

"Delightful affair; Mr. Smith, have you seen the"—"snake killed on the mountain this afternoon measured thirteen feet and"—"he does look splendid; always did in uniform; they say"—"poor man had two cows killed on the railroad track yesterday by"—"Speaker Hanger, you know; he presided at the Convention last week and"—"breaks hearts right and left; it's her first season out, and that black-moustached"—"nurse took the children out this morning and found them"—"a charming tarlatan overskirt, but such a bustle! big enough to"—"mine coal near here, don't they, for the Richmond gasworks? I wonder"—"who is that tall girl; the blonde one, I mean, with her hair in"—"butter is very good here. Col. Peyton always particular about the quality of his"—"cot-bed out on the lawn to-night; the house is full, and he was obliged to"—

We are exceedingly sorry to say that we have a would-be-poetess in Wells, who on every occasion, whether it be a dog fight or a tin wedding, allows her muse to soar a little, and become so entangled among the Trochaic, Iambic and Dactylic rhythms, that the thought which she desires to express could not be more effectually concealed were it hidden in the midst of the Labyrinth of Crete. It is generally admitted that the gift of poesy is innate, and that it may be improved and embellished by art. We believe it; and after several weeks of profound study upon one of the recent productions of our would-be-poetess, we have failed, signally failed, to discover even a trace of this necessary, inherent quality. We append the following as a specimen; and although the language is somewhat different, the metre is characteristic of our poetess;

"Seven times the scarlet leaves have fallen,
Seven harvests in their pride,"
Said "Peck's Bad Boy" to the groceryman
As he shoveled the tuff inside.

"Yes seven years of shine and shade,
Still they grasp each others hand,"
As they walk from their door, down to the store,
Up to their ankles in sand.

"Sometimes the lid has been hard to climb
But still you've not uttered a word,"
And one step ahead of the creditors, said
You'd take Thirty Three cents and One Third.

"Oh Pshaw!" said the groceryman with a snail,
At the Bad Boy's poetical flight,
If your Pa is as sentimental as that,
Then, the top of your head is light.

My boy on such silly occasions as these,
The muse you should duly restrain:
Write sensible prose, then every one knows,
It will not have been written in vain.

THE latest story is that of a man who can heat a bucket of water in ten minutes by just sticking his nose into it. That's easily accounted for—his nose has got a boil on it.

ONE of the easiest ways to become insane is take a gas bill to the office of the company and ask the manager to explain why it is 50 per cent. greater than it ought to be.

We are glad to see the familiar countenance of our friend, Edgar W. Hosley, who at present is assisting W. W. Burnham. He was called home by the illness of his brother Sammie, whose recovery we are happy to chronicle.

NANCY.

AN IDYL OF THE KITCHEN.

In brown Holland apron she stood in the kitchen;

Her sleeves were rolled up, and her cheeks all aglow;

Her hair was coiled neatly, when I, indiscreetly,

Stood watching while Nancy was kneading the dough.

Now, who could be neater, or brighter, or sweeter,

Or who hum a song so delightfully low,

Or who look so slender, so graceful, so tender,
As Nancy, sweet Nancy, while kneading the dough?

How deftly she pressed it, and squeezed it; caressed it,

And twisted and turned it, how quick and how slow.

Ah, me, but that madness I've paid for in sadness!

'Twas my heart she was kneading as well as the dough.

At last, when she turned for her pan to the dresser,

She saw me and blushed, and said shyly,
"Please, go,

Or my bread I'll be spoiling, in spite of my tolling,

If you stand here and watch while I'm kneading the dough."

I begged for permission to stay. She'd not listen;

The sweet little tyrant said, "No, sir! not no!"

Yet when I had vanished on being thus banished,

My heart stayed with Nancy while kneading the dough.

I'm dreaming, sweet Nancy, and see you in fancy;

Your heart, love, has softened, and pitied my woe,

And we, dear, are rich in a dainty wee kitchen

Where Nancy, my Nancy, stands kneading the dough.

—John A. Frazer, Jr., in the Century.

THE CLIMAX.—A clergyman in England, one Sunday informed his hearers that he should divide his discourse into three parts the first should be terrible, the second horrible, the third the terribly horrible. Assuming a dramatic tragic attitude, and wishing to bring the sulphurous lake vividly before the mind's eye of the hearer, he swung his right arm wildly, pointing to about the centre of the church, with his eyes seemingly transfixed in horror, he exclaimed in a startling agonizing tone:

"What's that I see there?" Still louder, "What's that I see there?"—Here a little old woman in black, with shrill tremble tone—
"It's nothing but my little black dog; he won't bite nobody."



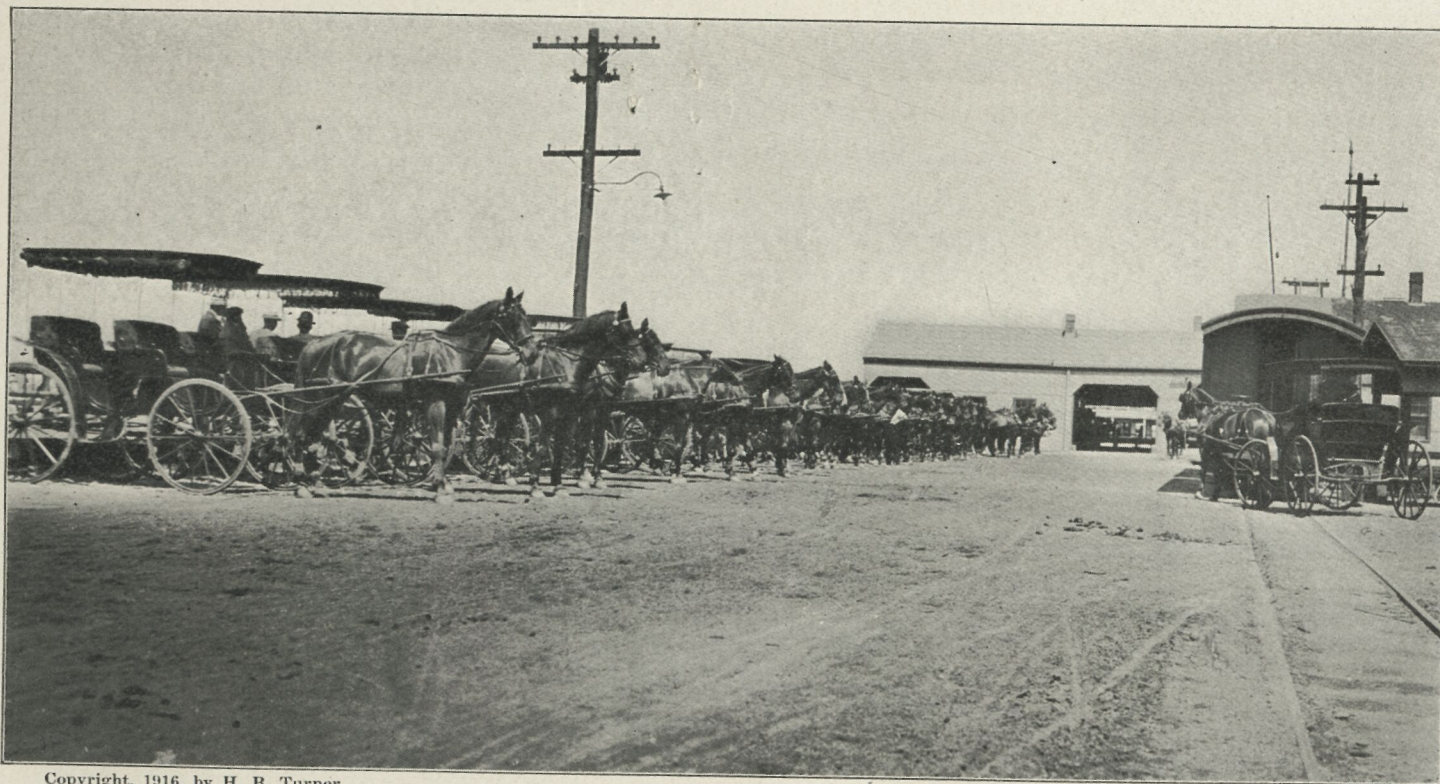
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

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row;
All burning bright and clear;
The first one burns to wish you
The best of Christmas cheer!

The next is for Prosperity,
And may its bright flame glow
Like all good things I wish
for you,
A constant, steady flow!

The third's for Health and
Happiness~
Twin joys~ I wish for you;
The fourth flame is your Heart's
Desire,
And may it soon come true!

Nantucket Island, Massachusetts



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NANTUCKET "TAXIS" LINED UP FOR BUSINESS.

1917

JULY

1917

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(379) 61A0152

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To my dear friend

Wm. Brewster

From

Willis Adams Tracy.

51 MUST CRAFT, BOSTON

Committed from the post office by special delivery

IN A MUD PUDDLE.

OR, WHERE SHE FOUND A HUSBAND.

"Uncle, may I ride Milo?" I said, one bright June morning, as he sat at the breakfast table.

"Ride Milo?" said he.

"Yes," said I. "It's such a fine day."

"But he'll throw you!" said my uncle.

"Throw me?" and I laughed merrily and incredulously. "Say yes, dear uncle," I continued, coaxingly; "there's no fear, and I'm dying for a canter."

"You'll die on a canter then," he retorted, with his grim wit, "for he'll break your neck. The horse has only been ridden three times—twice by myself, and once by Joe."

"But you've often said I was a better rider than Joe," Joe was the stable boy. "That's a good uncle, now do." And I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him.

I knew by experience that when I did this I generally carried the day. My uncle tried to look stern, but I saw he was relenting. He made a last effort to deny me.

"Why not take Dobbin?" he said.

"Dobbin!" I cried; "old small-paced Dobbin, on such a morning as this! One might as well ride a rocking-horse at once."

"Well, well," said he, "if I must I must. You'll tease the life out of me if I don't let you have your own way. I wish you'd get a husband, you minx! You're growing beyond my control."

"Humph! a husband! Well, since you say so, I'll begin to look for one to day."

"He'll soon repent of his bargain," said my uncle; but his smile belied his words. "You're as short as pie-crust if you can't have your own way. There," seeing I was about to speak, "go and get ready while I tell Joe to saddle Milo. You'll set the house on fire if I don't send you off."

Milo was soon at the door—a gay, mettlesome colt, that laid his ears back as I mounted, and gave me a vicious look that I did not quite like.

"Take care," said my uncle. "It's not too late to give it up."

I was piqued.

"I never give up anything," I said.

"Not even the finding of a husband, eh?"

"No," said I. "I'll ride down to the poor house and ask old Tony, the octogenarian pauper, to have me; and you'll be forced to hire Polly Wilkes to cook your dinners."

And as I said this, my eyes twinkled mischievously, for uncle was an old bachelor, who detested all strange women, and had an especial aversion to Polly Wilkes, a sour old maid of forty-seven, because years ago she had plotted to entrap him into matrimony. Before he could reply I gave Milo head.

John Gulpin, we are told, went fast, but I went faster. It was not long before the colt had it his own way. At first I tried to check his speed, but he got the bit in his mouth, and all I could do was to hold on, and trust to tiring him out. Trees, fences and houses went by like wild pigeons on the wing. As long as the road was clear we did well enough, but suddenly coming to an old log that started out spectre-like from the edge of a wood, Milo shied, twisted half round, and planted his fore-feet stubbornly in the ground. I did not know I was falling till I felt myself in a mudhole, which lay at one side of the road.

Here was a fine end to my boasted horsemanship. But as the mud was soft I was not hurt, and the ludicrous spectacle I presented soon got the upper hand of my vexation.

"A fine chance I have of finding a husband in this condition," I said to myself, recalling

my jest with my uncle. "If I could find some mud dryad now, and pass myself off for a mud nymph, I might have a chance," and I began to pick myself up.

"Shall I help you, miss?" suddenly said a rich, manly voice.

I looked up and saw a young man, the suppressed merriment of whose bright eyes brought the blood to my cheek, and made me for an instant ashamed and angry. But on glancing again at my dress, I could not help laughing in spite of myself. I stood in the mud at least six inches above the top of my shoes. My riding-skirt was plastered all over, so that it was almost impossible to tell of what it was made. My hands and arms were mud to the elbows, for I had instinctively extended them as I fell, in order to break the fall.

The young man, as he spoke, turned to the neighboring fence, and taking the top rail, he placed it across the puddle; then, putting his arm round my waist, he lifted me out, though not without leaving my shoes behind. While he was fishing these out, which he began immediately to do, I stole behind the enormous oak, to hide my blushing face and scrape the mud from my riding-skirt.

"Pray let me see you home," he said. "If you will mount again, I'll lead the colt, and there will be no chance of his repeating his trick."

I could not answer for shame, but when in the saddle murmured something about "not troubling him."

"It's no trouble, not the least," he replied, standing hat in hand like a knightly cavalier, and still retaining his hold on the bridle; "and I really can't let you go alone, for the colt is as vicious as he can be to day. Look at his ears and his red eyes. I saw you coming down the road, and expected you to be thrown every minute till I saw how well you rode. Nor would it have happened if he had not wheeled and stopped, like a trick horse in a circus."

I cannot tell how soothing was this graceful way of excusing my mishap. I stole a glance under my eyelids at the speaker, and saw that he was very handsome and gentlemanly, and apparently about six and twenty, or several years older than myself.

I had hoped that uncle would be out in the fields overlooking the men; but as we entered the gate, I saw him sitting, provokingly, at the open window; and by the time I had sprung to the ground, he came out, his eyes brimful of mischief. I did not dare to stop, but, turning to my escort, said: "My uncle, sir; won't you walk in?" and then rushed up stairs.

In about half an hour, just as I had dressed, there was a knock at my door—my uncle's knock; I could not but open. He was laughing a low, silent laugh, his portly body shaking all over with suppressed merriment.

"Ah! ready at last," he said, "I began to despair of you, you were so long, and came to hasten you. He's waiting in the parlor still," he said, in a malicious whisper. "You have my consent, for I like him very well; only who'd have thought of finding a husband in a mud puddle?"

I slipped past my tormentor, preferring to face even my escort than to run the gauntlet of my uncle's wit, and was soon stammering my thanks to Mr. Templeton, for as such my uncle, who followed me down, introduced him.

To make short of what else would be a long story, what was said in jest turned out to be in earnest, for, in less than six months I became Mrs. Templeton. How it all came about I hardly know, but I certainly did find

a husband on that day. Harry, for that is the name by which I call Mr. Templeton, says that I entered the parlor so transformed, my light blue muslin floating about me like a cloudwreath, my cheeks so rosy, my eyes so bright, my curls playing such hide-and-seek about my face, that, not expecting such an apparition he lost his heart at once. He adds—for he knows how to compliment as well as ever—that my gay, intelligent talk, so different from the demure miss he had expected, completed the business.

Harry was the son of an old neighbor, who had been abroad for three years, and before that had been at college, so that I had never seen him; but my uncle remembered him at once, and insisted on his staying until I came down, though Harry, from delicacy, would have left after he inquired about my health. My uncle was one of those who will not be put off, and so Harry remained—"the luckiest thing," he says, "he ever did."

Milo is now my favorite steed, for Harry broke him for me, and we are all as happy as the day is long, uncle included; for uncle insisted on our living with him, and I told him at last I would consent, "if only to keep Polly Wilkes from cooking his dinner." To which he answered, looking at Harry "You see what a spitfire it is; and you may bless your stars if you don't rue the day she went out to find a husband."

Abe, aged four, wanted his mother to let him make a lunch-bag for himself. She gave him the necessary material, and when it was finished found he had left several small holes in the bottom of the bag. When asked the reason of this, Abe replied: "It's to let the crumbs froo. It's such a bower to turn the bag inside out every time, and now they will tumble out themselves."

POOR TIRED MOTHER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the skies,

Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Paradise,

Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs,

Of the wand'rings through the golden streets of happy, white-robed throngs;

And said father, leaning cozily back in his easy-chair

(Father always was a master-hand for comfort everywhere):

"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is o'er

One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"

And Isabel, our eldest girl, glanced upward from the reed

She was painting on a water jug, and murmured, "Yes, indeed."

And Marian, the next in age, a moment dropped her book,

And "Yes, indeed!" repeated, with a most ecstatic look.

But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,

With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—

Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do—

And said, "I hope it is not wrong not to agree with you,

But seems to me that when I die, before I join the blest,

I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest."

MARGARET EYTINGE.

Died.

HOSLEY.—In Wells, Monday morning Jan. 3d 1887 at the res.

Wells, Jan. 3d 1887.

An Interesting Advertisement.

We copy the following advertisement from the Home Journal, of the 21st inst. :—

A "broken-hearted woman," as she calls herself—Mrs. Laura Hunt, of Montgomery County, N. Y., notifies the public, through the *Amsterdam Intelligencer*, that her husband, Joshua Hunt, has left her bed and board, and strayed to parts unknown; and she forbids all girls, old maids and widows to meddle with or marry him, under the penalty of the law. She earnestly entreats all editors "throughout the world" to lay the foregoing information before their readers.—Mrs. Hunt will please to perceive that we have complied with her request.—*Courier and Enquirer*.

And we two—*N. Y. Transcript*.

And we three—*Cincinnati Mirror*.

And we four—*N. Y. Standard*.

And we five—*Western Methodist*.

And we six—*Zion's Herald*.

And we seven—*Maine Free Press*.

And we eight—*Missouri Free Press*.

And we nine—*Woodstock Whig*.

Leave her bed and board, the villain! and we ten.—*National Eagle*.

And strayed to parts unknown, the vagabond! we eleven.—*Albany Advertiser*.

And we make up the dozen.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*.

Leave her bed! Oh, the vagrant! And we a baker's dozen.—*Pittsburg American*.

And we start him again.—*Miner's Journal*.
Keep him moving. Salt River is too good for him.—*Jackson Courier*.

May he have corns on his toes, and pains in ribs, all the days of his life. Leave a woman's bed and board, the graceless knave! We'll give him the sixteenth kick.—*Carlisle Republican*.

Oh, the vagabond! he deserves an additional kick, and we'll give him the seventeenth.—*Cleveland Herald*.

We underwrite the eighteenth endorsement.—*Courier and Enquirer*.

And we give the rascal the nineteenth shove.—*American Sentinel*.

Pass him around! Start him again, the scoundrel! and here goes the twenty-first kick.—*Utica Daily News*.

We give him the twenty-second. Brethren, add your mite.—*Vergennes Ver*.

Here's our kick, number twenty-three; put it into the scamp thick and fast.—*Concord Freeman*.

And we repeat her wrongs and his shame to our twenty thousand readers.—*Saturday Cour*.

Oh, the awful critter! He'll be counting our Peggy next. Paragraph him, brethren with a vengeance.—*Washington Index*.

Twink his nose, the varmint! And until he returns, may ducks nibble him, grasshoppers kick him! may bedbugs bite him, and nightmares haunt him! May he have hair in his victuals, corns on his toes, a flea in his stocking, and a bile on his nose!—*Cleveland Plaindealer*.

We arraign him for a heartless disunionist, in thus dissolving the union between himself and Laura, and breaking a poor woman's heart.—*Geauga Freeman*.

Break a woman's "heart!" miserable miscreant! Earth and life load him with stings and torments; crush out the last spark of his miserable existence, and send him to his father's (old Pluto's) regions, there to dwell, where the angelic presence of woman was never known.—*Union*.

"Strayed," has he? the scamp; and from a woman! He is certainly one of the poor "Know Nothings," didn't know when he was well off. Boot him along!—*St. Louis Democrat*.

Oh, the hardened sinner! Left a "lone woman," did he? May pollywogs tails be his choicest fare, and "lively varmin'ts" swarm in his hair; may tree-toads spit at his ugly mug, and chestnut burs be his only rug. Here goes our kick!—*Censor*.

"Left her bed and board," did he? May nightmares haunt the surly dog; may bristles grow on the dirty hog; may skeeters sting the horrid wretch, and he be deprived the power to scratch; may goslings nibble the ill-bred clown, and cripples kick him when he sits down. "Thus we cross out our account," and yet there is room, brethren.—*Chaut. Democrat*.

May old maids pound him wherever he goes, and then do him justice by wringing his nose

"Our party is the bone and sinew of the country," said an electioneering office-holder to a farmer. "And what are the bones and sinews worth without the brains?" replied the farmer.

A Yankee describing an opponent, says: "I tell you what sir, that man don't amount to a sum in arithmetic—add him up and there is 0 to carry."

A UNITED STATES mail-wagon got mixed up with a circus procession in Philadelphia, yet not one in a thousand of the spectators knew it did not belong there.

There is a young man in Wells, who is in love; there may be two in this unfortunate predicament, but in regard to this particular one there can be no doubt about it, for all his movements, attitudes, gestures and expressions indicate it. We have consulted the Oracle and make this assertion without fear of contradiction or cavil; and even the "Picaroon of the Adirondack Wilderness" would agree with us if he knew the circumstances. You may see this young man, nearly every day pensively meandering down street, wearing one of those faraway, North pole, are-you-going-to-the-funeral looks. He does not endeavor to disguise the fact, and frequently says that he is an Ardent admirer of "those eyes of heavenly blue and teeth of Pearl." When we see him so wrapped up in his passion, and so utterly oblivious to the worldly matters about him, it makes us tired and lonesome, and we seek consolation in "Hamlet's soliloquy on Death."

The first case that came before Judge Smith, after he had taken the official oath, was a Book-Case(?). The Judge issued a subpoena duces tecum, to Charles Ferguson, and the Case(?) was brought for trial. It could not be induced however, to proceed any farther than the Judge's floor, notwithstanding the admonitions of Charlie, that he would be arraigned for Contempt of Court. After due deliberation, the Case(?) being without precedent, the Judge concluded that it was a question of fact rather than law, and appointed George Perry, Referee, who after a judicious application of the saw, succeeded, under the Revised Statutes(?), in quietly conveying the said case into the Judge's office, where it now stands as ornamental as it is useful.

Our new iron bridge should be dedicated by reading Hood's poem "The Bridge of Sighs," as it will occasion a great many sighs from the taxpayers of Wells; all honor(?) to our Oracles of wisdom(?), the Justices of the Peace. [V.]

DEDICATION FOR AN ALBUM.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

FAIR book! thou art memory's treasure
To shrine in the depth of the heart—
A charm, to awaken new pleasure
When others, less cherished, depart.

And love, truth, and friendship forever
Shall sparkle the brightest for thee,
Till death all these jewels discover,
And memory ceases to be.

Settling Down.

BY A MARRIED MAN.

"Ahem! Well, my dear, we'll settle down for good. No more nonsense now, you know. Married people must be sensible some time, so we may as well begin right away."

"Exactly, Louis; that's just what I think. Now, of course, you'll leave off smoking, and won't think of treating your friends just to be 'sociable'—of course I know you don't care about it yourself; and as for interviewing the barber every morning and attending champagne suppers in the evening with frivolous bachelors, why—"

"Now just hold on, little girl; I began this conversation."

"Yes, sir, and I'm finishing it."

"But, my dear, you must abide by my judgment."

"Must, did I hear you say? Why this assumption of noble dignity, my lord and master? But, of course, I will listen."

"Well, saucebox, to begin with, married people are generally dignified. What is becoming in a young miss is very unbecoming in a married woman."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, but I do say! And now remember you said you would listen."

"And haven't I been listening?"

"Then allow me to finish my remarks. You must learn to be more dignified, more circumspect, in short, I would like to have you drop some of your impulsive manners. They are very inconsistent with your present position, and the fact is, I want you to put the repressor on your conduct."

"Do you, indeed? Well, now, Mr. Weldon, would you not like a glass of water or a sip of lemonade after that long-winded speech. You ought to get a position as a Sunday-school superintendent, you can give such good advice, and it seems so natural for you to command obedience."

"And I'm afraid it's equally natural for you not to obey."

"Now, Louis, I think it would be prudent to drop the conversation."

"Agreed, my dear."

And Louis Weldon and his month-old bride stopped talking and looked at each other; he was grave and dignified, and she just as impudent and unconcerned as possible.

Louis Weldon was a grave, proud man, with a splendid intellect, though somewhat prejudiced against strong-minded women.

And she, Lelia Weldon, was one of those gay, irrepressible girls who, like a mettlesome horse, chafed at the least restraint.

She might be crushed, but she could not be curbed; and there was where Louis Weldon made a serious mistake in judging his wife; but why he should care to suppress the characteristics that had charmed him in their lover days was a mystery to Lelia.

She was a handsome girl, in the dark style of beauty.

Her eyes were simply glorious.

The ideas of Louis Weldon and his wife were generally different, but they had been so happy, Lelia vaguely wondered if the perfect Heaven-caught rays of the honeymoon would continue to shine until the silver setting of life's evening.

"Now, Louis, I don't want you to scold me," said Lelia, making a comical failure of trying to assume a martyr-like air as her husband began to talk seriously.

"Of course I shall not scold you!" And Louis Weldon kissed the half-pouting lips. "But really, my dear, I want you to abide by my wishes."

"With pleasure, Louis."

"Now, I consider my judgment superior to yours in some things."

"And if you can only convince me of the last-mentioned fact, I suppose things generally will assume that even tenor that is so admirable."

"Well, we won't discuss the matter any further at present."

And Louis Weldon lighted a cigar and strolled leisurely down town, forgetting for the first time to leave the accustomed kiss on Lelia's scarlet mouth.

One thing was evident, though: Mr. Weldon; Lelia showed signs of rebellion, and, in his judgment, to have a home man must be the ruler.

And yet he did not mean to be unkind.

Oh, no!

No man ever does, but Lelia would not please him if she continued in the old irrepressible way.

One day, as he sat reading, a pair of soft hands suddenly blinded his eyes, and the owner of the hands said gayly:

"Who is it?"

"Lelia."

"Yes, sir; right the first time."

"Lelia, don't you know I don't like to be disturbed when I am reading?"

"Then you shouldn't read while I am present."

"This paper is very interesting."

"Complimentary to the paper!"

And Lelia began humming a little snatch of love song to hide the lump that seemed swelling in her throat.

"Lelia, I wish you would leave off singing those sentimental songs," said Mr. Weldon, without glancing from his paper.

"Well, then, what would you prefer, 'Hold the Fort' or 'Old Hundred'?"

But Mr. Weldon was reading a very interesting item, and failed to answer.

The next morning he was sitting, philosophically smoking, when Lelia waltzed gayly into the room.

"Oh, Lelia, do try to be more dignified! You are so impulsive for a married lady. What you need is taming, my dear. Mustangs have been broken in, you know," he added, as he saw a rebellious light gather in Lelia's big black eyes. "What do you want, my dear?"

There was a spice of temper about Lelia, as she answered:

"Louis, we are out of vinegar, but I have mixed some sugar and water together, and if you'll just step down and talk to it a little, no doubt we shall have plenty of the sourest kind."

"Lelia!"

"Sir!"

"Are you aware to whom you are speaking?"

"Certainly, Mr. Weldon; I'm talking to the flower of this family; in fact, you are the entire plant—vinegar plant, to speak accurately!"

Mr. Weldon puffed at his cigar reflectively a few moments, then said:

"I see plainly that you need taming. I have got my little mustang lassoed, and now I must tame her. But let's make a bargain, Lelia, dear. What will you take not to do anything unbecoming to a married lady for a month?"

"Just the same amount you would take not to speak a single cross word to me during the length of time mentioned or scold about anything."

"Now, Mrs. Weldon, I prefer to be the judge of my own conduct, without any restraint from petticoat rule; and really, pet, you wouldn't have other people think that I was a henpecked husband, would you?"

And Mr. Weldon pinched Lelia's cheek playfully.

"And, Louis, my love, you wouldn't have other people think that I was a downtrodden wife?"

Mr. Weldon wrinkled his brow thoughtfully, but said nothing; yet he kept well in his mind a set determination to subdue to proper decorum his impulsive little wife.

At the end of the year he flattered himself that he had succeeded admirably; but somehow he did feel lonely with his reticent wife whenever he thought of their old lover days.

He had succeeded in his wishes and yet he was not satisfied.

Then interfering people would talk when they saw the change creep over Lelia Weldon.

"Ah, she found him out," one old maid remarked.

"He's taming her, that's plain," said a married friend. "And when she is demure enough for an old woman eighty years old, then he'll flirt with all the gay girls, and have the beautiful excuse that home has no attractions for him, his wife uncongenial to his nature and he must seek an affinity elsewhere."

"It's all nonsense, love is," said another acquaintance. "Before he was married he went to see her three times a week and took her everywhere, and was so devoted; and now I don't suppose he takes her out once a month. His presence at his meals is sufficient for a married woman. I suppose that the awful fact that she might actually enjoy a theater or lecture never enters his mind; but such amusements seem to be necessary to his happiness still."

These and many other remarks not complimentary to Mr. Weldon were freely indulged in by their talkative friends.

But had they really known under what suppression Mrs. Weldon's high spirits were kept, they would have been greatly surprised.

Mr. Weldon did not mean to treat his wife unkindly, but if he had only taken a peep at her end of the telescope.

Only married a year, and yet it seemed a lifetime to Lelia.

Died.

HOSLEY.—In Wells, Monday morning Jan. 3d 1887 at the res.

Wells, Jan. 1st 1887.

One evening when sitting alone she heard Mr. Weldon's step earlier than usual.

A wave of gladness swept over her face, then it died away, and a hard, bitter light crept into those glorious eyes.

She started as if to meet her husband, then sat down as she wearily thought that it was of no use; he would only frown at her childishness.

But somehow a different spirit seemed to actuate Mr. Weldon.

As he came in he looked half pityingly at the quiet woman sitting there, then said, with assumed lightness:

"Can't you kiss a fellow, Lelia, when he comes home earlier than usual?"

Mrs. Weldon was somewhat surprised, but she answered, coldly:

"I hardly think it would be becoming to my dignity as a married woman."

A sort of frown gathered on Mr. Weldon's face, but he crossed the room to where she sat in her pride.

"Lelia," he said, tenderly, "a boy brought a telegram to my office to-day that said that 'Lily was dead.'"

Lelia knitted her slender hands convulsively together, and repeated the words slowly, as though scarcely comprehending their meaning.

Lily was Lelia's older sister, and Mr. Weldon remembered the grave, pallid girl who was introduced to him at their wedding as "Sister Lily."

And he had wondered how anyone, and especially Lelia's sister, could grow so spiritless.

Her husband was a grave reticent man that Weldon had admired for his changeless dignity, but he could not help contrasting the impetuous tiger-lily and the white wilted lily, as he called the two sisters.

Now Lily was dead.

She had died at her mother's home, where she had been for a month or two, with a mother to care for her.

The first tears that Lelia shed for her sister Lily was when she saw her lying in the hushed room, with its soft perfume of flowers, its white and black drapery and its awful stillness.

Not the man who had been called her stay and support in life knelt beside her flower-embalmed casket, but the one who had cared for the child and guarded the girlhood of the sleeper, watched alone by all that was mortal of poor, pallid Lily.

While Mr. Weldon stood silently by, he was shocked at the growing likeness between the face of dead Lily and that of his Lelia.

There was a grand funeral next day.

Lily's husband was there, carefully dressed in the excess of mourning; his tears did not moisten the marble face of the sleeper, yet he grieved inwardly for the bird that had flown from him forever.

But he was one of those individuals who consider an outside expression of any emotion as an evidence of weakness, so he never betrayed what he really felt.

When the lost clouds had fallen on all that was mortal of poor Lily the mourners dispersed.

The bereaved husband went methodically back to his old duties, began life again, and he only thought that it was a dispensation of Providence.

Mr. Weldon was kind-hearted and sympathetic, and a strange thought came to him.

What if his Lelia were dead?

And then a great wave of pity moistened his eyes and made his heart ache for Lily's husband.

His wife and mother were with him, and he said:

"Do you not feel sorry for poor Arthur?"

A hard, bitter light came into the sorrowing mother's eyes as she answered him.

"Feel sorry for him—her murderer? Do you think I could feel grief for the man to whom I gave my first born to love and cherish, gave her to him believing that he would make her happy? But instead, he brought her back to me in five short years to die. And she was murdered, my beautiful Lily, not by any crime that law can punish, that would have been quicker and more merciful, but by the slow torture that killed her, our queen Lily, as we called her, in five years."

Weldon was shocked.

He had never heard of such a thing, and Mrs. Everett continued:

"'Tis the drop by drop of little ills that wear away the most invincible barrier, and our Lily was once just like Lelia, though only those who knew her then would believe it. But if you had known under what constant suppression our queen Lily was kept you would not have wondered at the change. When she had only been the bride of half a year she suffered keenly that worst of pains, the headache; and she grew to realize fully that 'man's love is of man's life a part, but woman's whole existence.'"

It was a slow but sure way that Arthur Warden took to tame his bride, but she could not be curbed. She and Lelia were alike in that respect. When he took away all the joyousness he took away her gay spirits, and that is death in the end to all natures like our Lily's. There was never a time when Arthur failed to make cynical remarks; in truth he kept my love-cherished child under a continual cloud of disapprobation. If she laughed, she was silly; if she enjoyed society, she was frivolous; if she wanted anything pretty, she was just like all the women—didn't care for anything but dress; if a noted person spoke to her and she mentioned the fact, she was vain because those above her noticed her; and if she spoke to anyone under the ban of society, she was told that no lady spoke to such a person. And oh, it was wonderful what an effect it all had on her, our darling! She who had laughed to scorn all restraint from a lover now yielded meekly; but she was crushed, not curbed. She had grown tired of fruitless resistance, and now the sequel of it all is told by the folded hands and silent lips of my murdered child. Murdered the same as many another will be that are on the torture rack to-day; and yet no man ever thinks that he is treating his wife unkindly. But men have such

peculiar ways of showing their affection for those that are nearest and dearest. Arthur began to think that Lily must be ailing, he brought her home to gain strength; but she died, and he, her murderer, is to-day receiving the condolence of scores of pitying friends!"

Ah, how every word of Mrs. Everett's struck home!

Had not Mr. Weldon's treatment of Lelia been almost an epitome of Arthur Warden's treatment of Lily.

How he remembered now of hearing an acquaintance remark that Lelia was growing delicate, and they thought she'd go just like Lily.

And Weldon could not help admitting

that the tiger-lily had changed to a stately calla; but she should not wither and die if he could make any atonement.

That evening when they were alone he actually kissed her, which was something novel of late, and then said: "Lelia, darling, can you ever forgive me? Are my eyes opened before it is too late to make amends? Won't you kiss me, wifey? and on this the anniversary of our wedding, we will begin the second year anew, and all that pleased me in my little sweetheart will doubly please me in my precious wife."

And Louis Weldon never forgot the lesson he learned; and when the royal color came slowly back to his Lelia's pale cheeks, he realized fully that gravity and decorum will do for business men and the world generally, but love and gaiety are essential as the breath of life to make a home for those we love.

WHEN a man is carrying home a dozen eggs in a paper bag and one of them slips out on the pavement, he never stops to pick it up. In the hurly-burly of this life one egg is a very small matter.

IN AN art gallery: "That artist is a friend of yours, is he not?" "Well, yes; he used to be, but one day he was fool enough to ask me how I liked his pictures, and I was fool enough to tell him."

AN IDEA OF FAITH.—A female teacher of a school that stood on the banks of a stream wished to communicate to her pupils an idea of faith. While she was trying to explain to them the meaning of the word, a small boat glided in sight along the stream. Seizing upon the incident for an illustration she exclaimed—"I told you that there was a leg of mutton in that boat, you would believe me, would you not, without even seeing it yourselves?" "Yes ma'am," replied the scholars. "Well that is faith," said the school-mistress.

The next day, in order to test their recollection of the lesson, she inquired:

"What is faith?" "A leg of mutton in a boat," was the answer, shouted from all parts of the school-room.

THE GENTLEMAN FARMER.

He owned the farm—at least 'twas thought
He owned it since he lived upon it;
And when he came there, with him brought
The men whom he had hired to run it.

He had been bred to city life
And had acquired a little money;
But strange conceit, himself and wife
Thought farming must be something funny.

He did no work himself at all,
But spent his time in recreation—
In pitching quoits and playing ball,
And such mild forms of dissipation.

He kept his "rods" and trolling spoons,
His guns and dogs of various habits,—
While in the fall he hunted coons,
And in the winter skunks and rabbits.

His hired help were quick to learn
The liberties that might be taken,
And through the season scarce would earn
The salt it took to save their bacon.

He knew no more than a child unborn,
One-half the time what they were doing,
Whether they stuck to hoeing corn,
Or had on hand some mischief brewing.

His crops, although they were but few,
With proper food were seldom nourished,
While cockle instead of barley grew,
And noxious weeds and thistles flourished.

His cows in spring looked more like rails
Set up on legs, than living cattle;
And when they switched their dried-up tails
The very bones would in them rattle.

At length the sheriff came along,
Who soon relieved him of his labors,
While he became the jest and song
Of his more enterprising neighbors.

Back to the place where life began,
Back to the home from whence he wandered,
A sad, if not a wiser man,
He went with all his money squandered.

MORAL.

On any soil, be it loam or clay,
Mellow and light, or rough and stony,
Those men who best make farming pay,
Find use for brains as well as money.

—Tribune and Farmer

THE BAD BOY IS TAKEN ILL.

UNDER THE WEATHER, BUT HIS
FLAG WAS STILL THERE.He Is Visited by the Groceryman—
His Sickness Caused by a Frank
Played Upon His Pa.

"Well, Hennerly, I am sorry to find you in this fix," said the grocery man as he tip-toed into the darkened room at the house of the bad boy, where he found him in bed, propped up with pillows, a pallor on his face that was frightful, and a general look of goneness. "Your pa tells me you have been sick nearly a week. I thought things at the grocery were going along in a solemn sort of a manner. Don't hurt you to talk to you,

does it?" and the groceryman looked for a chair to sit down in.

"Naw, it don't hurt," said the bad boy, as he motioned to a chair, and the grocery man sat down. "If talking would kill me I would have been dead long ago. By the way, I wish you would hand me that mustard plaster. You will find it in the chair you are setting on," and the boy smiled a sickly smile, while the groceryman got up as though he was in a hurry, and apologized for sitting on the plaster. "No apology necessary," said the bad boy. "When anybody comes to see me they are welcome to the best we have got. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and a mustard plaster covereth a multitude of pneumonia," and Hennerly applied the plaster to his chest, and asked the groceryman to hand him a box of pills on the table. The groceryman handed the boy a box of pills and a glass of water, and he took a small handful of pills and a swallow of water, smacked his lips and said.

"Ah! A nectar fit for the gods. Do you know there is something about being sick that takes the cake? You can lay and sleep, or rise up and cough. And then, the beautiful medicine the doctor leaves! I take it because it pleases the doctor. He is a nice man, but I don't think a man can feel of your pulse and listen to the mocking bird in your heart by holding his ear on your shirt, and tell what is the matter with you. Gimme a drink. Now I want you to do some things for me, as I may not pull through, and pa is so busy in politics that he can't attend to anything."

"Oh, say, hush up now," said the grocery man. "You are not half as sick as you think you are. What was the hired girl laughing at when she let me in? She said something about your scaring the folks out of seven years' growth, just before you were taken sick," and the groceryman thought if he could get the sick boy talking about something funny it would cure him.

"Well," said the boy, as he laughed so the skin was drawn across his pinched face, "It was awful mean, but ma wanted to know what time pa got home nights, since he has got to working the ward for alderman. You see, he comes in all times of the night, and tries to keep still so as not to wake ma up. He comes in and undresses in the dark, and retires and ma don't wake up. I have got a friend working in a jewelry store, and I got him to lend me six of these little alarm clocks, and I wound them all up, and placed them around the house where I could touch them off when pa came in. I put one on the hat rack, and when pa came in just after midnight I touched it off just as he put his hat on the hat rack and I crept half way upstairs in the dim light. Pa was trying to be quiet, and when that alarm went off he looked sick. He didn't know what it was, but he just stood still, with his overcoat half off, and waited for the thing to run down, and he was listening all the time to see if ma woke up. I had told ma to pretend to be asleep until the last one went off, which I had placed on the foot of the bed, and then

for her to get up and begin to throw chairs. Pa started upstairs as soon as the clock stopped, in his stocking feet, and just as he got half way upstairs I touched off the second alarm, and pa stopped and I went up to the head of the stairs to get another one ready. Pa got hold of the clock and tried to stop its noise by holding it under his coat, and he listened for ma some more, but ma didn't show up. When the clock got through sputtering pa came on upstairs, and at the top the third one went off, and then he was mad. He thought that would wake ma sure, but she snored right along through 'it all, and pa breathed hard and said some political words. When that clock stopped I slipped into the bedroom and whispered to ma that I was going to let all three of the others go off at once, and she said all right, so I waited till pa got part of his clothes off, when I turned on all three of them, and I slipped out in the hall, and then I began to hear chairs ramble around, and pa began to beg. I guess he thought there was a caucus. When the chairs had all been thrown I turned up the gas in the hall and came in just as though I had been frightened out of bed, and there stood ma laughing just as hard as she could, and pa had crawled under the bed with only his feet sticking out, and I think he was saying his 'now I lay me down to sleep.' Ma coaxed him out, and maybe she did not read the riot act to him. She made him promise to keep away from politics and try to be a man, and I guess he will. But I had to pay for one of the clocks, 'cause pa fell on it and busted the works flatter than a tin plate. But we had fun, and I guess my staying up in the hall waiting for pa gave me the cold that made me sick, but I feel better now, and I will be out to-morrow. Don't you know, that when a sick person lays and thinks of dying it makes them worse, when if they get to talking about something interesting it braces them up? Come in again, boss, and when I get well I will come over to the grocery and talk to you till you are sick," and the bad boy rolled over to go to sleep, while the groceryman went out believing that nothing less than a cannon ball would kill the bad boy.—Peck's Sun.

Something Around Her.

"There Frances, you've caught another cold, and I'll warrant you you caught it when you were out walking with Joe last night."

"Oh no, mother! I couldn't have caught it then, 'cause we didn't go fast enough to catch anything, in fact, we just set down on the stile and studied astronomy!"

"And did you have anything around you, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, indeed I did! Joe's always particular about that; he won't allow me to sit down anywhere in the evening air without putting something around me."—Yonkers Gazette.

"Every cloud has its silver lining." The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.

THE DEACON'S WEEK.

The communion service of January was just over in the church at Sugar Hollow, and the people were waiting for good Mr. Parkes to give out the hymn, but he did not give it out; he laid his book down on the table and looked about the church.

He was a man of simplicity and sincerity, fully in earnest to do the Lord's work and do it with all his might, but he did sometimes feel discouraged. His congregation was a mixture of farmers and mechanics, for Sugar Hollow was cut in two by Sugar Brook, a brawling, noisy stream that turned the wheel of many a mill and manufactory, yet on the hills around it there was still a scattered population eating their bread in the full perception of the primeval curse. So he had to contend with the keen brain and skeptical comment of the men who piqued themselves on the power to hammer at theological problems as well as hot iron, with the jealousy and repulsion and bitter feeling that has bred the communistic hordes abroad and at home; while perhaps he had a still harder task to awaken the sluggish souls of those who used their days to struggle with barren hillside and rocky pasture for mere food and clothing, and their nights to sleep away the dull sleep of physical fatigue and mental vacuity.

It seemed sometimes to Mr. Parkes that nothing but the trumpet of Gabriel could arouse his people from their sins and make them believe on the Lord and follow his foot steps. To-day—no—a long time before to-day he had mused and prayed till an idea took shape in his thought, and now he was to put it into practice; yet he felt particularly responsible and solemnized as he looked about him and foreboded the result of his experiment. Then there flashed across him, as words of Scripture will come back to the habitual Bible reader, the noble utterance of Gamaliel to Peter and his brethren when they stood before the council: "If this counsel or this work be of men it will come to naught; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it."

So with a sense of strength the minister spoke: "My dear friends," he said, "you all know, though I did not give you any notice to that effect, that this week is the week of prayer. I have a mind to ask you to make it a week of practice instead. I think we may discover some things, some of the things of God, in this manner that a succession of prayer meetings would not so thoroughly reveal to us. Now when I say this, I don't mean to have you go home and vaguely endeavor to walk straight in the old way; I want you to take "topics," as they are called, for the prayer meetings. For instance Monday is prayer for temperance work. Try all that day to be temperate in speech, in act, in indulgence of any kind that is hurtful to you. The next day is for Sunday schools; go and visit your scholars, such of you as are teachers, and try to feel they have living souls to save. Wednesday is a day for fellowship meetings; we are cordially invited to attend a union meeting of this sort at Bantam. Few of us can go twenty-five miles to be with our brethren there; let us spend that day in cultivating our brethren here; let us go and see those who have been cold to us for some reason, heal up our breaches of friendship, confess our short comings to one another, and act as if in our Master's words, 'all ye are brethren.'"

"Thursday is the day to pray for the family relations; let us each try to be to our families on that day in our measure what the Lord is to His family, the church, remembering the words, 'Fathers, provoke not your

children to anger; 'Husbands love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' These are texts rarely commented upon, I have noticed; in our conference meeting we are apt to speak of obedience due from children, and the submission and meekness our wives owe us, forgetting that duties are always reciprocal.

"Friday the church is to be prayed for. Let us then each for himself try to act that day just as we think Christ, our great exemplar, would have acted in our places. Let us try to prove to ourselves and the world about us that we have not taken upon us His name lightly or in vain. Sunday is prayer day for the heathen and foreign missions. Brethren, you know and I know that there are heathen at our doors here; let every one of you who will, take that day to preach the gospel to some one who does not hear it anywhere else. Perhaps you will find work that ye knew not of lying in your midst. And let us all on Saturday evening meet here again and choose some one brother to relate his experience of the week. You who are willing to try this method please arise."

Every body rose except old Amos Tucker, who never stirred, though his wife pulled at him and whispered to him imploringly. He only shook his grizzled head and sat immovable.

"Let us sing the doxology," said Mr. Parkes, and it was sung with full fervor. The new idea had aroused the church fully; it was the lever point Archimedes longed for, and each felt ready and strong to move a world.

Saturday night the church assembled again. The cheerful eagerness was gone from their faces; they looked downcast, troubled, weary; as the pastor expected. When the box for ballots was passed about, each one tore a bit of paper from the hymn books for the purpose and wrote on it a name. The pastor said after he had counted them: "Deacon Emmons, the lot has fallen on you."

"I'm sorry for't," said the deacon, rising up and taking off his overcoat. "I han't got the best of records, Mr. Parkes, now I tell ye."

"That isn't what we want," said Mr. Parkes. "We want the whole experience of some one among us, and we know you will not tell us either more or less than what you did experience."

Deacon Emmons was a short thick-set man with a shrewd, kindly face and gray hair, who kept the village store and had a well earned reputation for honesty.

"Well brethren," he said, "I dono why I shouldn't tell it. I am pretty well ashamed of myself, no doubt, but I ought to be, and maybe I shall profit by what I've found out these six days back. I'll tell you just as it come. Monday, I looked about me to begin with. I am amazing fond of coffee, and it ain't good for me, the doctor says it ain't; but dear me, it does set a man up good, cold mornings, to have a cup of hot, sweet tasty coffee, and I hav'nt had the grit to refuse. I knew it made me what folks call cross, and I call nervous, before night come; and I knew it fetched on a spell of low spirits when our folks couldn't get a word out of me—not a good one, anyway; so I thought I'd try on that to begin with. I tell you it come hard! I hankered after that drink of coffee dreadful. Seemed as though I could not eat my breakfast without it. I feel to pity a man who loves liquor more'n I ever did in my life before; but I've stopped, and I'm going to stay stopped."

"Well, come to dinner, there was another fight. I do set by pie the most of anything. I was fetched up on pie, as you may say. Our folks always had it three times a day,

and the doctor's he's been talking and talking to me about eatin' pie. I have the dyspepsy like everything, and it makes me useless by spells, and unreliable as a weathercock. And Doctor Drake he says there won't nothing help me but to diet. I was reading the Bible that morning while I sat waiting for breakfast, for it was Monday, and wife was kind of set back with washing, and all, and I come across that part where it says that bodies of Christians are temples of the Holy Ghost. Well, thinks I, we'd ought to take care of them, if they're kept clean and pleasant, like the church; and nobody can be clean nor pleasant that has dyspepsy. But come to pie, I couldn't and look ye, I didn't! I eet a piece right against my conscience, facing what I knew I ought not to do. I tell ye my conscience made music of me consider'ble, and I said that I wouldn't never sneer at a drinkin' man no more when he slipped up. I'd feel for him and help him, for I see just how I was. So that day's practice give out, but it learnt me a good deal more'n I knew before."

I started out next day to look up my Bible-class. They haven't really tended to Sunday school as they ought, along back, but I was busy here and there, and there didn't seem to be a real chance to get to it. Well 'twould take the evening to tell it, but I found one real sick, been abed three weeks, and was so glad to see me that I fairly felt ashamed. Seemed as though I heard the Lord for the first time sayin', 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me.' Then another man's old mother says to me, before he come in from the shed, says she, 'He's been a sayin' that if folks practiced what they preached you'd ha' come round to look him up

afore now, but he reckoned you kinder looked down on mill hands. I'm awful glad you come.' Brethren, so was I. I tell you that day's work done me good. I got a poor opinion of Josiah Emmons, now I tell ye, but I've learned more about the Lord's wisdom than a month of Sundays ever showed me."

A smile he could not repress passed over Mr. Parke's earnest face. The deacon had forgotten all external issues in coming so close to the heart of things; the smile passed as he said: "Brother Emmons, do you remember what the master said, 'If any man will do his will he shall know of the doctrines, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of myself.'"

"Now come fellowship day. I thought that would be all plain sailing; seemed as though I'd got warmed up till I felt quite pleasant toward everybody; so I went round seeing folks that was neighbors, and 'twas easy; but when I come home at noon, Philury says, says she, 'Squire Tucker's black bull is in the orchard tearin' round, and he's knocked two lengths of fence flat down!' Well, the old Adam riz up then, you'd better believe. That black bull has been breakin' into my lot ever since we got into the aftermath, and it's Squire Tucker's fence and he won't make it as strong as he oughter, and that orchard was a young one just coming to bear, and all the new wood crisp as crackling with frost. You'd better believe I didn't have much fellow feeling with Amos Tucker. I just put over to his house and spoke up pretty free to him, when he looks up and says, says he, 'Fellowship meeting day, ain't it, Deacon?' I'd rather he slapped my face. I felt as though I should like to slip behind the door. I see pretty distinct what kind of a life I've been living all these years I've been a professor, when I couldn't hold on to my tongue temper one day."

"Breth-e-ren," interrupted a slow, harsh

voice broken with emotion, "I'll tell the rest on't. Josiah Emmons came round like a man and a Christian right there. He asked me to forgive him and not to think 'twas his and nothin' else. I think more of him to-day than I ever done afore. I was one of them that wouldn't say I'd practice with ye. I thought it everlastin' nonsense. I'd rather go to forty-nine prayer meetin's than work at bein' good a week. I believe my hope has been one of them that perish; it ha'n't worked, and I leave it behind to day. I mean to begin honest, and it was seein' one good honest Christian man that brought me to't."

Amos Tucker sat down and buried his grizzled head in his hands.

"Bless the Lord!" said the quavering tones of a still older man from a far corner of the house, and many a glistening eye gave silent response.

"Go on, Brother Emmons," said the Minister.

"Well, when next day come I got up to make the fire, and my boy Joe had forgot the kindlin's. I'd opened my mouth to give him Jesse, when it come over me sudden that this was the day of prayer for the family relations. I didn't say nothin'. I just fetched in the kindlin's myself, and when they burnt up good called wife.

"Dear me!" says she, "I've got such a headache, 'Siah, but I'll come down in a minnit." I didn't mind that, for women are always havin' aches, and I was jest goin' to say so, when I remembered the text 'bout not bein' bitter against 'em, so I says, 'Philury, you lay abed. I expect Emma an' me can git the vittles to day.' I declare, she turned over and give me sech a look; why, it struck right in. There was my wife, that had worked and waited on me for twenty odd year, most scart to death because I spoke kind of feelin' to her. I went out and fetched in the pail of water that she'd always drawn herself. Then I milked the cow. When I came in Philury was up and fryin' the potatoes. She didn't say nothin', she's kind of still, but she hadn't no need to. I felt a little meaner'n I did the day before, but 'twan't nothin' to my condition 'long towards nigt when I was down sullar for some apples so the children could have a roast, and I heard Joe up in the kitchen say to Emmy, 'I do believe pa's goin' to die.' 'Why, Josiah Emmons, how you talk.' 'Well, I do, he's so everlastin' pleasant an' good-natured that I can't but think he's struck with death.'

"I tell ye, brethrin, I sot right down on them sullar stars and cried. I did reely. Seemed as though the Lord had turned and looked at me just the same as He did at Peter. Why there was my own children never seen me act reel fatherly an' pretty in all their lives. I'd growled and scolded an' prayed at 'em, and tried to fetch 'em up right; and as the twig is bent the tree's inclined, ye know, and I hadn't never thought they'd got right and reason to expect I'd do my part as well as there'n. Seemed as though I was findin' out more of Josiah Emmons' short-comin's than was real agreeable.

"Come around Friday I got back to the store. I'd kind of left it to the boys the early part of the week, and things were a little catering, I did have sense enough not to tear around and use sharp words as much as common. I began to think 'twas gittin' easy to practice after five days when in come Judge Herrick's wife after some cur'r calico. I had a handsome piece all done up with roses an' things, but there was a fault in the weavin' now and then a thin streak. She was pleased with the figures on't, and said

she'd take the whole piece. Well, just as I was wrappin' it up, what Ma. Parkes here said about tryin' to act just as the Lord would in our place come acrost me. Why, I turned as red as a beet, I know I did. It made me all of a tremble. There was I, a door-keeper in the tents of my God, as David says, reely cheatin' a woman. "Mis' Herrick," says I, "I don't believe you've looked reel close at this article, 'tain't thorough wove." So she didn't take it; but what fetched me was to think how many times afore I'd done such mean, onreliable tricks to turn a penny, an' all the time sayin' an' prayin' that I wanted to be like Christ.

"I kep' a tripping of myself up all day jest in the ordinary business, and I was a peg lower down when nigt come than I was a Thursday. I'd rather, as far as the hard work is concerned, lay a mile of four-foot stone wall than undertake to do a man's livin' Dhristian duty for twelve hours; and the heft of that is, it's because I ain't used to it, and I ought to be."

"So this morning came around, and I felt a mite more chirp. 'Twas missionary mornin', and as if 'twas a sight easier to preach than to practice. I thought I'd begin to old Mis' Vedder's. So I put a testament in my pocket and knocked to her door. Says I, 'Good mornin', ma'am,' and then I stopped. Words seemed to hang somehow. I didn't want to pop right out that I'd come to try'n convert her folks. I hemmed and I swallowed a little, and fin'ly I said, says I, 'We don't see you to meetin' very frequently, Mis' Vedder.'

"No you don't!" says she, as quick as a wink. "I stay at home and mind my business." "Well, we should like to have you come along with us and do ye good," says I, sort of conciliatin'.

"Look hyar, Deacon! she snapped, 'I've lived alongside of you fifteen year, and you knowed I never went to meetin'; we ain't a pious lot, and you knowed it; we're poorer'n death and uglier'n sin. Jim he drinks and swears, and Malviny dono her letters. She knows a heap she hadn't ought to besides.—Now what are you comin' here to day for, I'd like to know, and talkin' so glib about meetin'? Go to meetin'! I'll go or come jest as I please, for all you. Now get out of this! Why, she come at me with a broom stick. There wasn't no need on't, what she said was enough. I hadn't never asked her nor her'n to so much as think of goodness before. Then I went to another place jest like that—I won't call no more names; and sure enough there was ten children in rags, the hull on 'em, and the man half drunk. He giv' it to me, too; and I don't wonder. I'd never lifted a hand to serve 'em before in all these years.—I'd said considerable about the heathen in foreign parts, and give some little for to convert 'em, and I had looked right over the heads of them that war next door. Seemed as if I could hear Him say, 'These ought ye to have done, and not have let the other undone.' I couldn't face another soul to-day, brethren. I come home, and here I be. I've been searched through and through and through and found wantin'. God be merciful to me a sinner!"

"He dropped into his seat and bowed his head; and many another bent, too. It was plain that the deacon's experience was not the only one among the brethren. Mr. Payson arose and prayed as he had never prayed before; the week of practice had fired his heart, too. And it began a memorable year for the church in Sugar Hollow; not a year of excitement or enthusiasm, but one when they heard their Lord saying, as to Israel of old, 'Go forward,' and they obeyed His voice. The Sunday School flourished, the church

services were fully attended, every good thing was helped on its way, and peace reigned in their homes and hearts, imperfect perhaps, as new growths are, but an offshoot of the peace past understanding.

"And another year they will keep another week of practice, by common consent."—*Congregationalist*.

Jettings by Veritas.

When Artemus Ward lectured in London, the following obliging note was printed in his programme: "Mr. Artemus Ward will call on the citizens of London at their residences, and explain any jokes in his narrative which they may not understand." We are not utterly devoid of that spirit of philanthropy which prompted Artemus to make this liberal offer, but we acknowledge the deficiency, in our narratives, of jokes. In our former correspondence, we endeavored to perpetrate one or two on the community, and in their construction we confined ourselves strictly to the truth. This we have since learned, was exceedingly offensive to a few persons. We mentioned no names, nevertheless, they were offended. Where no offence was intended, we are very sorry that any should be taken; especially, in regard to a few mild statements of fact. We shall never again try to be facetious. If we are censured for telling the truth, we shall not tell it. We rather be President than right and resemble, in this respect, Reckless Booby Hayes. Poets and would-be songstresses may allow their muse to soar aloft unrestrained; we shall muse over their efforts and be amused by them, but shall say—nothing. They may write in whatever metre they please; we care not whether it be "gas metre" or "meet her" by moonlight, we shall be conspicuous, only by our silence. Hereafter if any statement savoring of a joke creeps into the "Jettings by Veritas," it will be a mistake.

"Samps" genial qualities are taxed to the utmost of late, nevertheless, we see no diminution in the interest which he always displays in the welfare and comfort of his guests. Having occasion to drop in one or two evenings, during the past month, we noticed how comfortably the boys were located around a roaring fire, and how utterly regardless they were of the moanings and wailings of "Old Boreas" without.

In last week's issue of the *Herald*, we noticed with considerable pleasure, the sentiments of that remarkably sensible old girl, Betsy Jane. The old lady is outspoken in her denunciations of the unprincipled men, who have not the welfare of the people at heart, and who are so zealously employed in securing the passage of a bill which will ultimately result in the complete prostration of our local business interests. "Betsy" has hurled her sarcastic darts with unerring aim, and we have only a word to add as an expression of our warlike propensities in regard to any scheme so utterly ruinous to the prosperity of the people of our county. "The Bald Eagle of Westchester," as he is familiarly called, while haranguing the members of the legislature, a few years ago, referred to us as "moss-backs from Hamilton county," since which, either that, or kindred appellations have distinguished us from our Urban neighbors. But happily those days have gone by; and the climate would be exceedingly unhealthy for any wily politician, or crafty demagogue, who would have the audacity to slap us familiarly on the back, and apply such epithets now. The wise (!) legislators, at Albany assembled are about to clothe us with peculiar rights and privileges, and confer upon us the dignified title of "Gentlemen of the Adirondack Park" (!); hence, our refusal to recognize any epithet inconsistent with our newly acquired dignity. But as Franklin said, we shall pay too much for our whistle. We shall be deprived of a legitimate business, which for years has provided employment for thousands of individuals, and furnished a staple product for the lumber and leather markets of the world. Will the State provide employment for the men, who have spent the better part of their lives in acquiring a knowledge of lumbering, and who depend upon its continuance for subsistence? Does the legislature consider the welfare of the people at large, when it passes a bill to expand the already plethoric pocket-book of some modern *Crassus* in the Chamber of Commerce, but which at the same time denaturalizes the business interests of Northern

New York, and deprives honest industrious men of their customary methods of gaining a livelihood? Surely, the position of the "Gentlemen of the Adirondack Park" is an unenviable one; but this fact should not deter that moral body of political economists (!) the legislature, from imposing this gigantic fraud upon the taxpayers of New York. As Betsy suggested, the new capitol is rapidly approaching completion, and something of this kind must be instituted in order that the sharks and vultures, which infest the lobbies at Albany, may prey upon the spoils. If the Chamber of Commerce desires to increase the volume of water in the Hudson River, we have multitudinous lakes among the Adirondacks, which in the spring contains an unusual amount of water. If dams were constructed at the outlets of these lakes to retain the surplusage of water until needed, there is no

doubt but that it would facilitate navigation on the Hudson. There is another reason why the Adirondack Park will be a failure. Of late years, an enemy more destructive than the lumberman, has appeared among the forests of the Adirondacks, in the form of a tiny worm, whose depredations have rendered whole tracts of spruce timber worthless. We suppose that this difficulty can be easily remedied, by the young legislative "dudes" from New York city, by obtaining an injunction from Judge Donahue, restraining the offensive worm from farther interference with the property of the State. We know not how some of the members who vote for this bill will explain their conduct to their constituents, but presume they will escape a righteous punishment upon the popular plea "Emotional insanity."

"Ah," remarked Fogg, as he gazed bashfully at the ballet girls, "now I understand the full significance of the passage. 'The body is more than raiment.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Brickhandler, "my bulldog has wonderful artistic taste. He wouldn't attack a tramp the other day because the cloth of the man's trousers wouldn't harmonize well with the color of his jaws."—*Boston Post*.

—A boy defined salt as "the stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on." He was twin brother of the boy who said that pins saved a great many lives by not being swallowed.

When to Marry.

A SUBJECT IN WHICH MANY YOUNG PEOPLE ARE DEEPLY INTERESTED.

"As to the age when people should marry," said the Rev. Dr. McKendree of New York city, in a sermon recently at the Bedford Street Methodist Church, in that city, "the lady should, in my opinion, be twenty or twenty-two, and the gentleman five years her senior. Poor men cannot marry extravagant girls, who expect as good a home as their parents were only able to acquire after many years' toil. The deceit practiced on both sides is very great. The ugly suitor gets a tailor to hide his deficiencies; the unsightly maiden calls in the aid of her rouge pot and milliner. Until recently marriage brokerage was carried on in France. We Americans are guilty of the same thing in another way. Mothers sell daughters to the highest bidders and daughters sell themselves for gold to men old enough to be their grandfathers. Such women no more choose mechanics for husbands than they would convicts from the Penitentiary. There is no reason why women should not choose as well as men. At present the men have all the advantage. No girl is fit to be a wife till she can, if necessary, cook a meal, make a dress, and keep a house in order. Accomplishments are good, but a tired husband would much prefer a good square meal. All matches that are brought about by selfish motives are unholy, and women who marry for position or wealth are just as guilty as those who sell their virtue for a given sum. They are, in fact, living a life of legalized prostitution. Marriages in which there is no adaptation are unlawful. As oil and water will not unite without alkaline, so many a couple are united by means of gold. Such artificially made matches are often broken. You may force alcohol and gum-camphor to blend, but at presence of water the alcohol elopes and leaves the camphor a grass widow. In like manner a third party often steps in between a badly assorted pair, with what result can be easily seen. None but those who have been united through pure motives and deep, abiding love, have fulfilled the condition under which a man and a woman may really become husband and wife."

"My brodders," said a waggish colored man to a crowd, "in all affliction, in all ob your troubles, dar is one place you can always find sympathy."

"Whar? Whar?" shouted several.

"In de dictionary," he replied, rolling his eyes skyward.

"Why, there is no such book in the library," said the puzzled librarian.

"Oh, yes there is," insisted the child. "I saw it, and I want that alligator book."

The small boy was so persistent that the librarian hunted diligently through the shelves for half an hour and even called several teachers to help him. At last it was given up as a vain search, and the youth was invited to look for himself. He stepped up to the shelves; took a comprehensive survey and triumphantly produced the desired volume. It was "Sacred Allegories."

We are told nothing was made in vain; but how about the fashionable girl? Isn't she maiden vaine?—*Salom Stenham*.

Two boys quarreling: "My pa is a preacher and will go to heaven." "Yes an' my pa is a doctor an' can kill your ole pa."—*Arkansas Traveler*.

As long as a young man passes around the bottle he is in no danger. The peril lies in playing with the stopper.

NOT FOREVER.

BY MARY BRAINARD.

There came o'er the glory of summer
A shadow as dark as the night;
There came in the wind-song a murmur
Of weariness, anguish and blight.
Over the earth and the sky,
Over the land and the sea
My heart sent its desolate cry,
O loved one, O lost one, for thee.

The blossoms in spring time awaken,
The rivers break off their ice-chain,
The woodlands, no longer forsaken,
Grow green in the sunshine again.
Somewhere in the land of the blest,
Somewhere, when life's anguish is o'er
Somewhere in the heaven of rest,
We shall meet to be parted no more.

THEY NEVER CAN COME IN.

We have a pleasant little cot—
'Tis plain, for we are poor;
And wealthy friends, they seldom come
To rap upon our door.

But we have friends, who live with us,
We've known for many a year:
They're Love, and Faith and Modesty,
And Mirth, our hearts to cheer.

There's Hope, and busy Industry;
Content, with patient eye;
And so, with honest hearts and hands,
The world we can defy!

And Temperance lives with us as well,
And Health with smiling mien;
We form a happy family,
'Tis easy to be seen.

I said that wealthy friends were few,
To rap upon our door;
But there are some who are not friends,
And they besiege us sore.

There's Jealousy, and Malice too,
And Envy, with her sneer;
And Discord too, and Discontent,
And Doubt, forever near.

And Gluttony, with bloated cheeks—
Dyspepsia close we see;
And one with haggard, maniac eyes—
Intemperance it must be!

There's Sloth and grasping Avarice,
And Selfishness, and Fear,
And Wantonness, and Recklessness,
Around our house we hear!

They sit on door and window-sill,
And gaze on us within;
But oh, we cry, You never can,
You never can get in!

Far better, far, the walls were razed,
And scattered to the wind,
Than we such enemies as these
Within our cot should find!

Oh, should they ever round your doors,
An entrance try to win,
As faithful wardens ever cry,
You never can come in!

THE YOUNG LADIES OF MODERN TIMES.

I know I'm an old-fashioned body, not foolishly set
in my ways,
And I'd like well to speak my mind about the young
ladies of modern days:
Their own grandmothers would not know them, and
I'm lost in amazement myself:
But whether the old or the young ones are right, I
wish some wise person would tell.

When I was a girl 'twas not aesthetics, but fine house-
keeping won praise.
And she was counted a notable woman that a good
picture could raise.
Who could make a luscious cordial, studied season-
ings and ragouts:
But the young ladies who manage the world to-day
have very different views.

My grandmother Polly says: "Yes, indeed; there are
servants to bake and to fry;
That cordials can now be bought in the stores, and
doctors don't recommend pie;
That she knows better than waste her time distilling
sweet waters and pomade,
When there's barbers and perfumers glad enough to
follow the job for a trade."

And she plays Chopin and Beethoven; has a notion
of Latin and Greek:
And German, French and Italian, she says, every
girl ought to speak.
She is writing a drama now; and she's written half a
dozen romances;
And she'd think it "too shockingly slow" not to
know all the new games and dances.

When I look at their "high art needlework," at the
sunflowers, lilies and cranes,
At the wonderful painted palettes and plaques, I
think girls are nothing but brains.
When I look at them fluted and frilled, pink, laces,
feathers and flowers in a mess,
All pictures of "epochs" and "styles" and "schools,"
I think girls are nothing but dress.

But in spite of the dressing and playing and painting,
the truth must be told, and I'll say,
Never was housekeeping much better managed than
just at it's managed to-day:
And fathers, instead of admonishing girls, praise
and humor them early and late,
So maybe, I'm thinking, the young folks are right,
and the old ones a bit out of date.

For the modern lover is just as bad; his mistress is
all of a queen;
A more beautiful, brilliant, ethereal type than the
world has ever seen.
He takes the housekeeping all on trust, while she
sings him an exquisite song,
And though I don't understand it at all, the trust
very rarely is wrong.

I was speaking about the girls of my time to a lover
but yesterday;
And he said: "Ah, yes; very excellent, ma'am; quite
nice, I should think, in their way.
The fact of the matter is, women are fair in every
epoch and clime:
But we get the *creme de la creme* of the sex in the
ladies of our own time!"

Then came Polly, all frizes and bangs, pale gold
color, surah and lace;
And he looked at her, and then at me, with a kind of
triumphant face;
And I wonder at Polly, and of the past, till I'm lost
in amazement myself:
But whether the old or new way is best, I wish some
wise body would tell. —Harper's Weekly.

Poets may be born, but success is
made.

If there is one thing upon this
earth that mankind love and admire
better than another, it is a brave man
—a man who dares look the devil in
the face, and tell him he is the devil.

Be fit for more than the one thing
you are now doing."

MOTHER'S MENDING BASKET

Over and under, and in and out.
The swift little needle flies;
For always between her and idleness
The mending basket lies;
And the patient hands, though weary,
Work lovingly on and on
At tasks that never are finished;
For mending is never done.

She takes up the father's stocking;
And skillfully knits in the heel,
And smooths the seam with a tender touch,
That he may no roughness feel;
And her thoughts to her merry girlhood
And her early wifehood go,
And she smiles at the first pair of stockings
She knit so long ago.

Then she speaks to the little maiden
Learning to knit at her side,
And tells her about those stockings
Uneven and shapeless and wide—
"I had to ravel them out, my dear;
Don't be discouraged, but try,
And after awhile you'll learn to knit
As swift and even as I."

She takes up a little white apron,
And thinks of the woeful face
Of her darling when she came crying:
"Oh, mamma, I've torn my lace."
So she mended the child's pet apron;
Then took up a tiny shoe,
And fastened a stitch that was broken,
And tied the ribbon of blue.

The maiden has wearied of working
And gone away to her play;
The sun in the west is sinking
At the close of the quiet day.
Now the mother's hands are resting
Still holding a stocking of red,
And her thoughts in the twilight shadow
To the far off future have fled.

"Oh, where will the little feet wander
Before they have time to rest?
Where will the bright heads be pillowed
When the mother's loving breast
Is under the spring's blue violets,
And under the summer grass,
When over her fall the autumn leaves,
And the storms of winter pass?"

And a prayer from her heart she utters;
"God bless them, my dear ones all!
Oh, may it be many, many years
'Ere sorrow to them befall!"

To her work from the mending basket
She turns with a heart at rest;
For she knows that to husband and children
She is always the first and best.

—Abbe Kinne, in Ledger.

SHE WAS A SOLOIST.

Says she: "Mother, I think
I will go to the rink
This evening and see the game polo."
"Guess not," says her ma
"You'll stay where you are,
And practice this flat-ron solo."

I would rather be beaten in right
than succeed in wrong.

If the power to do hard work is not
a talent, it is the best possible sub-
stitute for it.

A FATHER'S LETTER.

A Few Suggestions to a Son at School.

MY DEAR SON: Your letter of last week reached us yesterday, and I enclose \$13, which is all I have by me at the present time. I may sell the other shote next week and make up the balance of what you wanted. I will probably have to wear the old buffalo overcoat to meeting again this Winter, but that don't matter so long as you are getting an education.

I hope you will get your education as cheap as you can, for it cramps your mother and me like Sam Hill to put up the money. Mind you, I don't complain. I knew education came high, but I didn't know the clothes cost so like sixty.

I want you to be so that you can go anywhere and spell the hardest word. I want you to be able to go among the Romans or Medes and Persians and talk to any of them in their own native tongue.

I never had any advantages when I was a boy, but your mother and I decided that we would sock you full of knowledge, if your liver held out, regardless of expense. We calculate to do it, only we want you to go as slow on swallow-tail coats as possible till we can sell our hay.

Now, regarding that boat-paddling suit and that base ball suit and that bathing suit and that roller rinktum suit and that law tennis suit, mind, I don't care about the expense, because you say a young man can't really educate himself thoroly without them, but I wish you would send home what you get through with this Fall, and I'll wear them through the Winter under my other clothes. We have a good deal severger Winters here than we used, or else I'm failing in bodily health. Last Winter I tried to go through without underclothes, the way I did when I was a boy, but a Manitoba wave came down our way and picked me out of a crowd with its eyes shut.

In your late letter you alluded to getting injured in a little "hazing scuffle with a pelican from the rural districts." I don't want any harm to come to you, my son, but if I went from the rural districts, and another young gosling from the rural districts undertook to haze me, I would meet him when the sun goes down, and I would swat him across the back of the neck with a fenceboard, and then I would meander across the pit of his stomach and put a blue forget-me-not under his eye.

Your father ain't much on Grecian mythology and how to get the square root of a barrel of pork, but he wouldn't allow any educational institution to haze him with impunity. Perhaps you remember once when you tried your father a little, just to kill time, and how long it took you to recover. Anybody that goes at it right can have a good deal of fun with your father, but those who have sought to monkey with him, just to break up the monotony of life, have most always succeeded in finding what they sought.

I ain't much of a pensman, so you will have to excuse this letter. We are all quite well except Old Fan, who has had a galled shoulder, and hope this will find you enjoying the same great blessing.

Your

FATHER.

Lazyness iz a good deal like money—the more a man haz of it the more he seems tew want.

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

How touching is this tribute of Hon. Thomas H. Benton: "My mother asked me never to use tobacco; I have never touched it from that time to this present day. She asked me never to gamble; and I have never gambled; I cannot tell who is losing in games that are being played. She admonished me, too, against hard drinking; and whatever capacity for endurance I have at present, and whatever usefulness I have, I attribute to having complied with her pious and correct wishes. When I was seven years of age she asked me not to drink, and then I made a resolution of total abstinence; and that I have adhered to it through all time I owe to my mother."—G. T. Watchword.

THE BOYS.

"You can't keep boys quite straight you know. They must have a chance to sow their wild oats." Must? A word from Satan's vocabulary! Look ahead a few years. There he goes—young boy! swearing, swaggering, coarse, obscene! You hope he will marry and sober down! Yes, if some pure girl will pour the fulness of her sweet life into the turbid stream of his, there is a bare chance that he may be saved. How much better to have trained him to the right, when you had him under your hands! In the outset he was not unlike his sister in morals. You held her to the proprieties and deencies, while you let him run at his own will in paths of misdeed. Now, in purity of life, they are leagues apart. There are as many boys as there are girls in the infant class of our Sunday-Schools; but not half as many boys as girls in the Bible Classes. Women outnumber men in the church two to one. In the State-prison men outnumber women fifty to one. This sad proportion tells its own story.—Gospel Teacher.

An Ohio farmer says that a cow can be cured of kicking by catching hold of her leg while in the act. Just so; and a bee can be cured of stinging by catching hold of its stinger while in the act. Try 'em both some time. It's fun.—Burlington Free Press.

The Way She Cured Him.

"What brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor-shop.

"It is very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied the meek but resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me, I must come to you; I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary. "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

She took up the glass of spirits which the shopkeeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink

that?" said Tom in huge astonishment.

"Why not? You say you drink to forget, and surely I have sorrows to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children; this is fire, and bed, and food, and clothing. Drink; you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him to break an evil habit and keep a newly formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Treusdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with a melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dram shop.

He Got Ahead of All Competition.

A Cleveland speculator sent his son to Wisconsin to buy hops, telling him to keep his eyes open for any other speculation. After a few days a dispatch came, saying: "A widow has got a corner on the hop market in this State. Shall I marry her?" "Certainly," was the reply sent over the wires.

Twelve hours later the son announced: "Got the hops, the widow and seven step-children, and shall go to Chicago to-morrow to see about a divorce."

Dot Fritzey.

I kin saw you, you sly leedle raskell,
A beekin' ad me drough dot shair;
Come here right away now, und kiss me.
You dough't I don't know you vas dere.
You all der dime hide from your fader.
Und subbose he can't saw mit his eyes:
You vas goin' to fool me—eh, Fritzey?
Und goie me a grade big surprise.

Dot boy vas a reekular monkzey—
Dere vas noding so high he don't glimb;
Und his mudder she says dot his drowzers
Vant new bosoms in dem all der dime.
He was shmard, dough, dot same leedle
feller.
Und he sings all der vile like a lark
From vonce he gids up in der mornin'
Dill ve drofe him to bed after dark.

He's der bestesd von in der family.
Und I beg you der louder he sings
He vas raising der dikens mit some one—
He vas ub to all manner of dines.
He vas beekin' away, dot young raskell
Drough der shair—Moly Hoses! vot is dot?
Dot young son of a gun mit a sceasors
Is eud all dee dail off der cat.

that day, and father knelt down with the little group and thanked, with a full heart, the dear Lord who had thus preserved him the inheritance of his fathers.

Silks or diamonds even could not have given such joy to the hearts of all concerned, and the lessons of prudence, self-denial and economy, learned through that year, were a life-long blessing to the daughters.

THE ATTACHMENT.

"Bax!"

Baxter Jones, called "Bax," for short, was Squire Syphax's office clerk.

"Yes, sir," answered Bax.

"Fill me out a writ of attachment," said the squire. "I'll stand no more of this nonsense."

"Yes, sir—what name, sir?"

"You'll find it in there," said the squire, writing on a card and tossing it over to Bax, who picked it up and set about his work. The document was speedily finished and presented to the squire, who affixed his signature.

"Give it to Constable Darby and tell him to serve it without delay," added the squire.

"Yes, sir."

"And when he brings in his prisoner, report to me."

"Yes, sir."

"Squire Syphax, magisterially, was the sternest of men; individually he was the most soft-hearted and yielding.

For the moment he was filled with official indignation toward a delinquent, on whom, for some contemptuous disregard of the law's behests, he was determined to visit his weightiest penalty. He was still feeble from a recent and severe attack of illness, and while waiting the return of the warrant, he retired to seek a little rest, meanwhile forgetting the cares of office in a delicious revery, of which charms of a certain lovely creature were the central feature. In this occupation let us leave him for the present, merely premising that he was a bachelor, both diffident and susceptible.

Bob Darby was a constabulary model. He did his duty to the letter and expended few words about it.

When the servant came in answer to his ring of Widow Goodheart's doorbell,

"Is your mistress at home?" Bob inquired.

"She is," was the response.

"Tell her I must see her," said Bob.

"She's very busy," replied the maid, "and unless the business is very particular—"

"It is verry partic'lar," interrupted Bob, brushing past and entering without ceremony. "I'm verry sorry to inconvenience

you, mum," he said, when Mrs. Goodheart had made her appearance; "but I've got to take you over to the squire's right away."

The widow turned pale and trembled.

"Has the dear man—has he had a relapse?" she asked in a tremulous tone.

"Couldn't say, mum," answered Bob, "all I know is, it's a case of 'tachment."

"A case of attachment!" exclaimed the widow, the color mounting to her handsome face.

"I shall be ready in a moment," cried the widow, and so indeed she was.

"There's a kerridge at the door, mum," said Bob, and when he had handed the lady in, nothing more was said till they reached the squire's door.

That functionary, like many country magistrates, kept his office at his house, and into the apartment so appropriated the widow was at once ushered.

Bob Darby, having duly signed the return upon the writ, handed it over to the squire's clerk who proceeded straightway to notify his honor.

As the latter entered he started with surprise. Instead of the contemptuous culprit Dick Slote, at whose guilty head he was prepared to hurl the law's anathemas, was the lovely Widow Goodheart, the angel of his dreams, whom he saw before him! In the name of all the Dromios, what diabolical error was this?

Catching up the returned warrant, to his horror he read:

"To any constable, greeting: You are hereby comanded to take the body of Dorothy Goodheart and bring the same forthwith before me, etc., etc."

"CALEB SYPHAX, J. P."

Darting a look of wrath at the clerk and the constable, he ordered them to withdraw.

"My dear Mrs. Goodheart," began the squire, blushing to the tips of his ears, "how can I atone for this annoyance?"

"Oh, it is no annoyance, I assure you," simpered the widow. "I'm so glad to find you are not ill."

"But—but this unfortunate attachment," stammered the squire, dashing aside the ill starred document.

"I—I have long returned it," naively murmured the widow, turning as red as himself.

A gleam of gladness flashed over the squire's countenance. Could it be she was ignorant of the indignity she had suffered? And then, to find the ice so happily broken! He clasped her hand, pressed it to his lips, and poured out the tale of his pent-up love with an ardor and eloquence which fairly astonished himself. The widow's pretty head dropped on his shoulder as with alternate smiles and tears, she listened rapturously to what she had so long been waiting to hear.

The squire came back a happy man from escorting the widow home that evening. But the sight of Bax Jones aroused his fury.

Garfield's Maxims.

President Garfield, in preparing himself to leave the tow-path and make his way to the white house, was governed by the following "maxims," which, if followed by others, might lead them higher in life:

"Things don't turn up in this world unless some one turns them up. Luck is an *ignis fatuus*; you may follow it to ruin, but not to success."

A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.

I don't care how much people talk, if tha will only say it in a pheu words.

If we give up our minds to little things we never shall be fit for big ones. I knew a man once who could ketch more flies with one swoop of his hand than ennybody else could, and he want good at enny-thing else.

It was an ancient Irish belief that human hair should never be burned, only buried. This would explain the hired girl's propensity for secreting her refuse locks in the family butter tub.

An old lady in Iowa was asked what she would do with all the corn if it could not be made into whiskey. She replied: "I would have it made into starch to stiffen the backbone of many temperance people."

As a part of the marriage ceremony in Servia the bride has to hold a piece of sugar between her lips as a sign that she will speak little and sweetly during her married life. It might be well to introduce some such custom in this country.

There isn't much difference between a grass widow and a grasshopper after all. Either will jump at the first chance. Go to strangers for charity, to acquaintances for advice, and to relatives for nothing—and you will always have a supply.

RHYTHM ON ROLLERS.

The apple and the orange peel
Have had their little day;
As also have banana skins
Held undisputed sway.
The bob-sled, too, has had its turn
In testing people's pates,
But these are nothing when compared
To treacherous roller skates.

"How dare you play me such a trick?" he thundered.

"What trick?" inquired Bax, innocently.

"What trick?—why, putting Mrs. Goodheart's name in that attachment!"

"I put in the name you gave me," answered Bax.

"It's false!" roared the squire.

"Here's the card," rejoined the clerk.

The squire glanced at it. It was one of Mrs. Goodheart's cards, left with some delicacy she had sent during his late illness. On the blank side he had unwittingly written the name to be inserted in the writ. Whether the clerk had copied from the wrong side by mistake, or had played off a practical joke, was not quite clear to the squire's mind, for Bax, in point of gravity, fell far short of his distinguished namesake, the author of "Saint's Rest."

However, in view of the happy issue and Bax's earnest professions of innocence, he was finally let off; but with a caution both to him and Bob Darby never to mention the affair under the penalty of the squire's hot displeasure.

The Burdette of Ames Discourses on the Baby's Name.

DEAR PROFESSOR: Having confidence in your warm heart, as evinced in your interesting letters, I make hold to write you and ask you to select a name for my darling child.

Yours truly,
DAISY BLUME.

In the first place I would remark that I am entirely at sea, as you have failed to inform me as to the sex of your child. Names are generally arranged and adapted to sex. In regard to the general subject of names, I would say that a famous name is not of much importance at this end of the innocent's life. If it has a famous name at the other end of life it will count. I have never seen so homely and unwieldy a name as to be incapable of looking well in history if it was the cognomen of a noble man or woman. John Smith after his romantic and thrilling seance with Powhattan and Pocahontas, cast such a glare of glory over his name that to-day probably there are more men in the United States named after him than any other public man, and yet John Smith is a plain, rough stoga name. I have noticed that the young men who attend the institute and have names that they have to turn up edgewise to get through the doors are no smarter than others.

PEOPLE WHO CHANGE THEIR NAMES:

There are people who send their names to the milliner, as it were, and have them made over. Smith becomes Smythe, or De Smith. Jones becomes De Jonges, etc. Now, my dear, Paul Jones looks very well in history, very well indeed. If I had a good plain name I don't think I should have it done over in the Queen Anne style with bronze stone trimmings, but I think I should try to shed lustre on it if I had any lustre and it was the time of year to shed it. I suppose along at first Grant used to sit up nights and groan over his plain name. Hiram Ulysses Grant. If it had only been Montmorency, or Morti-

mer, or something pretty. But no, it was just Grant. Down in Mexico he used to go out in the chapparel and weep. But he got over it and became pretty much reconciled when the last war broke out. Then after Belmont and Donelson and Vicksburg he began to see his name in print and somehow it looked pretty respectable. He went out behind his tent and hollered in a pork barrel, "Grant, Gen. Grant," and he was pleased with it. Before he died I don't suppose he would have traded his name for any four-jointed poetical name in the world. I have heard so anyhow, which goes to show us madam, that a name is as empty as a book agent at 3 o'clock, until you fill it up and pad it out with noble deeds or immortal works.

INAPPROPRIATE NAMES.

You may name a boy George Washington Bibb, and then he may grow up ratty, small and with a body that looks crushed beneath a protentious name. I knew a soldier in the late war who had a name so long that he used to coil it up and tie it on his knapsack, and he ran like a whitehound in the first skirmish. In the same way parents may be injudicious in selecting names for girls. I was introduced to a young lady this fall. She could never have hoed potatoes, for her feet would have covered two rows at once. She was nearly six feet in height, and when she smiled the top of her head was an island. She was afflicted with warts on her nose and her name was Lily. Doubtless she was a pretty baby. Let us hope so at least. Her fond mother inflicted a name on her that has been a perpetual source of astonishment to sympathetic friends and of fun to the humorous. She is all right until you hear her name, and then the mind gropes in the search of cause and effect like a student of German mysticism. Rose is a pretty name, very pretty, but in infancy you have to take too many chances. You may hit it, but it may be the worst kind of a miss. (Pretty good for an old man.) Daisy is nice, but nature may suggest a sunflower when Daisy is 18 years old. Nature is full of surprises. On the contrary you may attach a coarse, every-day name to a girl, as Sarah or Jane or Mary Ann, and when she has grown up that common name may be embellished by such grace and sweetness that susceptible young men and admiring friends may think that it deserves to be set in jewels or written in the language of flowers. O, Angelina! but I forbear personal reminiscences.

THE GORGEOUSNESS OF MIDDLE LETTERS.

I would by all means get in a good many middle letters. They look gorgeous in commencing programmes and make the printer borrow all the fonts of small caps in the city to print them. Being devoid of middle letters in my name, I have allowed all the schools to whom I have advanced money to decorate my name with as many degrees as a complete circle. I would offer to lend you my name if I knew the sex of the darling, and if I had not lent my name to decorate some bank paper last spring which it cost me \$3,000 to recover. I have thought a good deal of my name since.—Journal.

I think a man should hav a leetle vinegar in hiz disposition—just enuff to keep the flies off.

Buty is like buk wheat kakes, ain't good kold, nor warmed up nex day.

Moderate Drunkenness.

Neal Dow relates that a gentleman of fortune and high social position was a moderate drinker. He came home one day in a state of great exaltation, and his little boy ran to the door to greet him, crying out, "Mamma, here's Papa! Here's Papa! The father caught him up playfully, swinging him about furiously, in his semi-delirium, and the little fellow's temple came in contact with the corner of a marble table, and he fell down dead. The mother shrieked and fell to the floor in a state of absolute insensibility, and the father staggered off to a bed, upon which he threw himself, and was soon in a state of drunken stupor, unconscious to all surroundings. The pastor was called and spent the whole night in that fearful scene, the wife in wild delirium, and she died without recovering consciousness. The father, when reason returned, inquired for his boy, and upon being told the facts, fell to the floor in spasms, became insane, and died in a mad-house. The pastor, who saw the whole of that fearful tragedy, described it afterwards at a minister's meeting, painting it in all its horrors. The pastor at the time was a most respectable moderate drinker. The scene he had witnessed suggested nothing to him, and in ten years after he was himself an outcast and a drunkard, and is now hostler at a tavern-stable.

YESTERDAY.

What makes the king unhappy?

His queen is young and fair,
His children climb around him,
With waving yellow hair.

His realm is broad and peaceful,
He fears no foreign foe;
And health to his veins come leaping
In all the winds that blow.

What makes the king unhappy?

Alas! a little thing,
That money cannot purchase,
Or fleets and armies bring.

And yesterday he had it,
With yesterday it went,
And yesterday it perished,
With all the king's content.

For this he sits lamenting,
And sighs, "Alack! alack!
I'd give one half my kingdom,
Could yesterday come back!"

WHEN HE CAME HOME.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Hand me that collar-button," demanded George Wellsby, turning with an annoyed air toward his little girl. "Learn to let things alone, will you? There now, tune up and howl."

"George, don't speak to the child that way," said Mrs. Wellsby, depositing a shirt on a chair.

"Well, why can't she behave herself? Every time she sees that I am getting ready to go any place, she makes a point of hindering me. Let that cravat alone."

"Put down papa's cravat, darling. She's too young to know any better."

"No, she isn't. Other people's children know how to behave. I'll bet I'll miss the train. I am sometimes tempted to wish she had never been born."

"Oh, George, exclaimed the wife, "I wouldn't say that."

"Confound it, she worries me so. I haven't more than time to catch the train," hurriedly kissing his wife.

"Kiss me, too, papa."

"I ought not, you are so bad," stooping and kissing her. "Good-by. Will be back in three or four days."

Mr. Wellsby is a commercial traveller, a kind and tender-hearted man, but subjected at times to nervousness. Seated with several vivacious acquaintances, speeding over the country, a little voice would steal in between the roars of merry laughter and say:

"Kiss me, too, papa."

In the sample-room of the village hotel, between the inquiries of purchasers, he could hear the voice, and at night when he lay down he could see the little hands reaching toward him, and could hear, "Kiss me, too, papa."

At morning when the sunbeams fell across his bed, he thought of the bright little face at home, and said:

"God forgive me for wishing that she had never been born."

"Wellsby, what's the matter, old fellow?" asked a companion.

They were in a conveyance, riding toward an interior town.

"I don't feel very well to-day."

"Do any business back here?"

"Yes, did very well."

"I didn't do anything, but I won't let it weigh me down. Got a letter from the house this morning. The old boy is kicking about expenses. Got a bottle of cocktail here."

"I don't care for any."

"Then there must be something the matter with you."

"On a night train, going home. He could see the little hands. "Clack, clack, clack—kiss me, too; kiss me, too."

"What's the news?" he asked of a friend, when he had stepped upon the platform and called a hackman.

"Nothing, I believe; everything's quiet."

"No scarlet fever or diphtheria raging, is there?"

"No, not that I have heard."

The familiar scenes brought rest to his mind. He looked back upon his trip with a shudder, like one who awakes and contemplates a nightmare through which he has just passed.

"Good night," he said, paying the hackman. "A light burning. Julia is expecting me," he mused, ascending the steps.

A ghastly face met him at the door. A voice in agony whispered: "Oh, George, our little girl is dead."

HOW WE TRIED TO WHIP THE TEACHER.

TOLD AT THE OLD SETTLERS' MEETING.

I wuz a boy of seventeen, ungainly, dull an' tall,

Ez green ez eny gozlin', but I tho't I know'd it all.

I went to school at Plano. I chopped up wood

an' chored

For Zephaniah Wilkinson to pay him for my board.

One day Philetus Phinney, another boy in school,

About ez rough an' raw ez I—about as big a fool—

Jist hinted in a private way, 'twould be a right smart feature,

An' giv' us lots o' glory, if we'd up an' lick the teacher.

We wouldn't ask no better fun than jist to make him climb,

We'd hev a long vacation an' a whopper of a time.

The teacher he wuz sickly—he wuz not ez big ez I—

I knew that we could bounce him if we didn't half but try,

Fur eny one lookin' at him would a said on sight

Ther' wuzn't eny sand in him an' not a speck o' fight.

His hands they wan't accustomed much to hangin' on to ploughs,

To hoin' corn, to cradlin' wheat, or milkin' twenty cows.

Philetus said he'd use him for a mop to mop the floor,

An' when he begged an' hollered that we'd hist him out the door.

We told the boys at recess o' the plot that we had planned;

They said 'f we couldn't down him they'd lend a helpin' hand;

But big Philetus Phinney, he wuz tickled ez could be

To think they tho't a snip like that could lick a chap like he;

'F I'd kick the bucket over, he'd make the teacher dance—

He'd flop him in the water, an' he'd mop it with his pants.

We heard the school-bell ringin', we scrambled in pell-mell;

I run agin' the water-pail, on puppus, an' I fell;

I struck upon a stick o' wood, I badly raked my shin,

The water swoshed upon me, an' it wet me to the skin.

The scrawny little teacher, why! he bounded from his chair,

He took me by the trowsers, and he held me in the ar',

Then round an' round an' round an' round he whirled me like a top,

An' when I seed a thousand stars he sudden let me drop;

He took me an' he shook me till I tho't that I should die,

He swished me with his ruler till my pants were nearly dry,

While big Philetus Phinney he wuz jist too scar'd to laugh,

He let the teacher thrash me till I bellered like a calf.

An' all the other fightin' boys, with white an' frightened looks,

Sot shakin' in the'r very boots an' ras'lin with the'r books;

An' oh, how hard they studied—not a feller spoke or stirred—

They didn't dar to whisper or to say a single word.

Whar' is that little teacher that giv' me such a scar'?

He still is peaked lookin'—he's settin' over thar'—

An' tho he's nearly seventy, an sickly yit, I vow

I'd hate to hev him git those hands o' his'n on me now;

He taught me one great lesson by that floggin' in his school;

That a braggart an' a bully ar' a coward an' a fool.

—Eugene J. Hall, in *Away Out West*.

"Captain, we are entirely out of ammunition," said the orderly-sergeant of a company to an Irish captain in one of the regiments of the Union army at the battle of the Wilderness. "Antirely out!" said the captain. "Yes, entirely out." "Then sase firing!" said the Captain.

IN THE NEST.

Gather them close to your loving heart—
Cradle them close to your breast:
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount youth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

Fret not that the children's hearts are gay,
That their restless feet will run;
There may come a time in the by-and-by
When you'll sit in your lonely room and sigh
For a sound of childish fun—

When you'll long for a repetition sweet,
That sounded through each room,
Of "mother! mother!" the dear love calls,
That will echo long through the silent halls,
And lighten their stately gloom.

There may be a time when you'll long to hear
That eager, boyish tread,
The tuneless whistle, the clear, shrill shout,
The busy bustle in and out,
And pattering overhead.

When the boys and the girls are all grown up,
And scattered far and wide,
Or gone to the undiscovered shore,
Where youth and aged come n-er more,
You will miss them from your side.

Then gather them to your loving heart—
Cradle them on your breast;
They will soon enough leave your brooding care,
Soon enough mount y uth's topmost stair—
Little ones in the nest.

THE BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

THE OLD GENTLEMAN INVEIGLED INTO A BIG BLUNDER.

Mistaking an Old Maid's Pet Dog for a Baby—Trouble Caused by an Absence of Spectacles.

"Here, here," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in the back door hurriedly and bolted it, and hid behind a barrel, "what you coming in the back door for in that manner, like a pirate of the Spanish main? My other customers don't sneak in through the back door and hide behind things. What ails you?"

"S-h-h! If a man comes from the street car in about two minutes with one coat tail torn off, and pieces of umbrella frame sticking out of himself like porcupine quills, his hat gone, and a scared complexion on his face, and asks if you have seen a chubby-faced little boy, you drive him out doors, 'cause he isn't responsible," and the boy pulled a coffee sack down off a barrel to cover himself up.

"Who is the wild man you are expecting, and what have you done?" asked the groceryman.

"S-h-s-h! It's pa. And if he got out of the car without coming through the window, he is liable to show up here pretty quick. You see, pa has been trying to make us believe he could see just as well as he ever could, and he has quit wearing spectacles, and gets mad every time anybody suggests that he can't see very well. Ma says he is ashamed to have folks think he is getting old. Sometimes I come in the room and pa snaps his fingers and says 'Hello, Bruno, good dog,' thinking I am the dog, and when he finds out his mistake he laughs and says it was only a joke, and he says he can see as well as any man in this town. I told him some day some person would play a joke on him and convince him that he was near-sighted, and he said they might try all the jokes they wanted to on him. Well, pa is awful polite to ladies, and for fear he will pass some lady that he knows, and not speak to her, he speaks to all of 'em. Some of 'em get cross to have a stranger speak to them, but pa has such a innocent, benevolent, vacant sort of a look when he smiles, that they go on, thinking he has escaped from some asylum. Well, we was in a street car, and on the other side of the car was a nold maid, with a pug dog in her lap, curled up like a baby, I see pa was getting his eyes sot on the woman and the dog, but I knew he couldn't make out whether it was a baby she had or not, so I whispered to pa that it was too bad to carry babies on the street cars, poor little things. That was enough for pa. He bit like a bass. He began to look benevolent, and smiled at the lady just as though he lived next door to her, and she looked sort of cross; but pa could not see that, and he smiled again and leaned over toward her and pointed to the dog and asked, 'How old is the little thing?' Well, I thought I should just melt and run right through the perforated seat of the car. The woman said it was only eleven months

old, but she looked as though she didn't know as it was any of his business anyway. I tried to get pa to change the subject and talk with me, but when he gets to talking with a woman that settles it, and he told me to hush up and look out of the window at the scenery. Then pa smiled again and got one eye on the lady and one on the supposed baby, which she had wrapped a shawl around, and said, 'Little one always been healthy I suppose?' The woman snapped out that it had always been healthy enough, except when it was cutting teeth it had a sort of distemper. The other passengers began to look at pa and smile, and the lady was beginning to blush, and I could see distant mutterings of a cyclone, and I pulled pa's sleeve and told him I wouldn't talk to strangers that way if I was him, but pa he punched me in the rib with his elbow, and told me to mind my own business, and I went to the end of the car near the door so as to get out quick in case of an alarm of fire. Pa returned to the assault, and it made me perspire. 'Is it a boy or girl?' said pa, and the lady's face colored up and she pulled the strap to stop the car. Just as the car stopped pa got up, and in his politest manner he said, as he held out his hands, 'Let me help you with the baby.' Well, you'd a dide. You would have just laid right down in the straw in the car and blatted. When the driver opened the door I flew out and just then I looked in and the dog had got mad at pa when he put out his hands, and had grabbed pa's hand, and was chewing his mitten and growling, and the lady called pa an old wretch and said he ought to be arrested for going around insulting unprotected females, and I saw her umbrella go up in the air and come down on pa's head, and pa yelled to somebody to take the dog off. The woman came out of the car on a gallop, holding the dog by the leg and the dog had one of pa's buckskin mittens in its mouth, chewing for all that was out. When she struck the street she told me to call a policeman and have the old tramp arrested, and I said 'yessum,' and she went off with the dog under her arm. I asked pa if I should follow his lady friend and get his mitten away from her little baby, that he was using to cut teeth on, and pa looked so mad, that I got off the car and came here, and left him picking pieces of umbrella from out of his necktie, and explained to the other passengers that he knew that dog wasn't a baby all the time."—*Peck's Sun*.

A little girl, traveling abroad, took up a French humorous paper, and having seen a gentleman of the party, who understood the French language, laughed when his eye reached a certain place in a column, she too threw back her head and laughed appreciately. "Tot," said her brother, tauntingly, "you don't know French enough to understand that paper. What are you laughing at?" "Well, I guess I know a joke when I see it," retorted his small sister, promptly, greatly to the amusement of those who were listening.—*Harper's Bazar*.

An Irishman one day came running into a farmyard and hurriedly cried for a spade. The farmer, coming out, demanded what he wanted with it, when Pat replied that his friend had stuck in a bog, and he wanted to dig him out.

"How far is he in?" inquired the farmer.

"Up to the ankles," said Pat.

"Is that all?" said the farmer. "Then he can pull himself out again. You'll get no spade here."

Pat, scratching his head, while his face bore evident signs of grief, blurted out,

"Och, but, be jabers, he's in head first!"

AMONG THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Grandpa's Story.

A story? a story? Ah, yes, my dear children—Come, gather you closely 'bout grandpapa's knee;

I'll tell you a story—a sweet little story—

A story that happened to grandma and me.

I'm old now—I know it—my hair is all snowy, And I've touched the full cycle of three score and ten;

The story I'll tell you—it happened, my darlings, When I had a grandpa, and I was "Wee Bun."

And grandma, dear grandma, who sits there a-knitting,

Was fair-haired and dimpled a right pretty lass. We were playmates, my children, your grandma and I were,

We were lovers as children—ah! how the years pass!

"The story?" Holloa, there is mist on my glasses, It always will come, when I think of that day, It will go in a minute—hand grandpa his kerchief, The story I'll tell when I've wiped it away.

You see, we were playing—your grandma and I were—

Were playing that we were the "Babes in the Wood."

And we said we were lost in the depths of the forest, And pretended to cry—as lost babies should.

And I saw grandma crying, and forgot she was playing,

And then I cried too, hard as ever I could:

Then grandma she laughed, and I smiled through my crying,

And so we stopped playing the "Babes in the Wood."

And all our lives through we've been working and playing,

And laughing and crying, as we did in the game. For when grandma has cried, my eyes have grown misty,

And my smiles have all come when grandmamama's came!

[Wm. M. F. Round, in March Wife Awake.]

ANNOYING TRICK OF A PARROT.—At the McHenry House at Meadville, there is a parrot which is a source of great annoyance to trainmen. When it sees a freight train coming it will yell at the top of its voice, "Switch off! switch off!" The enunciation is so distinct that it not unfrequently happens that a train will be switched to avoid a supposed danger. The same bird, when it sees a passenger train, will yell, "All aboard!" and thereby cause a scattering among passengers, who, after sitting in the cars ten or fifteen minutes, will discover that they have been sold.—*Pittsburgh (Pa.) Leader*.

A little girl was reproved for playing with the boys, and was told that being seven years old she was too big for that now. "Why, grandma," she replied, "the bigger we grow the better we like 'em."

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. SOPHIA P. SNOW.

"Twas the night before Christmas; "Good night" had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed;
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes,
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs,
For to-night their stern father's command had been given.

That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of, than ever before:
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin,
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,
And he hoped after this he would never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds.
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple struck ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then.

When Willie's sad face from the blankets did peep,
And he whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"
"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied,
"I've tried to in vain, but I can't shut my eyes."

For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there was no 'Santa Claus.'
Now, we know that there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before mamma died.

But, then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,
And God would hear everything mamma would say,
And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."

"Well, why can't we pay debt as mamma did den,
And ask God to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too," and without a word more,

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe;
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still, till I say the 'Amen.'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then."

Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favor we're asking of Thee:
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a sprinz;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us far better than he;
Don't let him get fretful and angry again.
At dear brother Willie, and Annie, Amen."

"Please, Desus, et Santa Tause tum down to-night
And bring us some presents before it is light.
I want he should give me a nice little sed,
With bright shining 'unners and all painted 'ed,
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy
Amen, and then, Desus, I'd be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;
They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dream-land were roaming in sleep.

Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes;

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said;
"And I should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent,
For bank stock to-day had gone down 10 per cent;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this."

And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,
For I never spoke harshly to my darlings before."

So saying, he softly ascended the stairs
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "bless papa" drew forth the big tears
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears;

"Strange, strange, I'd forgotten," said he, with a sigh,
"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh;
"I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."

Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,
Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,
Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,
A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet;

Nor stopped until he had everything
From the box full of candy, to the tiny gold ring;
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store,
That the various presents outnumbered a score;

Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas stored.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table set out for her tea;

A work-box well-filled in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
With bright shining runners and all painted red;

There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,
And birds of all colors were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.

And as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid,
And he said to himself as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year."

I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before;
What care I if bank stock fall 10 per cent more.
Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas eve."

So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And tripped down stairs to retire for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.

Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
They shouted for "papa" to come quick and see
They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before light.

"And now," Annie said in a voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know."
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined no secrets between them should be,
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said
That their dear, blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.

"Den we dot up and prayed dest as well as we could,
And Dad answered our prayers. Now, wasn't he dood?"
"I should say that he was if he sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would please."

(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf;
"Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself,"
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
"Twas the being who bade you steal softly up stairs
And made you his agent to answer their prayers.

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CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

WHY CHRISTMAS IS CHRISTMAS.

What, tell you a story sweet, as you rock to sleep on my breast—
A "story with Christmas in it, all in flowers of holly dressed,
With merry shouts of music and chimes of joyous bell,
And a Christmas tree all lighted?" Dear, you leave naught to tell.

"Why should they call it Christmas?" Oh, little heathen saint!
When you fold your hands at twilight and kneel in postures quaint,
What words, thou small evangel, fall from thy precious lips?
Whom do you ask to keep you through the long night's eclipse?

She clasped her small hands softly, the sweet voice answered low—
"Please God—bess papa—mama—and—make—me—good—to—go—
To heaven—and—and s'cuse me—if I die before I wake—when—
I can't remember an—for Christ, our Saviour's sake! Amen!"

And who was Christ, our Saviour? Come darling, tell me true,
"Why, a great big angel somewhere, that's old and wise, like you—
Somewhere—oh, dear, I've sleepy—away up in the sky—
Win I have a ladder, auntie, to climb there, by and by?"

Poor babe! 'Twas I who taught thee in such exalted mood;
I've held the hay too high, pet—my lamb is starved for food!
And since thou dost not know him who gave us Christmas cheer,
I'll tell the old, old story of his brief tarry here:

He made the first fair Christmas when he came a heavenly babe,
In the lowly stable-manger, 'mid the kneeling oxen laid—
A wee, sweet, dark-faced baby, of Jewish people born,
Prince of the house of David, he came that Christmas morn!

He drew all people to him, this wondrous manger child,
The little Saviour Jesus, of whom none said "He smiled!"
Who played not among children, in merry, mirthful guise,
But as he grew in stature was patient, grave and wise.

At twelve he taught the elders, and in manhood, it is told,
How he worked, the son of Joseph, in the humble craft of old;
In the workshop of his father with hammer and with saw,
As a carpenter he labored, till he knew the heavenly law.

And they tell how, sore and weary, after days of toil and care,
He looked toward Jerusalem and saw his future there,
And throwing down the implements of labor and of loss,
He stretched forth weary arms and made the shadow of the cross.

They say the robin-redbreast, a bird that Christ hath blessed,
With his blood he marked the color on its glowing crimson breast;
In its bill it brought him water, when he hung upon the tree,
Where, you know, his people nailed him, when he died for you and me.

What! not crying, are you, darling? Why you know each Christmas day,
He leaves his heavenly kingdom and returns to earth to stay
With good and happy children who meet to sing his praise,
He loves to come and tarry, these joyous Christmas days.

And the poorest ones among us, the lowly, the oppressed—
However poor their dwelling—may have him for their guest.
This Saviour whom you kneel to, my darling, when you pray,
Was the heavenly little baby who was born on Christmas day!

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are so felt as up in heaven;
There is no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

Oh, if our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FABER

"GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DAILY BREAD."

"Give us this day—"
Life brought her nothing men call good—
None of its brightest or its best—
But sorrow broke her solitude,
And anguish sought her patient breast;
Yet, through it all her faith was strong,
And strongest when most dark her lot.
She knew that peace was hers ere long,
Where sorrow dies, and tears are not.
So, with clasped hands and bended head,
Her lips could say
"Give us this day
Our daily bread."

She climbed the weary hill of life,
With feet unaided and unshod
(Save by God's grace), and constant strife
Attended every step she trod.
Yet, through the gloom these shadows made,
A light about her feet was cast,
And lifting up her voice, she said
Her load, where loads must come at last.
Hence, those poor lips so scanty fed
In faith could say,
"Give us this day
Our daily bread."

Knocking at the Door.

1 Knocking at the door of thy heart to-day,
Listening for thy faintest call,
Lo, thy Saviour's standing, calling thee away
Ere the shades of evening fall.

CHORUS.—O why delay? Hear him to-day;
Christ at thy heart takes his station;
He has often knocked before;
He may knock again no more;
It is now you may have his salvation.

2 Dreary is the life thou hast lived so long,
Groping in the night of sin;
Let thy voice of sorrow now be turned to song,
Rise and let thy Saviour in.—Chorus.

—There must have been awfully slow cash boys in the days of Job, irreverently observes Peck's Sun, for he says: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change comes."

THE BAD BOY.

A Counterfeit on Geo. W. Peck, of the Milwaukee "Sun."

"Here, now, get out of that raisin box, you durned little skeesicks," shouted the groceryman to the bad boy, as the latter lifted from a box four or five large stems and thrust them into his left hand breeches pockets, meanwhile inquiring the price of raisins by the box.

"You needn't ask me the price of this thing or that thing, pretending you are about to buy a car load or two; that's too thin. You never spent but a ten cent piece here in all your life and that was plugged for all it was worth. You're a condemn' nuisance and I want you to dust now and quick, too," growled the groceryman as he turned from wetting down a pail of tobacco, and looked wicked out of the whites of his eyes.

"Don't rile up and bust yourself, old Butter Ladle, over a few raisins, or a pinch of codfish, or a nip of cheese, or a handful of dried apples," replied the bad boy. "When pa gets a paper every few days reading flour \$2, sundries 20 cts., molasses \$1, sundries 50 cts., bread 16 cts., sundries 25 cts., more sundries 95 cts., ditto to sundries 28 cts., to sundries ditto, ditto to sundries, and all such sort of talk—them sundries mean something, don't they?"

"Well, of course they do," said the groceryman, changing his tone all at once, "they save you lots of itemizing. Why, what does your pa say? Here, have an orange."

"Well, you just awto hear him swear. He says the dodrotted sundries will clean him out of house and home before another year, and as sure as there is a fire in hell he won't stand it. He just dreams of them sundries, pa does. Ma and me and him went to church the other evening; pa he got to dozing after a little, and when the preacher began to get in his work and whack the Bible and let drive out into the air with his fists, pa, he all on a sudden yelled 'sundries,' just as loud as he could yell, and the preacher he stopped, and the people began to snicker, and ma she turned red and hunched pa, and pa straightened up and asked ma what hymn they was going to sing. Well, sir, you'd a bust to a seen it. And bimeby as the preacher got settled down into the old track again, pa, he began to doze like the old stagers on the front seat, and as the preached got warmed up and called on the people to turn and repent, before it was everlastingly too late, pa gave a snort and hollered 'sundries' louder'n all get out, and before he knew where he was three of the deekins had him by the back of the neck and husseled him out and down the pew and into the vestry quicker'n you could wink your eye. The preacher and congregation dropped their prayer-books and followed up close behind to see the deekins go for pa. I tell you they make pa's coat-tails snap—them deekins. Ma screamed 'Mercy!' Me and my chum hollered 'Bully for you; hit 'em hard, old man; lay on!' while the preache, ran his fingers through his hair and ses, 'Let the Lord's will be done.' One of the deekins had a hold of pa's bootstrap and the other hand into his collar. Another gripped him around his left leg, and another was buntin' him in the back with the handle of the collection box, and telling the crowd too keep back. I tell you pa went a skimmin', and when he reached the sidewalk his nice broadcloth coat what he paid \$40 for wasn't worth the thread in it, his silk hat was turned inside out, and his breeches would 'af made a scare-grow blush."

"But your pa is a church-member."
"That didn't make any difference. The deekins tolk pa that the solemnity of worship mustn't be confounded with such imbecile wails as pa was giving vent to; no sircie."
"Your pa was shaken up somewhat, wasn't he?"

"Well, yes; po was very nigh a goner. Me and my chum got him home in a dray and ma rubbed him all ever wth Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, what she got at the drug store for fifty cents. She put the oil all up and around his legs, where he was sprained, and onto his back, where he was skinned, and now he's all right, though he says he won't go to church again as long as he lives" and the bad boy went out and hung up a sign:—
"USE DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL, THE CHEAPEST AND BEST REMEDY IN THE WORLD."

HELPING THE EDITOR OUT.

Texas Sittings.

A clerical-looking gentleman entered an Austin newspaper office yesterday, and drawing out a concealed document, said to the editor:

"I am soliciting for a high-toned gentleman of refinement and intelligence. He is sadly in need of money, but he is too proud to let the public know it."

"You don't say so!" said the editor, with animation.

"I am hopeful of securing quite a handsome little sum."

"You say this unfortunate man is very intelligent, highly cultivated and all that sort of thing."

"That's just the kind of a man he is."

"And too proud to beg."

The minister nodded.

"My dear friend, I appreciate your delicacy. You have described my condition precisely but I had no idea I had enlisted your sympathy so strongly that you would take up a collection. It's all right. Just as soon as you get ten or fifteen dollars together, bring it in to me and I'll give you a receipt for it. God bless you, my noble friend," and he gently pushed the visitor, who expected to tap the editor for a dollar, out into the street, where he, after gazing around in a dazed sort of a way, kept on in his mission of mercy.

"One good turn deserves another," remarked the editor, as he resumed his seat. "That man came to help me out, and I helped him out."

"MAMMA, the weather is red hot," said a bright little boy. "It's pretty warm, sonny, but I don't think it is red hot." "Yes, it is. It says in the paper that the thermometer is at blood heat, and you know blood is red."

A Little Boy's Temperance Speech.

Some people laugh and wonder
What little boys can do
To help this temperance thunder;
Roll all the big world through;
I'd have them look behind them,
When they were small, and then
I'd like just to remind them
That little boys make men!

The bud becomes a flower,
The acorn grows a tree,
The minutes make the hour—
'Tis just the same with me.
I'm small, but I am growing
As quickly as I can;
And a temperance boy like me is bound
To make a temperance man.

—Youth's Companion

The Singular Man.

There was a young man, you may think very strange,
But sometime or other a little deranged;
And if it be true, then, as I have been told,
He was once a mere infant, but age made him old.

His face was the oddest that ever was known,
His mouth stood across 'twixt his nose and his chin,

And whenever he spoke, it was with his voice,
And in talking he always made some sort of noise.

He'd an arm on each side, so use when he pleased,
He never worked hard, when he lived at his ease;
Two legs he had got to make him complete,
But what was most strange, at each end were his feet.

His legs, as folks says, he could use at his will,
And when he was walking, he never stood still;
If you had but seen him, you'd laugh till you burst,
For one leg or 'tother would always go first.

Another strange thing as e'er I did meet,
Was when he was hungry he always did eat;
He drank when he was dry, and then, if you'd note,

Whatever he drank always went down his throat.

If this whimsical fellow had a river to cross,
If he could n't get over, he staid where he was;
And though he ne'er went off the dry ground,
So great was his luck that he never was drown'd.

Another strange thing about him I'll tell,
For when he was sick he was always unwell;
He gave a deep sigh, then op'd his mouth wide,
And somehow or other this old fellow died.

But the reason he died, and the cause of his death,
Was simply, poor soul, for the want of more breath;

And now he is left in the cold earth to moulder,
If he had lived a day longer he'd have been a day older.

Putting on the Wedding Garments.

About four miles out of Tuscaloosa, on returning from a Sunday visit to a plantation, we stopped at a negro church in which about 100 blacks were assembled for divine service. The preacher was a man with powerful voice and gesture, and his sermon was about the necessity of being arrayed in the wedding garments and standing ready for the Master's call. His congregation soon began to warm up, and pretty soon one and another commenced to drop out as if overcome. The sermon was grand and impressive, but way beyond the comprehension of the ordinary plantation hand. When we finally went out and drove up the highway we found men and women scattered along here and there in the shade, and pretty soon came to one young man who sat with his arm around a girl. We stopped the buggy, but neither of 'em seemed to care, and pretty soon the Colonel observed:

"George, is that a case of love?"

"I reckon it ar', sah, but I doan quite know," was the young man's reply. "Dat's a powerful sermon of Elder Jackson's to-day. He's dun told us to put on de weddin' ga'ments if we want to be saved."

"And so you intend to put them on?"

"Deed I does, sah. I only come out half an hour ago, an' I'ze 'greed to marry fo' different wimin in dat time. 'Gwine to get all de weddin' ga'ments right on soon's I kin, an' if a cyclone comes de Lawd will take car' of me, I reckon. See any mo' wimin down de road, Kurnel, tell 'em Gawge will be long d'rectly!"—Detroit Free Press.

—He's got a fool for a wife."

UNDER A CRAZY QUILT.

He slept and dreamt that the kangaroo
Had given a fancy ball;
The elephant came with the festive gnu,
The moose with the ostrich tail.
A funny giraffe that did nothing but laugh,
Dropped in with a centipede;
And a cricket and flea, that had just been to tea,
Waltzed round with remarkable speed.

A wasp and a bumble bee had a chat
Just over his little nose;
And a bon constrictor upon the mat
Dressed up in his Sunday clothes.
A crow and a raccoon, in a fire balloon,
Paused over his bed to sing;
And a neat armadillo crept up on his pillow,
To dance the Highland fling.

Then all, ere they left, made a graceful bow,
And out in the moonlight sped;
Except a ponderous brindle cow,
Which stopped to stand on its head.
The little boy woke and grinned at the joke,
Sprang out of his bed with a tilt;
"I can dream it all over," said he, "while they cover
Me up in this crazy quilt."

Where Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
With my loved ones round,
Or in lonely stillness,
Not one friendly sound;
Still beside me Thou wilt stand,
Ever hold my trembling hand.

How Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
Lingering sickness known,
Or with sudden swift—as
Called before Thy throne:
Freed from fear and cleansed from guilt,
Send what messenger Thou wilt.

When Thou wilt, Lord Jesus,
Mid life's busy care,
Or my day's work ended,
Serving but by prayer:
When the chosen hour is come,
Take me, Lord, to rest at home.

The Snow-Storm.

Blow, blow; snow, snow,
Everything is white.
Sift, sift; drift, drift,
All the day and night.

Squealing pig, paths to dig,
Hurry out of bed,
Rub your nose, warm your toes,
Fetch along the sled.
Red-cheek girls, wavy curls,
School-house down the lane;
Fingers tingle, sleigh-bells jingle,
Jack Frost come again.

Hurrah! hurrah! now for war;
Build the white fort high.
Steady aim wins the game,
See the snow-balls fly.

Setting sun, day is done,
Round the fire together;
Apples rosy, this is cozy,
Jolly Winter weather.

RESIGNATION.

When the star of Hope is beaming
With a clear unclouded glow,
And the light of gladness streaming
O'er our pathway as we go;

When our store of wealth is ample,
And success in life is won,
Then how easy, then how simple
'Tis to say "Thy will be Done!"

When the star of hope is fading
And the light of joy is dim;
When through water deep we're wading,
And the clouds are gathering grim;

When by loved ones we're forsaken,
Friends desert us one by one,
Then how hard, with faith unshaken,
'Tis to say, "Thy will be Done."

—Exchange.

Lines Written upon the Death of J. Seely Pickens.

From the Canton Advertiser.

My heart clings close to the broken sod,
Too precious to be a grave;
Oh, how can I render so soon to God
The beautiful gift he gave?

My heart is near to breaking,
For the voice I shall not hear;
For the words of comfort given;
For the footsteps drawing near;

For the precious "mother" name,
And the touch of the loving hand—
Oh! am I so much to blame
If I shrink from the sore demand?

And this, alas, is the end of it all;
Of my anxious care and pain—
Only a grave and a funeral pall,
And my heartstrings rent in twain.

Oh, darling, my heart is aching sore
For the love you gave to me;
For the sacred tie of love so pure,
'Twixt thee, my child, and me.

'Tis a weary, sorrowing world at best—
This world that he will not know—
Would I wake him out of such perfect rest
To its sorrow and strife?—ah, no.

No?—Did I answer "No"?
To this question of mystery deep?
He was happy with us, tho' in pain,
And I would take him back from his sleep.

To the home he loved so well—
To the hearts that are stricken dumb—
I would bring my darling back,
And I know he would gladly come.

He would come, again to gladden our hearts,
Tho' each hour were mingled with pain;
His pure, unselfish spirit
Would sacrifice all for our gain.

If I question the mercy of Heaven,
In taking my treasure from me,
Judge not till you've felt the anguish
Of praying for light to see—

To see why God, in his wisdom,
Should lend to us such a joy,
Only to take to himself, so soon,
Our true and loving boy.

MOTHER.

"Ye Are My Witnesses."

Tell me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Traveling o'er this pathway dim
Are you shedding light around you,
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall?
Do you take them to the Saviour
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible,—
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside?
Does it bring a holy comfort
With his people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showing forth the Master's praise,
With our lamp all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

THE BACHELOR'S APPEAL.

I don't object to babies, if you keep 'em in their
place;
They are precedent conditions for perpetuating race;
So it's a philosophic surely,
And a scientific purely,
View of matters such as this
To acknowledge that without 'em we'd be very much
amiss.

Since Abel was an infant and Cain his mother's joy,
Shem's wife a girl baby, and Ham a baby boy,
Since the mother of Methus'lah could not quite make
up her mind

To resemble her or Enoch the darling most inclined,
Since Og, the King of Bashan, and the valiant son of
Nun,

And Cush, and Phut, and Canaan, and Peleg, every
one,
Was each the perfect "nonesuch" to the fond ma-
ternal eye,

And Pharaoh's daughter's tender heart was touched
by Moses' cry,
Since Kezia, and Gemma, and Keren-happuch too
Tried patient Job's best patience the weary midnight
through,

The infantile phenomenon has still maintained its
place

And so I bow respectfully, if not with perfect grace.

But when I am expected to be very complaisant
To father and to mother of the youthful visitant
In scanty hair, or mindless eye, or shapeless little
nose.

Tracing a clear similitude of beautiful repose,
To one or other parent or remoter ancestor,
Perhaps a purely fabulous, a myth progenitor,
And when I've been persuaded to praise it in mine
arms,

And prompted to expatiate upon its many charms,
To handle it, to dandle it, to fondle, to caress,
Exhibiting the meanwhile a most evident distress,
Perspiring and protesting amidst all mine agony
That heavier baby of its age there really could not
be—

Why, then the case is altered, and I wish with all my
heart,
That babes were kept, and bachelors, three thousand
miles apart.

—Harper's Bazar.

—On the way he inquired: "Manama,
does God make skunks?" "Why, yes,
Eddie, I suppose he does," was the hesitat-
ing answer. Eddie, after a moment's
thought: "Well, if he got a good sniff of
one once I'll bet he'd never make another."

THE PRESIDENTS.

Come, young folks all, and learn my rhyme,
Writ like the ones of olden time.

For linked together, name to name,
The whole a surer place will claim;
And firmly in your mind shall stand
The names of those who've ruled our land—

A noble list: George Washington,
John Adams, Thomas Jefferson,
James Madison and James Monroe,
John Quincy Adams—and below
Comes Andrew Jackson in his turn;
Martin Van Buren next we learn.

Then William Henry Harrison,
Whom soon John Tyler followed on.

And after Tyler, James K. Polk;
Then Zachary Taylor ruled the folk,
Till death. Then Millard Fillmore came;
And Franklin Pierce we next must name.

And James Buchanan then appears,
Then Abraham Lincoln through those years
Of war. And when life was lost
'Twas Andrew Johnson filled his post.

Then U. S. Grant and R. B. Hayes,
James A. Garfield, each had place,
And Chester Arthur:—and my rhyme
Ends now in Grover Cleveland's time.

—Wide Awake.

Ethel—"He called me a goddess."
Clarissa—"Well, I wouldn't judge him
too harshly, if I were you. He may
have been intoxicated."

The Gate of the Year.

"Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness!"—Psalm cvii. 8.

I saw a countless multitude before a golden gate;
I saw their eager earnestness, I saw them watch and wait;
I saw the Porter opening, his gracious form I knew;
And yet, alas! how thoughtlessly that giddy throng passed through.

How few with heartfelt gratitude adored the wondrous grace
That opened thus another year to our unworthy race!
How few were they who turned aside to give Him thanks who stood
And watched, as with a weeping eye, the rushing human flood!

I heard His voice of tenderness, as loving—
He cried,
"Behold My wounded hands and feet; behold My pierced side!
It was for sin I suffered thus, that ye might share My love,
Oh, will ye coldly hasten by, and thus ungrateful prove?"

I saw the aged trembling come and pass that golden door;
But would they pass the Heavenly Friend, so often passed before?
He looked, He spake, He stretched His hand, as o'er the step they trod;
But no, their eyes were turned to earth: they passed the Son of God!

I saw the young step lightly up: I heard the Saviour say,
"Young man, give Me thy noble life, My blessed will obey;"
And as a maiden hurried through, He drew her near His side,
"Forsake the world's frivolities; I love thee, I have died."

I saw the matron and the sire in life's meridian prime;
I saw the feeble and the strong, pass 'neath the gate of Time,
On, on into another year; and yet, alas! how few
Who even turned a glance on Him whose mercy let them through!

His mercy! yes, 'twas mercy still that let the throng go by;
For at the threshold, scythe in hand, Death lingered ever nigh;
And in the porch I saw a weary pilgrim stay—
Death called him back; he must not pass along that opening way.

O traveler at the golden gate the Saviour speaks to thee;
"Believe My love, believe and live; commit thy soul to Me."
Stay; wilt thou thus begin the year, or shall the Lord be passed?
Nay, at its threshold, trust Him now, lest it should be thy last.

—[William Luff.

Great Thrift.

Little Girl—"Mrs. Brown, ma wants to know if she could borrow a dozen eggs. She wants to put 'em under a hen."

Neighbor—"So you've got a hen setting, have you? I didn't know you kept hens."

Little Girl—"No'm, we don't, but Mrs. Smith's goin' ter lend us a hen that wants ter set, an' ma thought if you'd lend us some eggs we've got the nest ourselves."—*New York Sun.*

"Brigget, did you hear the door bell?"
"Yes, mum." "Then, why don't you go to the door?" "Shure, mum, I don't be expectin' nobody to call on me. It must be somebody to see yerself."

"KISSED HIS MOTHER."

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When, in spite of the frost and snow
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will;
A face with a promise in it,
That, God grant, the years fulfill.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Grow bright with a wordless welcome,
As sunshine warms the skies.
"Back again, sweetheart mother,"
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was uplifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving hearts
Since time the earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

AN OLD SWEETHEART OF MINE.

As one who cons at evening o'er an album all alone,
And muses on the faces of the friends that he has known;
So I turn the leaves of fancy till in shadowy design
I find the smiling features of an old sweetheart of mine.

The lamplight seems to glimmer with a flicker of surprise
As I turn it low to rest me of the dazzle in my eyes,
And I light my pipe in silence, save a sigh that seems to yoke
Its fate with my tobacco, and to vanish in the smoke.

'Tis a fragrant retrospection, for the loving thoughts that start,
Into being are like perfumes from the blossoms of the heart;
And to dream the old dreams over is a luxury divine,
When my truant fancy wanders with that old sweetheart of mine.

Though I hear, beneath my study, like a fluttering of wings,
The voices of my children and the mother as she sings,
I feel no twinge of conscience to deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor in the harbor of a dream.

In fact, to speak in earnest, I believe it adds a charm
To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm;
For I find an extra flavor in memory's mellow vine
That makes me drink the deeper to that old sweetheart of mine.

A face of lily beauty and a form of airy grace
Floats out of my tobacco as the genius from the vase;
And a thrill beneath the glances of a pair of azure eyes
As glowing as the summer and as tender as the skies.

I can see the pink sun-bonnet and the little checkered dress
She wore when first I kissed her, and she answered the caress
With the written declaration that, "as surely as the vine
Grew 'round the stump, she loved me," that old sweetheart of mine.

And again I feel the pressure of her slender little hand
As we used to talk together of the future we had planned
When I should be a poet, and with nothing else to do
But to write the tender verses that she set the music to.

When we should live together in a cosy little cot
Hid in a nest of roses, with a tiny garden spot,
Where the vines were ever fruitful and the weather ever fine,
And the birds were ever singing for that old sweetheart of mine.

When I should be her lover forever and a day,
And she my faithful sweetheart till the golden hair was gray;
And we should be so happy that when either's lips were dumb
They should not smile in heaven till the other's kiss had come.

But, ah, my dream is broken by a step upon the stair,
And the door is softly opened, and my wife is standing there;
Yet with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resign
To meet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine.

—*James Riley, in Boston Pilot.*

I've two years ol', I is,
I've dot ee sweetes' mouf to tiss.
An' prettie' hair to turl and fwiz—
Like shiny gol!
I dits a many bump an' fall,
But never scolds or owies at all!
Tum tiss me, folks, hofe big and small—
I've two years ol'!

26th July. FANNIE E LOISE BRINGHURST.

—and he's got a fool for a wife."

De Year o' Jubilo.

Alr: "Kingdom Comin'."
 Say, darkeys, hab you seen old massa
 With he hauckchief round he f'roat,
 Gwine long dis road some time dis mornin',
 Like he gwine in town to vote?
 He shibber jes' same like he use to shibber,
 When de Yankee army came—
 An' I'll bet ten dollars de democratic party
 Ben a-playing a losing game.

Chorus: De republicans laugh, ha! ha!
 Democrats run, ho! ho!
 It must be now Ben Harrison's comin'
 An' de year o' Jubilo.

Old massa wore he big revolver,
 Like he gwine out for to shoot,
 An' car'd he shotgun ober he shoulder,
 An' he bowie knife in he boot;
 He say we nigger better stay close home
 An' nebbet go near de polls;
 But I bet ten dollars de democratic party
 Am a-driftn' on the shoals.

I heerd old massa talk dis mornin',—
 He was clear troo, bilin' mad;
 I spees he 'frad dat desol'd South
 Gwine to get beat mighty bad.
 He talk free trade, but as shoo's you born
 Dere was sumpin' on his mind,
 An' I'll bet ten dollars de democratic party
 Am a-gwine to get lef' behind.

I don't like dis yere red bandanna,
 It 'minds me o' fore de war;
 Gib me de flag dat freed de nigger,
 Dat 'de flag I've prayin' for;
 For de stars an' stripes an' Harrison,
 Dis nigger'll pray and shout;
 An' I'll bet ten dollars de democratic party
 Am a-gwine to step down an' out.

—Springfield Union.

THE BOOK-KEEPER'S DREAM.

The day had wearily worn to its close,
 And night had come down with its needed repose,
 As a book-keeper wended his way from the store,
 Glad that his tire-some hours were o'er.

The night was cheerless, and dismal, and damp
 And the flickering flame of the dismal street lamp
 Went out in the wild, rough gusts that beat
 With furious speed through the gloomy street.

Tired and cold, with pain-throbbing head,
 He sunk to repose in his lonely bed;
 Still through his brain, as the book-keeper slept,
 Visions of debtor and creditor crept.

And he dreamed that night that an angel came,
 With the ledger of life; and against his name
 Were charges till there was no room to spare,
 And nothing whatever was credited there.

There were life, and its blessings, as intellect,
 health;
 There were charges of time, opportunities, wealth;
 Of talents for good, of friendship the best,
 Of nourishment, joys, affection and rest.

And hundreds of others, and one as each great,
 All with interest accrued from the time of their
 date,
 Till, despairing of e'er being able to pay,
 The book-keeper shrank from the angel away.

But the angel declared that the account must be
 paid
 And protested it could not be longer delayed,
 The book-keeper sighed and began to deplore,
 How meager the treasure he laid up in store.

He'd cheerfully render all he had acquired,
 And his note on demand for the balance required,
 Then quickly the angel took paper and wrote
 The following as an acceptable note:

"On demand, without grace, from the close of to-
 day,
 For value received, I promise to pay
 To him who has kept me, and everywhere
 Has guarded my soul with infinite care;

"Whose blessings outnumber the sands of the
 ocean,
 While living, the sum of my heart's best devotion;
 In witness whereof to be seen of all men,
 I fix the great seal of the soul's Amen."

The book-keeper added his name to the note,
 While the angel across the great ledger-page
 wrote,
 In letters as crimson as human gore,
 "Settled in full," and was seen no more.

A CHAPTER ON CONSTANCY.

Why, Will, you dear old fellow,
 Where have you been these years?
 In Egypt, India, Kibiva,
 With th' Khan's own volunteers?
 Have you sailed the Alos or Andes,
 Sailed to isles of Amazons?
 What climate, Will, has changed your face
 From brown to perfect bronze?"

She put her dimpled hand in mine,
 In the same frank, friendly way;
 We stood again on the dear old beach,
 And it seemed but yesterday—
 It seemed but the lapse of a single night
 Since she said to me on that shore,
 "Good-by! You may not remember, Will,
 But I shall, forevermore."

I held her hand while I whispered low,
 "And you, dear—what of the years
 Since we said good-by on this same white beach,
 And I kissed away your tears?
 You Mary, were then just twenty,
 And I was twenty-three.
 When we stood together on the dear old beach
 Here by the murmuring sea."

A beautiful blush came to her cheek,
 "Hush, Will!" she quickly said,
 "Let's look at the bathers in the surf:
 There's Nellie and Cousin Ned."
 "And who's that portly gentleman
 On the shady side of life?"
 "Oh! He belongs to our party, too—
 In fact, Will, I am his wife."

"And I tell you it is an awful thing
 The way he can o-have?
 He flirts with that girl in steel-gray silk—
 Will, why do you look so grave?"
 "The fact is, Mary, I—well—ahem—
 Oh, nothing at all, my dear,
 Except that she of the steel-gray silk
 Is the one I married last year."

A NUISANCE.

Of all the pestilential bores
 That make this life a state
 Of constant torment, most I dread
 The man who's always late.

He never keeps his word, but lets
 His friends anticipate
 His coming for a weary while,
 The man who's always late.

He says he'll come at half past six,
 You wait till long past eight,
 And haven't seen a sign of him,
 The man who's always late.

With stale excuses, glibly made,
 He tries to palliate
 His tardiness, but you don't love
 The man who's always late.

He never cares for other's plans.
 "O hang them, let them wait!"
 He says aloud, or to himself,
 The man who's always late.

But some day punishment will fall
 On him, as sure as fate,
 And he'll be sorry that he is
 The man who's always late.

—Western Recorder

His Enjoyment Interfered With.

"That sermon was the finest effort I
 ever heard," said a man on his way home
 from church. "I wouldn't have missed
 it for \$20."

"I'm glad you enjoyed, it John," said
 his wife.

"Yes, I enjoyed it; but there was one
 thing that annoyed me."

"What was that, John?"

"I had no change in my pocket less
 than half a dollar for the contribution
 box."—New York Sun.

"Ye Are My Witnesses."

Tell me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
 Traveling o'er this pathway dim,
 Are you shedding light around you
 Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
 Of the precious Saviour's love?
 Are you hungering and thirsting
 Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
 Whom the Master died to win?
 Are you showing them the fountain
 That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
 For the weary ones who fall?
 Do you take them to the Saviour,
 Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible,
 Is it precious to your soul?
 Are its treasures growing richer
 As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
 More than all the world beside?
 Does it bring a holy comfort
 With his people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
 Of your time and earthly store?
 If your all is on the altar,
 Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
 Showing forth the Master's praise,
 With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
 That the world may catch their rays.

—[Selected.

ould Not Sing the Old Songs—

"I cannot sing the old songs,"
 Though well I know the tune,
 And I can carol like the bird
 That sings in leafy June.
 Yet though I'm full of music
 As choirs of singing birds,
 "I cannot sing the old songs"—
 I do not know the words.

I start on "Hail Columbia,"
 And get to heaven-born band,
 And there I strike an up-grade
 With neither steam nor sand.
 "Star-spangled banner" throws me
 Right in my wildest screaming,
 I start all right, but dumbly come
 To voiceless wreck at "streaming."

So when I sing the old songs,
 Don't murmur or complain,
 If "Ti, de ah da, tum de dum,"
 Should fill the sweetest strain,
 I love tiddy um dum di do,
 And the trallala eep da dirds,
 But "I cannot sing the old songs"—
 I do not know the words.

—Burdette

WHEN MY DREAMS COME TRUE.

When my dreams come true—I shall bide among
 the sheaves
 Of happy harvest meadows, and the grasses and
 the leaves
 Shall I lift and lean between me and the splendor
 of the sun
 Till the moon swoons into twilight; the gleaners'
 work is done—
 Save that yet an arm shall bind me, even as the
 reapers do
 The meanest sheaf of harvest—when my dreams
 come true!

When my dreams come true—when my dreams
 come true!
 True love in all simplicity is fresh and pure as
 dew—
 The blossom in the blackest mold is kindlier to the
 eye
 Than any lily born of pride that blooms against
 the sky.
 And so it is I know my heart will gladly welcome
 you,
 My lowliest of lovers, when my dreams come true.
 —James Whitcomb Riley.

Molly: "My dear Fanny, how do you think I ought to get my new spring bonnet trimmed?" Fanny: "If you want it to match your face, have it trimmed plain."

"Why, darling, what can be the matter with these onions?" he ejaculated as he pushed back his plate. The young wife burst into tears. "There, I told the grocer they smelt awful! And I soaked them in that nice cologne you bought me since yesterday morning, too."

THE FARMER'S CONCLUSION.

"This argufyin' useless pints
As where Cain got his wife,
Was Jonah swallowed by the whale?
Is death the end of life?
Is jest the devil's Eden plan
That caught us long ago,
God has his "shall not" on some things,
The devil "you shall know."

Now, where Cain got his wife's no odds;
But will the de'il get me?
Not what I swallow, nor the whale,
Will change eternitee
An' if I live so I can die
In peace when death shall call,
'I'll die so that I'll live with joy,
If dyin' don't end all.

Now, I don't argue how the moon
Makes 'taters run to tops;
I plant 'em when the sign is right,
An' allus raise good crops.
I take the farmin' rules that's plain
An' reap jest what I sow;
I do the same with gospel truths
And puzzlin' pints can go.

—Omaha World

WHEN DAYS ARE DARK.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

When days are dark, remember
The brightness that is passed;
Call up the glad Spring music
To mingle with the blast;
Think of the merry sunshine
And hosts of scented flowers,
Let memories of the Summer
Take gloom from off sad hours.

When days are dark, be cheerful;
Because the leaves must fade,
Thy hopes need not be cast away,
Nor thy heart be dismayed.
This is the time for laughter
And happy household song,
Hours that are filled with cheerfulness
Are never sad and long.

When days are dark, be trustful,
The sun shines after rain;
And joy goes not so far away
But it returns again.
Life is not ruled by sorrow,
But blessings reign o'er all,
And we can sing of mercy,
In spite of pain and thrall.

When days are dark, be busy,
For there is much to do,
And the ministries are many
Which kindly hands pursue!
The need of love is always great,
For grief is every-where;
O lighten thou some burden,
And lessen thou some care!

When days are dark, be thankful,
Light is not always best,
And useful are the shadows,
The silence and the rest.
God gives what'er is good to come,
The day and then the night,
And those who find their joy in Him
Live always in the light.

—Christian World.

A candidate may think he is buyin'
a man's vote, but he ain't, he's only
rentin' it.

Wimmen suffragists ain't good for
much else.

IN IMMANUEL'S LAND.

The sands of time are sinking;
The dawn of heaven breaks;
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But day-spring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

O, Christ! He is the fountain,
The deep sweet well of love;
The streams on earth I've tasted,
More deep I'll drink above;
There to an ocean fullness
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lusted by His love;
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

O, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved's mine,
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His house of wine;
I stand upon His merit,
I know no other stand,
Not even where glory dwelleth
In Immanuel's land.

The Bride eyes not her garment,
But her dear Bridegroom's face;
I will not gaze at glory,
But on my King of Grace:
Not at the crown He gifteth,
But on His pierced hand;
The Lamb is all the glory
In Immanuel's land.

I've wrestled on toward heaven
'Gainst storm and wind and tide,
Now like a weary traveler
That leaneth on his guide;
Amid the shades of evening,
While sink's life's lingering sand,
I hail the glory dwelling
In Immanuel's land.

—Rutherford

OBITUARY.

Died Nov. 6th, 1888, at "The Polls" Grover Cleveland after a long illness, caused by over exertion in the exercise of the "Veto Power". The final dissolution was also somewhat hastened by an over dose of "Free trade" prescribed by a Dr. (of tariff) Roger Q. Mills. The funeral will be held at the Capitol, in Washington, D. C., March 4th 1889. The great peculiarity of the occasion will be, that, although many spectators will be present, there will be no mourners.

ONE OF THE BOYS IN BLUE.

Amen Sallie.

Good Farmer Bluff and his cherry wife
Set out for town one day
And left, with wise injunctions,
Their little ones at play.
There was Sallie, who was twelve at least
And Johnnie—nine or more.
With the household pet and baby,
Sweet May, aged four.

The farm-house caught on fire that day,
Just how no one could tell,
The children quenched the flames alone
By working brave and well.
And when the farmer came at eve,
They crowded close and high,
And Johnnie backed by Sallie,
Told what they did, and why.

But little May, somehow,
Had nothing much to say
Until her father, smiling, asked:
"What did you do to day?"
There wasn't much that I could do,"
She said, with down-cast eye,
"For Johnnie brought the water here
And Sallie made it fly.
So I dot up in the corner.
Wis my hands all folded tight,
An' I holled 'Amen, Sallie,'
Des as loud, wiv all my might."

To workers in the temperance cause
There's nothing to explain,
For think this story over
And the application's plain,
If you can't be a second Gough,
Nor work as Finch has done,
Do what you can, with earnestness,
'Till right and victory's won.

Remember that old couplet,
For here you'll find it's true,
That "Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,"
And "when your guns are loaded,"
While you "guard the faith with zeal,"
Say "Amen, Sallie," so the world
Around shall hear and feel.

—Libbie J. Sherman, in Waterloo Observer

We Should Hear the Angels Singing.

If we only sought to brighten
Every pathway dark with care,
If we only tried to brighten
All the burdens others bear,
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

If we only strove to cherish
Every pure and only thought,
Till within our hearts should perish
All that is with evil fraught,
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

If it were our aim to ponder
On the good that we might win,
Soon our feet would cease to wander
In forbidden paths of sin;
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way!

If we only did our duty,
Thinking not what it might cost
Then the earth would wear new beauty
Fair as that in Eden lost;
We should hear the angels singing
All around us, night and day;
We should feel that they were winging
At our side their upward way.

BLECKER—We New Yorkers spend four million dollars a year for umbrellas. Philadelphians can't make a showing like that. Chestnut—No; we have sense enough to go in when it rains.

And I soaked them in that nice cologne you bought me since yesterday morning, too."

WHAT ONE BOY THINKS.

A stitch is always dropping in the ever lasting knitting,
And the needles that I've threaded, no, you couldn't count to-day;
And I've hunted for the glasses till I thought my head was splitting,
When there upon her forehead as calm as clocks they lay.

I've read to her till I was hoarse, the Psalms and the Epistles,
When the other boys were burning tar-barrels down the street;
And I've stayed and learned my verses when I heard their willow whistles,
And I've stayed and said my chapter with fire in both my feet.

And I've had to walk beside her when she went to evening meeting,
When I wanted to be racing, to be kicking, to be off;
And I've waited while she gave the folks a word or two of greeting,
First on one foot and the other and 'most strangled with a cough.

"You can talk of Young America," I say, "till you are scarlet,
It's Old America that has the inside of the track!"
Then she raps with me her thimble and calls me a young varlet,
And then she looks so woe-begone I have to take it back.

But! There always is a peppermint or a penny in her pocket—
There never was a pocket that was half so big and deep—
And she lets the candle in my room burn 'way down to the socket,
While she stews and putters round about till I am sound asleep.

There's always somebody at home when every one is scattering;
She spreads the jam upon your bread in a way to make you grow;
She always takes a fellow's side when every one is battering;
And when I tear my jacket I know just where to go!

And when I've been in swimming after father's said I should 'nt,
And mother has her slipper off according to the rule;
It sounds as sweet as silver the voice that says, "I wouldn't";
The boy that won't go swimming such a day would be a fool!"

Sometimes there's something in her voice as if she gave a blessing,
And if I look at her a moment and I keep still as a mouse—
And who she is by this time there is not need of guessing;
For there's nothing like a grandmother to have about the house!

—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

MOTHER AND HOME.

A little child in the busy street—
A child with a shy face, flower sweet,
And brown eyes, troubled, and half afraid,
By the noise and hurry quite dismayed.

I lifted the baby hand and said—
Smoothing the curls on the golden head—
"Where is your home, my little one?"
For the summer's day was nearly done.

And the swift tears came at her reply,
As she trusting answered, sweetly shy:
"Home is where mamma is, you know,
Won't you take me there? I want to go."

Where mother is! Oh, the world of love!
No matter how far our feet may rove;
When weary and worn in constant strife,
Mother and home are the best of life.

Blessed is he who may smilingly say,
"I'm going home to mother to-day."
God's mercy hallows that home so dear,
Where mother our footsteps waits to hear.

Bless the busy hands and the cheery smile
That brighten and comfort all the while;
Nothing on earth can with home compare
When a loving mother waits us there.

"LITTLE CHILDREN, LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

A little girl, with a happy look,
Sat slowly reading a ponderous book,
All bound with silver and edged with gold,
And its weight was more than the child could hold;

Yet dearly she loved to ponder it o'er,
And every day she prized it more.
For it said—and she looked at her smiling mother—
It said: "Little children, love one another."

She thought it was beautiful in the Book,
And the lesson home to her heart she took;
She walked on her way with a trusting grace,
And a dove-like look in her meek young face,

Which said just as plain as words could say,
"The Holy Bible I must obey."
So, mamma, I'll be kind to my darling brother,
For little children must love each other.

"I'm sorry he's naughty, and will not play;
But I'll love him still, for I think the way
To make him gentle and kind to me
Will be better shown if I let him see
I strive to do what I think is right,
And thus when I kneel in prayer tonight,
I will clasp my hands around my brother,
And say, 'Little children, love one another.'"

The little girl did as her Bible taught,
And pleasant indeed was the change it wrought;
For the boy looked up in glad surprise,
To meet the light of her loving eyes;
His heart was full, he could not speak,
But he pressed a kiss on his sister's cheek,
And God looked down on that happy mother,
Whose little children loved each other.

Nobody's Darlings.

BY MRS. S. M. PEARSE.

OUT in the cold, the pitiless cold,
And far away from the Shepherd's fold,
Nobody's darlings stray;
The whole long day in the lonely street,
With shivering forms and naked feet,
They tramp their weary way.

No warm, soft bed when the nightfall comes
Only the stairs in the wretched slums,
Or doorsteps cold and drear,
For homeless, wandering waifs to sleep,
Where nobody's darlings wake to weep;
No loving mother near.

The bright birds fly to their downy nest,
Or soar away o'er the ocean's crest
To seek a fairer land;
But nobody's darlings stand and wait,
With pleading gaze through the open gate,
Where dwell sweet Mercy's band.

Oh, blessed homes, where the children find
A refuge safe, and a welcome kind,
And hearts of tender love;
Where somebody's darlings sleep at night,
In their snow-white cots, so clean and bright,
Sheltered like weary dove.

Ye men of wealth, with a helping hand,
Come to the aid of the noble band
Who seek lost gems to win.
The children's angels are yearning o'er
Fair childhood blighted on life's black shore,
'Mid earth's dark scenes and din.

Nobody's darlings! Gather them in;
Poor little outcasts of want and sin,
Bring them into the fold;
And tell them of God's bright home above,
Of its gates of pearl, its light, its love,
And streets of shining gold.

—The London Christian.

THE TWO MYSTERIES.

[In the middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of the poet. Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones, and holding a beautiful little girl on his lap. She looked wonderingly at the spectacle of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't know what it is, do you, my dear?" said he, and added, "We don't either."]

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain;
This dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again;
We know not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wonder still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: Our loved and dead, if they should come this day—
Should come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
Yet oh, how dear to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say—these vanished ones—and blessed is the thought,
"So death is sweet to us, beloved! though we may show you naught;
We may not to the quick reveal the mystery of death—
Ye cannot tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

LOST LIGHT.

I cannot make her smile come back—
That sunshine of her face
That used to make this worn earth seem,
At times, so gay a place.

The same dear eyes look out at me;
The features are the same;
But, oh! the smile is out of them,
And I must be to blame.

Sometimes I see it still; I went
With her the other day,
To meet a long-missed friend, and while
We still were on the way,
Here confidence in waiting love
Brought back, for me to see,
That old-time love-light to her eyes
That will not shine for me.

They tell me money waits for me;
They say I might have fame.
I like those gewgaws quite as well
As others like those same.

But I care not for what I have,
Nor lust for what I lack
One tithe as much as my heart longs
To call that lost light back.

Come back! dear banished smile, come back!
And into exile drive
All thoughts, and aims, and jealous hopes
That in thy stead would thrive.

Who wants the earth without the sun?
And what has life for me
That's worth a thought, if, as it's price,
It leaves me robbed of thee!

SONG OF CLEVELAND AND THURMAN.

Written for the Albany Evening Journal.

[Behold, on the picturesque bank of the river
Salt were standing two men. They poured forth
their souls in melodious song, ere hanging their
harp on the willow].

Cleveland—

Distraction and weariness haunt me;
Blue-fishing and fanning were vain.
My right hand hath proved a sad traitor—
Oh! bring back that message again!
Bring back! Bring back!
Oh! bring back that message again, again!
Bring back! Bring back!
Oh! bring back that message again.

Thurman—

Your wailing is tearing my heart-strings;
And I, too, am plunged in despair.
For a speech I once made I repent me—
And feel now like pulling my hair.
Pulling! Pulling!
Feel now like pulling my hair, my hair.
Pulling! Pulling!
I feel now like pulling my hair.

DUET—Cleveland—Thurman—

Oh! how can we better our fortune?
Impaired by the message and speech.
Oh! "Doth not the appetite alter?"
A second term, now, we beseech!
Beseech! Beseech!
A second term, now, we beseech, beseech,
Beseech! Beseech!
A second term, now, we beseech.

Cleveland—

My record is good as to pensions?
The war? Well—"It might have been."
But this is my great consolation,
I'm a pet with the Grand Army men.
A pet! You bet!
A pet with the Grand Army men, the men.
A pet! You bet!
A pet with the Grand Army men. M. M.

KISS HER AND TELL HER SO.

You've a neat little wife at home, John.
As sweet as you wish to see;
As faithful and gentle hearted.
As fond as wife can be;
A genuine, home loving woman.
Not caring for fuss and show;
She's dearer to you than life, John:
Then kiss her and tell her so.

Your dinners are promptly served, John.
As, likewise, your breakfast and tea;
Your wardrobe is always in order.
With buttons where buttons should be.
Her house is a cozy home nest, John.
A heaven of rest below;
You think she's a rare little treasure:
Then kiss her and tell her so.

She's a good wife and true to you, John.
Let fortune be foul or fair;
Of whatever comes to you, John.
She cheerfully bears her share;
You feel she's a brave, true helper,
And perhaps far more than you know
'Twill lighten her end of the load, John.
Just to kiss her and tell her so.

There's a crossroad somewhere in life, John.
Where a hand on a guiding stone
Will signal one "over the river,"
And the other must go on alone.
Should she reach the last milestone first, John.
'Twill be comfort amid your woe
To know that while loving her here, John.
You kissed her and told her so.

Farmers ain't got no bizness tryin'
to raise crops in the politikle feeld.
When a congressman is as big in
Washington as he is in his own dees-
trick, he begins to hanker fer the
White House.

HOW IT PAYS.

MARY E. BRADLEY.

Said Tom to Dick and Harry,
"The wind is sharp, to-day;
Suppose we have a whiskey straight.
To keep the cold away?"
"All right"—the cheerful answer—
"That's just the talk for me!"
And the smiling landlord mixed the drinks,
And pocketed his fee.

Another day the comrades
Met at his door again;
And now 'twas heat, instead of cold
That made them all complain.
"Thermometer at ninety,
And such a blazing sun!
Let's have a drink to cool us off"—
No sooner said than done.

There stood the smiling landlord—
In his buttonhole a flower;
He mixed for Tom a "whiskey-straight,"
For Dick a "whiskey-sour,"
And when he found that Harry
Preferred a brandy-smash,
He mixed it with as good a grace—
And pocketed the cash,

A boy looked on and wondered
(A boy that was no fool)
How drink could warm men up one day,
And one day make them cool.
"It doesn't stand to reason,
The thing can work both ways."
The smiling landlord answered him,
"No matter if it pays.

"The whole thing's in a nutshell—
When people want to drink,
It warms them up or cools them off,
Just as they choose to think.
It pays—that's all I care for."
The boy thought, "Yes, that's so;
But how it pays the other folks,
Is what I want to know."

'Twas easy to discover,
For the downward road is quick,
To men that drink for heat and cold
Like Harry, Tom and Dick.
Their business went to ruin,
And they to want and shame;
But the landlord mixed his liquors,
And sold them all the same.

And so the boy learned wisdom,
"He sha'n't grow rich on me;
For I'll quench my thirst with water,
God's own free gift!"—thought he.
He kept his word, and prospered,
In honest, sober ways;
And, rich in health and happiness,
His life shows how it pays."

"One of the very best matches,
Both are well settled in life.
She's got a fool for a husband.
And—he's got a fool for a wife."

THE MASTER'S QUESTIONS.

Have ye looked for sheep in the desert,
For those who have missed their way?
Have ye been in the wild waste places,
Where the lost and wandering stray?
Have ye trodden the lonely highway,
The foul and the darksome street?
It may be ye'd see in the gloaming
The print of My wounded feet.

Have ye folded home to your bosom
The trembling neglected lamb,
And taught to the little lost one
The sound of the Shepherd's name?
Have ye searched for the poor and needy,
With no clothing, no home, no bread?
The Son of Man was among them—
He had nowhere to lay His head.

Have ye carried the living water
To the parched and thirsty soul?
Have ye said to the sick and wounded,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole?"
Have ye told My fainting children
Of the strength of the Father's hand?
Have ye guided the tottering footsteps
To the shore of the "golden land?"

Have ye stood by the sad and weary,
To smooth the pillow of death,
To comfort the sorrow-stricken,
And strengthen the feeble faith?
And have ye felt, when the glory
Has streamed through the open door,
And flitted across the shadows,
That there I had been before?

Have ye wept with the broken-hearted
In their agony of woe?
Ye might hear Me whispering beside you
"Tis the pathway I often go!"
My brethren, My friends, My disciples,
Can ye dare to follow Me?
Then, wherever the Master dwelleth,
There shall the servant be! —Selected.

DRIED-APPLE PIES.

I loathe, abhor, detest, despise,
Abominate dried-apple pies!
I like good bread, I like good meat,
Or anything that's fit to eat;
But of all poor grub beneath the skies
The poorest is dried-apple pies.
Give me the toothache or sore eyes
In preference to such kinds of pies.

The farmer takes his gnarliest fruit;
'Tis wormy, bitter, and hard to boot;
They leave the hulls to make us cough,
And don't take half the peeling off.
Then on a dirty cord they're strung;
And from some chamber window hung;
And there they serve as roost for flies
Until they're ready to make pies.
Tread on my corns, or tell me lies,
But don't pass me dried-apple pies.

—It is told of Thad. Butler, editor of
the Huntingdon, Ind., *Herald*, that
when he was married, some years ago, he
thus announced the event: "Mairied—
In Wabash, Ind., Tuesday, April 4, at
5 o'clock p. m., at the residence of the
bride's parents, Mr. Thad. Butler, (that's
us,) and Miss Kate E. Sivey (that's more
of us.)"

—"Papa," said Johnny, "didn't
George Washington ever tell a lie?"
"Never, my son." "Then how did he
get his clinch on politics?"

THE CHILDREN.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood, too lovely to last—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past;
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go—
Of the mountains of Sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild—
Oh, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Those truant boys from home and from heaven—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child!

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My heart is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones,
That meet me each morn at the door;
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The groups on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed!

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

"Now I lay me down to sleep,"
Lisp'd my boy, his evening prayer,
And the blue eyes soft and tender
Glistened bright thro' tangled hair.

"Mamma, does God hear me ask him
To be good to you? I fear
He don't see us, tho' you tell me
He is always hovering near.

"Does he know how hard I struggled,
Tho' I got my papers late,
Little boys, you know, can't hurry,
But for larger ones must wait.

"Tried so hard to tell them, mamma,
'Cause I wanted to help you,
And some men would frown so at me,
Tho' my papers were all new.

"When I held them up in passing,
And cried 'Papers! buy one, please!'
'No, you scamp, shut up your squalling,
Give a man some rest and ease.'"

And the precious eyes closed softly
O'er the trials of the day;
Angels guard his peaceful slumbers
Till the morrow's dawning ray.

O! from these dear patient children
Who would earn their daily bread
Turn ye not, but list their pleading,
Let a tender word be said.

Smile upon them, cheer and bless them,
Our dear Saviour loves them, too,
And from his own image made them,
Just as he did all of you.

Tho' your path be strewn with flowers,
Your heart filled with pleasure bright,
O! forget not those less favored,
Who must earn their bread to-night.

ENTERING IN.

The church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer;
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air.
Without, the sweet, pale sunshine;
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open,
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Sly glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While, like a wind-rocked flower,
Her form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color flattered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?
Up, then, rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And long I wondered, losing
The sermon and the prayer,
If when some time I enter
The many mansions fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portal's golden glow,
Our Lord will send an angel
To show me where to go?

Where Do You Live?

I knew a man and his name was Horner,
Who used to live on Grumble Corner;
Grumble Corner in Cross Patch Town,
And he never was seen without a frown.
He grumbled at this; he grumbled at that;
He growled at the dog; he growled at the
cat;
He grumbled at morning; he grumbled at
night;
And to grumble and growl were his chief
delight.

He grumbled so much at his wife that she
Began to grumble as well as he;
And all the children wherever they went,
Reflected their parents' discontent.
If the sky was dark and betokened rain,
Then Mr. Horner was sure to complain;
And if there was never a cloud about,
He'd grumble because of a threatened
drought.

His meals were never to suit his taste;
He grumbled at having to eat in haste;
The bread was poor, or the meat was tough,
Or else he hadn't had half enough.
No matter how hard his wife might try
To please her husband, with scornful eye
He'd look around, and then, with a scowl
At something or other, begin to growl.

One day, as I loitered along the street,
My old acquaintance I chanced to meet,
Whose face was without the look of care
And the ugly frown that it used to wear.
"I may be mistaken, perhaps," I said,
As, after saluting, I turned my head;
"But it is, and it isn't, the Mr. Horner
Who lived for so long on Grumble Corner!"

I met him next day, and I met him again,
In melting weather, in pouring rain,
When stocks were up and, when stocks were
down;
But a smile somehow had replaced the
frown.

I puzzled me much; and so, one day,
I seized his hand in a friendly way,
And said: "Mr. Horner, I'd like to know
What can have happened to change you so?"

He laughed a laugh that was good to hear;
For he told of a conscience calm and clear,
And he said, with none of the old-time
drawl:

"Why, I've changed my residence, that is
all!"
"Changed your residence?" "Yes," said
Horner,
"It wasn't healthy on Grumble Corner,
And so I moved: 'twas a change complete:
And you'll find me now on Thanksgiving
street!"

Now, every day, as I move along
The streets so filled with the busy throng,
I watch each face, and can always tell
Where men and women, and children dwell
And many a discontented mourner,
Is spending his days on Grumble Corner
Sour and sad, whom I long to entreat
To take a house on Thanksgiving street.

—[New York Independent.

THE PROGRESS OF LA GRIPPE.

From our Newton's Corners prophet
We've not heard for many a day;
So we'll stop our work and listen
To what she has to say.
For three score years have o'er her head
In happy memories slept,
But she never knew what trouble was
Until she had La Grippe.
And yet she has to keep around
And very busy be
To visit all her neighbors,
And hear what each has to say;
To keep track of improvements,
And then, to write them down.
The latest one is down the road,
They call it "Snipes Saloon,"
But the people here are looking blue,
They do not laugh one bit,
You ask them what the matter is,
They'll say "I've got the Grippe."
There's George, he took it right away
And came sneezing home,
The chills went up and down his back,
He ached in every bone.
They gave him Hemlock by the quart
And fourteen kinds of sweat,
And dosed him well with ginger tea,
But Oh! he's got it yet.
On Mrs. Hodgkins, first we called,
And found her and Willie sick;
She coughed and sneezed, groaned and
shook,
Alas, she had the Grippe.
We called in to see Mrs. S——
As we were going by,
She said she had been very ill,
And wiped her watery eye.
She said she had tried mustard
And nothing else as yet,
We said to her "Take something hot,"
You've surely got the Grippe.
We called on Mrs. Wilber, next,
To see if she'd got it yet.
We found her in hot blankets rolled,
Oh yes! she had the Grippe.
And said that hot drinks she had taken
And many kinds of pills,
With roots and herbs of every kind,
But still she had the chills;
That of Jamaica they had "took"
Six bottles in a week,
And yet she could not do her work,
She was so very weak.
The people in the cities
Think we have it light up here,
And they give it as a reason
That we take our whiskey clear.
But Oh! we have it hard enough,
We wear and groan and sweat
And take clear whiskey by the quart,
But we have got it yet.

A. VICTIM.

Horace: "I say, David, how old do you suppose Miss Jones is? Her aunt says she's only twenty-one." David (who knows a little of business): "Aw, yes; marked down from thirty-three; to be disposed of at a bargain, don't you see?"

How He Dressed the 'Baby.

"Elijah dear; will you dress Willie this morning? I'm in such a hurry, and it won't take you but a minute or two."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bixby, cheerfully, "I'd just as soon dress the little chap as not. Here, my little man come and let papa dress you. I'll have you as neat as a pin in a jiffy."

Willie, aged four, comes reluctantly from his playthings, and Bixby begins:

"Now, lets off with your nighty gown—keep still, dear, or I can't unbutton it. There now, well—sit still, child. What makes you squirm around like an eel? Where's your little shirt? Ah, here it is, and—sit still! Put up your arm—no, the other one and—*can't* you keep still half a second? Put up your other arm and *stop* hauling and pulling so! Now, let's—come here, boy! What under Heaven do you mean by racing off like that with nothing on but your shirt? Now you come here and let me put the rest of your duds on. Stand *still*, I say! Put your leg in here! Not *that* leg! There you go squirming around like an angle-worm. Now, if you *don't* keep still, young man, I'll—stop pulling at that chain, and—here, Mary Ellen, you'll have to dress this wriggling animal yourself. I couldn't do it in ten years. Go to your mother, Sir!"

Teetered in Meeting.

EMBARRASSING ACCIDENT THAT HAPPENED TO A MINISTER
AT A GROVE MEETING.



Last season during the presiding elder's visit to Aroostook a grove meeting was held. The presiding elder occupied the pulpit and commenced to preach. As his discourse was very interesting, one young minister, Mr. W., who occupied a chair directly behind the speaker, concluded he could hear better in the audience, so going down the aisle he seated himself on the end of a plank. The planks were placed on three rests, but some one had pulled this plank off from the rest at one end. Mr. W. leaned against a tree and had closed his eyes for meditation when a very heavy sister arrived and seated herself on the opposite end. In an instant her end of the plank went down, while the young clergyman shot several feet into the air. The speaker turned red and choked, but finally went on, while the audience almost burst, trying to hold its laughter. As soon as the exercises of the morning were over, the presiding elder approached brother W., and with affected severity said: "This won't do. When I go to your place I shall feel under obligations to tell your wife I saw you teeter in meeting with another brother's wife." And he kept his word.

THE DONATION PARTY.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

"We're great on donations, elder. We jest go in heavy on them things."

Deacon Spears made the announcement to the new minister with an air of stating the possession of a great moral virtue peculiar to the people of Scragbsy Corners.

"I have never found donation parties very satisfactory," said the minister. "I would greatly prefer having a stated salary, and having it paid in cash."

"Wall, yes I s'pose ye would," said the deacon. "That's what all the ministers say. But, ye see, 'twon't hardly do, here in Scragbsy Corners."

"Why not?" asked the minister.

"O, they've got in the habit o' havin' donations, an' they expect 'em, ye see," replied the deacon, "an' they'd feel sorter offended if a preacher sot his foot down an' said he wouldn't have 'em. Some folks give suthin' in that way that wouldn't give nothin' in cash, and we're bound to git all out o' the c'mmunity that we can, ye see."

"My experience has been that a great deal of what people bring to a donation party is worthless or useless," said the minister.

"Wall, yes, I s'pose so," assented the deacon. "But 'twouldn't do to kick ag'in' donations on that account here. Ye'd have the folks down on ye in no time."

"Well, then," said the poor minister, with a sigh of resignation to the inevitable, "I suppose it will have to be." He thought of his last donation party with its dozen loads of dozy, half-rotten stove wood; wood which was worthless to the donors, because it had been cut so long that it was unsalable, and which they would never have thought of using at home. More than once his wife's temper had been sorely tried with the miserable stuff, and she had threatened making a bonfire of the whole lot, and probably would have attempted carrying the threat into execution if she had had any idea that it could have been coaxed to burn itself up.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Spooner, in dismay, when her husband told her that a donation party was being talked up. "I did hope we might escape the infliction when we came here. I don't think I was ever more vexed than I was the morning after the last one. There wasn't a room in the house fit to use until it had been cleaned. There was half a chocolate cake between the pillows on the parlor bed; pie in the bureau, and some one had emptied a plate of baked beans behind the sofa. It took me all of two weeks to get straightened around. And now that we've just got settled, there's to be another. It's too bad, but I don't know that we can help ourselves, since a minister and his family are considered objects of charity, and, therefore, obliged to take up with whatever

the people see fit to give them, without the chance to say a word for themselves."

"A donation party will be held at Elder Spooner's next Thursday evening, the Lord willin', an' it's hoped ev'rybody 'll turn out, an' bring suthin' for the s'port o' the gospel," Deacon Spears announced, one Sabbath, after service. "The Lord loves a cheerful giver," he added, in a sort of postscript, after which he blew his nose vigorously on a great red and white bandanna, in a manner that suggested applause, over the neat way in which the announcement had been made, and then sat down.

Immediately there was a buzz among the female portion of the congregation, and little groups of women put their heads together and began discussing what to carry in the shape of eatables; while the men got together in the vestibule of the church, and consulted with each other on what they were to "donate."

"I reckon I'll take beans this year," said Mr. Wade. "It's been a great year for beans. I hain't raised so big a crop enny year since '65, 's I can recollect. I can give beans 'thout feelin' it much."

"So can I," said Mr. Pettigrew. "I got a jofred big crop off'n the side-hill lot. I guess I'll take beans, too. I can spare 'em better'n ennything else, an' they ain't a-goin' to sell fer much this year, 'cause they're so plenty."

Several others who listened to their conversation concluded to take beans also, for it had "been a great year for beans" in Scragbsy Corners, as Mr. Wade had said.

"I've a good notion to take some o' my Almury's clo'es," said Mrs. Deacon Spears to Mrs. Pettigrew. "She's out-grow'd 'em, but they'd jest about fit the elder's oldest girl, I sh'd jedge, an' they're most as good as new, some on 'em. You don't s'pose Mis Spooner 'd feel put out about it, do you now, Mis Pettigrew."

"I can't see why she should," responded Mrs. Pettigrew. "Clo'es is clo'es an' minister's folks hadn't ought to git mad at what's give 'em as long as they hev to depend on us for a livin'. 'Tain't as if they could afford to be independent, y' know. I s'pose I might take some jackets an' trowsis that air gettin' putty snug for the boys. I will, if you conclude to take some o' Almury's dresses, Mis Spears."

"Wall, then s'pose we do," responded Mrs. Spears.

The evening of the donation party came.

The first arrival at the parsonage was Mr. Wade. He met the minister, who came to the door in answer to his knock, with a two-bushel bag full of something on his shoulder.

"How'd do, elder. Beautiful night fer the donation, ain't it?" was his greeting, as he shook hands with the minister. "I've brought some beans fer ye. Fust-rate beans, too, ye'll find. Beans is healthy livin', elder. I was

raised on 'em. Nothin' better fer growin' children."

"You can put them in the wood-shed," said Mr. Spooner. Just then Mr. and Mrs. Pettigrew drove up.

"Hello, elder, good evenin'," called out Mr. Pettigrew. "I've got some beans here for ye. Wher'll ye hev 'em put?"

"In the woodshed," said the minister, with a smile at his wife. "It's going to be beans this year, my dear," in a whisper.

Then other arrivals followed in rapid succession, and at least three out of every four brought beans.

"I've counted fourteen bushels already," whispered the minister to his wife about eight o'clock, "and still there's more to follow."

"It's old clothes in my part of the house," said Mrs. Spooner. "I do believe there's enough to last the children till they are all grown up, if they'd fit till that time. I can imagine the appearance they'd make in them. No two alike, and probably not one that would fit one of the children. It's too provoking for anything. If it wasn't for making the people mad, I'd sell the whole lot for rags to the first rag peddler that comes along."

"Brothers 'n' sisters, 'n' frien's 'n' neighbors," announced Deacon Spears, after supper, when the party was about ready to break up, "the proceeds of this 'ere donation amounts to twenty-seven bushel o' beans, three turkeys, a pig, two bushels o' potatoes, an' a large amount o' clothin'; an' some other things. In b'half o' the elder an' his folks, I thank ye fer y'r lib'ral'ty. Y'r kindness is appreciated by him 'n' his'n, I feel sartain, an' I'm shure his heart 'n' han's is strengthened by this evidence o' fellowship on your part. Truly, as the psalmist says, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"I cordially endorse the sentiment from the receiver's standpoint," said Mrs. Spooner, as they looked over the "proceeds" of the donation-party when they were alone. "Just look at the collection of old clothes, Henry. I suggest that you give up preaching and move to the city, and start in business as a bean broker, and I'll run an old-clothes store. We'd be well stocked up to begin with."

"What will you do with the stuff?" asked the minister, turning over old jackets and aprons, and other articles of clothing with a comical look of dismay on his face at the formidable collection.

"I think I shall make about a hundred yards of rag-carpet," answered Mrs. Spooner. "That's about all a good deal of it is fit for."

One afternoon in the following week the minister sat down to prepare a sermon for the coming Sabbath. As was often the case, he talked it over with his wife. When he named the chapter proposed to read at the opening of the service, a sudden gleam of mischief came

into Mrs. Spooner's face. But she said nothing.

During the week Mr. Spooner wrote to a friend in the city, asking him if there was any sale for beans there. He had twenty-five bushels to dispose of, at a low price, he wrote, adding that it had been "a great year for beans in Scraggsby Corners."

When Sunday morning came Mrs. Spooner sent her husband on to church ahead of her, under the plea that she had not got the children quite ready. "Don't wait for me, Henry," she said, "or you may be late. We'll get there in time for the sermon."

He was reading a chapter from the Psalms when his family arrived. He had reached the verse in which the lily of the valley is spoken of, and these words rolled off sonorously from his tongue just as the door opened and Mrs. Spooner, followed by her children, filed slowly and impressively in—

"Verily, I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

As he finished the verse he looked up at the advancing arrivals, and the spectacle that met his eyes tested his power of self control more than anything else he had ever experienced, he afterward told his wife. His mouth twitched, and a smile flickered about his eyes, but he managed to keep back the grin that would have appeared at the faintest encouragement.

Such a sight! The eldest girl was arrayed in Almiry's cast off dress, of navy blue, with some other girl's polonaise of red. Her sister was resplendent in a dress of Scotch plaid pattern of most gorgeous colors, originally, but now somewhat subdued by time and wear, still very vivid, and over it she wore a jacket about three sizes too small for her, the picturesque costume being topped off by a hat trimmed with old ribbon freshly dyed a very bright magenta color. The oldest boy had a pair of trousers which fairly dragged at the heels, and a jacket which was long enough for an overcoat, while the other boy wore trousers so short that they failed to meet the top of a pair of bright blue stockings, while his jacket refused to keep company with the top of his trousers. Each article had a peculiar color of its own, and the general effect was, as has been said, decidedly picturesque.

The minister had no inkling of what his wife intended to do, and the sight of his family in such fine array so upset him for a moment that he read the verse he had just finished over again—

"Verily, I say unto you, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

A very audible titter went through the younger portion of the congregation. Some even laughed aloud. Mrs. Wade looked at Mrs. Pettigrew to see what that estimable woman seemed inclined to think of the proceeding, but she couldn't

catch her eye. She was too busily engaged in following the scripture lesson to look at any one.

"I'll bet she's mad, though," thought Mrs. Wade. "One o' them jackets an' one o' them trowsis came from her. I dunno, though, 's they look enny worse than that dress o' Almiry's does. I didn't s'pose they'd think of riggin' the children out in 'em to wear to church. I'll bet Mis Spooner's done it a purpose."

Mrs. Spooner had "done it a purpose," as she admitted to her husband, on their way home.

"I don't think you ought to have done it, Susie," he said gravely, but there was a laugh in his eye as he said it, as he looked at the motley group ahead."

"Perhaps not," was his wife's reply, "but I wanted them to see the striking effect resulting from their generosity. Of course they can't get angry about it, since they gave the clothes to be worn. I do think it'll have one good effect, and that is, that old clothes won't be one of the important features of the next donation party here."

Mrs. Spooner was right. When the next donation party occurred not one old garment was "donated." Mr. Spooner at last succeeded in disposing of his beans, but he had to do so at a sacrifice,

on account of its having been such a "great year for beans in Scraggsby Corners," that they overstocked the market.
—*Yankee Blade*.

THE "SUMMER LAND."

"Over the river," the "Summer land" lies,
Fadeless its blossoms, unclouded its skies,
Towers shimmer not in the sun-ray's light,
Stars never glow—for there falleth no night,
O'er it God's glory transcendently flows,
Bathing it ever in holy repose.

Ah! we get gleams of that glorious land,
When by the river's bank trembling we stand.

Watching the waves that unceasingly flow
Over the crossing where loved ones must go,
They see the beams of heavenly light
Gliding its glittering columns of white.

They hear the songs, and the rustle of wings,
We—but the echo their ecstasy brings—
Why do we sorrow when happy they lie
Ready for angels to bear them on high!
Such treasures we need their sunlight to throw

Over our pathway while waiting below.

Are there no flowers in the bright Summer Land?

Aye, tenderly kept by our Father's hand,
Borne in His love from the chill light of Time,
Transplanted; they bloom in a heavenly clime.

—May we be welcomed at last to the band
Who, "sinless" are roaming the blest Summer Land.

—[Bell Clinton.

The Crimson Stain.

I.

"Oh, curse this awful appetite for drink,
I feel that I am standing on the brink
Of a precipice, with not a friend around
To draw me back to firmer, safer ground.
Oh, the thirsting! Oh, the craving! Oh, the
burning!
Oh, the loathing! Oh, the loving! Oh, the
spurning!

Every nerve, every vein
Throbs with pain.
But I've sworn to never touch the stuff again.

II.

"There's a barroom over the way. Hear the
clink
Of the glasses as the 'boys' step up to drink.
There is something now a pulling me that
way.
Hear the laughter! Hear the singing! All
are gay!
For a moment shall I step across the street?
How hilarious would old companions greet!
Shall I go? How my brain
Throbs with pain!
But I've sworn never to touch the stuff again.

III.

"Ah! who is that a-beckoning to me?
'Tis my little sweetheart—none so fair as she.
She is waiting now to take the promised
walk.
How I love to watch her smile, and hear her
talk.
She it was who plucked me from the ragged
'edge.'
She it was who made her lover sign the
pledge.
No more throbbing of the brain,
Vanish pain—
I swear I'll never touch the stuff again."

IV.

Hear the bell—hear the clanging marriage
bell.
What a tale of hopes and fears doth it tell!
See the bride—see the blushing, tearful bride—
See the proud and happy bridegroom by her
side.
'Tis he who cursed his appetite for drink—
'Tis he who stood upon destruction's brink.
Every nerve, every vein
Racked with pain—
'Tis he who swore to never drink again.

V.

See the tears—see the bitter, scalding tears.
See the wife—see the wife of two short years.
See the child—see the puny, starving child.
See the man—see the man unkempt and wild.
See him raise his hand and strike with sav-
age blow.
Her whom he swore to love two years ago.
Hear her beg for life in vain.
See the stain—the crimson stain.
She ne'er will weep o'er broken vows again.
—*Arkansas Traveler*.

"I Do! Don't You?"

Don't you think it must be jolly when the rain comes down
To be a little duck, because a duck can't drown?
And though the showers fall as if a sea had been upset,
They only trickle off him and he can't get wet.

Don't you think it must be jolly when the dust blows high
To be a flitting swallow in the deep blue sky?
For all he has to do is just to beat his little wings,
And up above the dusty earth his light form springs.

Don't you think it must be jolly when the moon won't rise
To be a feathered owl, and have an owl's round eyes?
For he sails about the forest in the middle moonless night
And can find his way much better than in broad sunlight.

Don't you think it must be jolly when the sun burns hot
To be like the gliding fishes in a sea green grot?
For they never can be thirsty and they always must be cool.
And they haven't got to dress themselves in hot thick wool.

—F. Wyville Home,

HOME-COMING.

When life's hours of toil are ended,
And my day draws to a close;
When the bells of evening, chiming,
Call me to my long repose:
Eagerly my feet shall hasten,
And my eyes shall look to see,
Standing close by Heaven's portals,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

They who long from that far country
Watched me as I faltered on,
In earth's weary round of labor,
Strength and courage almost gone;
When they see me drop life's burdens
And to Heaven's refuge flee,
Swift will gather round the portals
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

And when on their silver hinges
Wide the gates of pearl shall awing,
And by grace of Him who loved me
I am suffered to come in;
First of Heaven's joys to greet me,
In that joyful hour shall be,
As I pass those shining portals,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

Then the cords which earth's rude conflict
Here had broken shall be joined,
And beyond death's gloomy kingdom
Still more strongly shall be twined;
Ah! my heart, fail not thy singing;
Though the way may weary be,
Soon my joyful eyes shall see them,
Loved ones, waiting there for me.

GET ABOARD.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

There's a hustle and a bustle,
In this mighty wave of life,
There's a rustle and a tussle,
There's a never ending strife;
There's a chancing and a glancing,
There's a battle of the fates;
So be prancing and be dancing,
For the old thing never waits.
There's a plighting and back-biting,
There's a kiss to purchase peace;
There's a slighting and a fighting—
There are loves that never cease;
There's a crying and a flying
Toward the open pearly gates—
There's a sighing and a dying,
But the old world never waits.

THE LAST WORD.—"Does your wife always get the last word?" "No; she hasn't any last word. She never stops."

ALONE AT EIGHTY.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown,
And I am eighty, dear Lord, today—
To old to be left alone!
O, heart of love, so still and cold,
O, precious lips so white;
For the first sad hours in sixty years,
You were out of reach last night.

I can't rest, deary—I cannot rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden post,
The house is so deathly still;
Wander, and long for a sight at the gate
She has left ajar for me—
We had got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man,
From the moment I kissed her fair young face,
And our lover's life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in the land
Would be proud to call his son.

O, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient,
But I feel so broken up,
At eighty years it's an awsome thing
To drain such a bitter cup.
I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal,
And four good men beside;
But a hundred men couldn't be to me
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly, so bright and fair,
So winsome and good and sweet,
She had roses twined in her sunny hair
White shoes on her dainty feet.
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—No I remember, I'm eighty today,
And my dear wife, Polly, is dead.

"Oh, Mrs. Bunderby, won't you ask your son to come this evening? We are going to have a donkey party and can't possibly get along without him."

IN A QUANDARY.

[Judge.]



Bachelor uncle (who has been left in charge of the baby)—I wonder what the devil he wants now?

The Little White Hearse.

Somebody's baby was buried to-day;
The empty, white hearse from the grave
rumbled back,
And the morning, somehow, seemed less
smiling and gay,
As I paused on the walk while it crossed on
its way,
And a shadow seemed drawn o'er the
sun's golden track.

Somebody's baby was laid out out to rest,
White as a snowdrop and fair to behold,
And the soft little hands were crossed over
the breast,
And the hands and the lips and the eyelids
were pressed
With kisses as hot as the eyelids were
cold.

Somebody saw it go out of her sight,
Under the coffin-lid, out of the door,
Somebody finds only darkness and blight
All thro' the glory of summer sunlight—
Some one whose baby will waken no
more.

Somebody's sorrow is making me weep,
I know not her name but I echo her cry,
For the dearly-bought baby she longed so to
keep

The baby that rode to its long, lasting sleep
In the little white hearse that went rum-
bling by.

I know not her name, but her sorrow I
know—

While I paused on that crossing I lived it
once more—

And back to heart surged that river of woe
That but in the breast of a mother can
flow—

For the little white hearse has been, too,
at my door.

THE SIDE SHOW.

[Conyers C. Converse in Philadelphia Press.]

My pa an' my ma they are midgets, wee,
An' both of 'em ain't as big as me.
Seems as if that hadn't ought to be.

An' the fat woman's little boy is thin;
An' his ma says that he's always been.
It's enough to make a parson grin.

An' the little girl of the skeleton,
She's so fat she can't have any fun.
It's real good she wasn't a little son.

An' I can lick the giant's boy, I can,
If his popper is the biggest man—
That's something I can't quite understand.

Mrs Flinn's beard's the best you ever see,
A big mustache an' a long goatee.
But Mr Flinn hain't got more beard'n me.

A boy you mightn't give a second look,
'Cause his ma's only the circus cook,
His pa's tattooed, like a picture book.

Our pictures I'm goin' to have on the fence,
An' on the curtains, front of the tents,
You ask to see us, ladies an' gents.

THE ORPHAN CHILDREN.

The marriage rite was over,
I turned my face aside,
To keep the guests from seeing
The tears I could not hide;
I wreathed my face in smiling,
And led my little brother
To greet my father's chosen,
But I could not call her mother.

She was a fair young creature,
With mild and gentle air;
With blue eyes, soft and loving,
And sunny silken hair.
I knew my father gave her
The love he bore another,
But if she were an angel,
I could not call her mother.

Last night, I heard her singing
A song I used to love;
And every word was hallowed
By her who sings above;
It grieved my heart to hear it,
And the tears I could not smother,
For every word was hallowed
By the dear voice of my mother.

They have taken mother's picture
From the old accustomed place,
And hung beside my father's
A younger, fairer face.
They have made the dear old chamber
The boudoir of another,
But I shall ne'er forget thee,
My own, my angel mother.

My father, in the sunshine
Of happy days to come,
May half forget the shadows
That darkened our old home;
His heart no more is lonely,
But I and little brother
Must still be orphan children;
God can give us but one mother.

Selected.

A Scheme that Failed.

I hear a pretty good one at the expense of a Harvard boy who has been having an uncommonly good time in several channels lately. His enjoyment was pretty expensive, and he finally outran his allowance and other resources so much that he was in imminent need of aid. So he sat down and wrote to his father thus:

"Dear Pa: I had the misfortune to be upset in a boat while out on the Charles River, and lost the beautiful watch you gave me. I would like some money to employ a diver to recover it. Your affectionate son,
THOMAS."

The old gentleman was no fool. He replied:
"It is not worth while diving for it. It might as well be in soak in one place as in another."

An Irish carpenter fell from the roof to the ground, and when picked up remarked: "I was coming down after nails anyway."

The Waiting Time.

There are days of deepest sorrow,
In the seasons of our life;
There are wild despairing moments,
There are hours of mortal strife;
There are times of stormy anguish,
When the tears refuse to fall.
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Youth and love are oft impatient,
Seeking things beyond their reach;
And the heart grows sick with hoping,
Ere it learns what life can teach.
For, before the fruit be gathered,
We must see the blossoms fall;
And the waiting time my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Loving once, and loving ever,
It is sad to watch for years
For the light whose fitful shining
Makes a rainbow of our tears,
It is sad to count at morning
All the hours to even-fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

We can bear the heat of conflict
Though the sudden crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low.
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.
For it wears the eager spirit,
As the salt waves wear the stone,
And Hope's gorgeous garb grows thread-
bare.

Till its brightest tints are gone,
Then, amid youth's radiant tresses,
Silent snows begin to fall;
Oh, the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson,
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For we know a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
That he taught us how to wait.

—It might be interesting to note that at the District Convention, held at the M. E. Church last week, we had for foundation a Sill. We bore our Cross and kept our Bragg. We learned of Stowell, yet failed to get Rich. Among the fishers appeared Walton—not Isaac—and if we had no rivers there was Wells. A Martin also, flew about among us. What if we were Stoned and Chased, we took a Knapp and can't help admitting we were treated with great Guile, while over all was our Darling.

A BARREL OF WHISKY.

A drayman rolled forth from his cart to the street,
A red headed barrel, well bound and complete;
And on it red letters, like forked tongues of flame,
Emblazoned the grade, number, quality, fame,
Of this world-renowned whisky from some-
body's still
Who arrested the grain on the way to the mill.

So there stood the barrel, delivered, but I
Could see that a shadow was hovering nigh—
A sulphurous shadow, that grew as I gazed
To the form of Mephisto. Though sorely
amazed,
I venture to question this imp of the realm,
Where vice is the pilot, with crime at the helm,
And asked him politely his mission to name,
And if he was licensed to retail the same
Identical barrel of whisky, which he
Was fondly surveying with demonish glee.

"Oh, I never handle the stuff," he replied;
"My partners mortal are trusty and tried;
Mayhap, peradventure, you might wish to
look
At the invoice complete—I will read from
this book;
You will find that this barrel contains some-
thing more
Than forty-two gallons of whisky galore."
And e'er I could slip but another word in,
He checked it off gaily, this cargo of sin:

"A barrel of headaches, of heartaches, of
woes,
A barrel of curses, a barrel of blows,
A barrel of tears from a world-weary wife,
A barrel of sorrow, a barrel of strife;
A barrel of all unavailing regret,

A barrel of cares, and a barrel of debt;
A barrel of crime, and a barrel of pain,
A barrel of hopes ever blasted and vain;
A barrel of falsehood, a barrel of cries
That fall from the maniac's lips as he dies.

A barrel of poison—of this nearly full;
A barrel of poverty, ruin and blight,
A barrel of terrors, that grow with the
night,
A barrel of hunger, a barrel of groans,
A barrel of orphans' most pitiful moans,
A barrel of serpents that hiss as they pass
From the head on the liquor that glows in
the glass.
My barrel! my treasure! I bid thee farewell,
Sow ye the foul seed; I will reap it in hell!"

Wanted an Appetite.

A physician says: "Among my 'charity patients' is an old colored man who first came to my office about six weeks ago. I asked the nature of his trouble, when he said: 'I feel fust rate, boss, fust rate, only I want more appetite.' I fixed him a bottle of something and he went away with a 'God bless you.' Two weeks later he returned with the same request and again I sent him away happy. The other day he came back the third time on the same mission. 'What! back here again?' I asked. 'What's wrong with you, anyway? Do you feel well?' 'Oh, yes, sah; I feel fust rate.' 'Is your food properly cooked?' 'Oh, yes, sah; food's cooked fust rate.' 'Doesn't anything taste good to you?' 'Oh, yes, sah; everything tastes fust rate.' 'Well then what's wrong with your appetite, anyway?' 'Nothin' wrong with it, boss, only they han't 'nuff of it. You see, I'm workin' 'round a restaurant foh my bo'd and I wants ter eat 'nuff to make de place woth holdin' on to.'"

HE CARETH FOR ME.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Peter v, 7.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim!

Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the
hair?

Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sor-
rows be.

When the lights lie down on the path I
take;

When strength is feeble and friends for-
sake;

When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And life-song changes to sobbing prayers—
Then my heart cries out for a God who
cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole
day long.

And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong;

When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakens the song.
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
O, rest in peace, for the Lord does care.

In Memory of Mrs. Heman Brown.

Again we are called to part with
another of our number. For many
years she has been an earnest and
faithful member of the Baptist
church; a consistent cheertful Chris-
tian, quiet, serene and calm to the
end. Although for several years
she was not able to be in her place
among the people of God, she was
ever ready to cheer with counsel,
prayer and well wishes.

Sis'er, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening
When it floats among the trees.

Peaceful be thy silent slumber
Peaceful in the grave so low

Thou no more will join our number
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee
Where no farewell tear is shed.

The Stranger and His Friend.—Expe- rience IN Duty.

(Matt. xxv, 35-40.)

[This old hymn was composed by James Montgomery for
a ladies' bazaar in aid of Leeds Dispensary, and bore
date at Sheffield, England, Dec. 27, 1835. It was put in type
by Mills, Jowett, and Mills, of Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
London, and two months later was given to the general
public in the *Wesleyan Methodist Magazine*. With the text
upon which it is founded, it furnishes a most instructive
and helpful object lesson, impressing the inquiring heart
with its great Gospel truth—that, while a saving, joyous
Christian experience does not come for good doing, it does
come in it.]

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer nay;
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake,
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again;
Mine was an angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst;
He heard it, saw it, hurrying on;
I ran and raised the sufferer up,
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup.
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I cloth'd, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, it seem'd
An Eden's garden while I dreamed.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had myself a wound conceal'd,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes;
He spake, and my poor name he nam'd:
"Of Me thou hast not been asham'd;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto me."

THE LAST MAN.

(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

When worlds shall falter in their flight,
When stars shall lose their gleam,
The universe be wrapped in night—
The past a fading dream,
With life merged in a single soul—
Hath it occurred to you
To ask, when dimming planets roll,
"What will the last man do?"

No offices—nor need of one;
No schemes, nor tricks of trade;
No grasping tailor man to shun
Upon the promenade;
No verdant neighbor to impress
With base conceits untrue—
To stave off death from loneliness,
What will the last man do?

No trusting friend to loan a "V,"
Nor enemy to grieve;
No sorny, fierce domestic sea,
No wife to thrash at eve;
No long drawn hymns; no pledge to sign
Lost manhood to renew—
Sole relic of a faded line,
What will the last man do?

I fancy that his voice no more
E'en by himself were heard—
For the last woman passing o'er
Had uttered "the last word,"
No solace but to watch and pray,
Be decent, firm and true—
Oh, tell me, in that frightful day
What will the last man do?

Old friendships are destroyed by toad-
ed cheese, and hard salted meat has led
to suicide. Unpleasant feelings of the
body produce correspondent sensation
of the mind, and a great scene of
wretchedness is sketched out by a morsel
of indigestible and misguided food.—
Sidney Smith.

Let him who neglects to raise the
fallen fear, lest, when he falls, no one
will stretch out his hands to lift him up.
—Saadi.

An Alphabet of Rivers.

A stands for the AMAZON, mighty and
grand,
And the B's BERESINA, on Muscovy's
strand,
The placid CHARLES River will fit for
the C,
While the beautiful DANUBE is ready for
D.
The E is the ELBE in Deutschland far
North,
And the first F, I find, strange to say, is
the FORTH.
The great river GANGES can go for the G,
And for H our blue HUDSON will certain-
ly be,
The quaint IRRRAWADDY for I has its
claims,
And the J is the limpid and beautiful
JAMES.
The K is for KAMA, I know in a jiffy,
And the L is the LOIRE and the prosper-
ous LIFEY.
For M we have plenty to choose from,
and well,
There's the noble MISSOURI, the gentle
MOSELLE.
For N we have NILE, and the ONION is O,
While for P you can choose the gay
PRUTH or the Po.
The Q is the QUINEBAUG, one of our own,
But the R comes to front with the RHINE
and the RHONE.
For the S there's the SHANNON, a beauti-
ful stream,
And the T is the TIBER where Rome
reigns supreme.
The URAL, I think, will with U quite
agree,
And the turbulent VOLGA will fit for
the V.
The W's WESER, and XENIL is X,
(You may find it spelled with a J, to
perplex),
Then for Y, YANG-TSE-KIANG is simple
and easy,
And to end the long list with a Z take
ZAMBEZI.

Candidates for various offices are beginning to make their presence felt.

The following poetic gem may not seem out of place. Of course it isn't applicable in Pacific county, but we thought it might be "cast of the mountains:"

"Father, who travels our road so late?
Hush, my child 'tis the candidate!
Fit example of human woes,
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the women with courtly grace;
He kisses the baby's dirty face;
He calls to the fence the farmer at work;
He bores the merchant, he bothers the clerk.

The blacksmith, while the anvil rings
He greets; and this is the song he sings:
Howdy, howdy, how dye do
How is your wife, and how are you.
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can
The horny hand of the working man."

"Husband, who is that at the gate?"
"Hide my love, 'tis the candidate."
"Husband, why can't he work like you?
Has he nothing at home at all to do?"
"My dear whenever a man is down,
No cash at home, and no credit in town,
Too plain to preach, too proud to beg,
Too timid to rob and too lazy to dig,
Then over his horse his leg he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings
Howdy howdy how dye do,
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can
The horny hand of the working man."

Brother, who labor early and late?"
Ask these things of the candidate:
What is his record, how does he stand
At home? No matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it be not prone
To close over money not his own.
Has he in view no thieving plan
Is he honest and capable? he's your man;
Cheer such a one till the welkin rings
Join in the chorus when thus he sings:
Howdy howdy how dye do,
How is your wife and how are you?
Ah, it fits my fist as no other can
The honest hand of the working man.

A little six-year-old asked his father, as a fashionably dressed young man passed, why the man looked so oddly. The father replied that the young man was a dude. Then this conversation ensued:

"Does God make dudes, papa?"

"Yes."

"Then God, too, likes to have fun sometimes, don't he?"

The parent called attention to a pony that was passing.

His Picture.

Willie (while Mr. Hankinson is waiting for Miss Irene to come down)—"Sis has got your picture."

Mr. Hankinson (his heart beating wildly)—"Where did she get it, Willie?"

"Found it in a newspaper. I heard her tell maw it looked just like you. But it didn't have your name under it."

"What was the name under it, Willie?"

"I think the name was 'Before Taking,' or something of that kind. Got any caramels, Mr. Hankinson?"

Didn't Go Over The Falls.

There was a man walking up and down Prospect Park, at Niagara Falls, with his hands behind his back and his head down, and an old farmer from near Syracuse wasn't to be blamed so much for imagining that suicide was contemplated. He had no doubt read of other men who had acted just that way before leaping into the terrible current above the falls. He waited a reasonable time for the performance to come off, and as there appeared to be a hitch somewhere, he approached the stranger and said:

"Stranger, I don't want to meddle with your bizness; I never do with anybody's but if—if—"

"Well," sharply asked the other.

"I've only got forty minutes afore take the train. If you've fully made up your mind to do it, and nothing on earth will prevent—"

"Are you addressing me, sir?" demanded the stranger.

"Yes, of course; there hain't nobody else around, is there?"

"And what do you want?"

"Why, if you are going over them fall any time to-day I wanted to suggest that you—"

"Going over the falls? What do you mean?"

"Why, if you are going any time to-day go now, so I can see it, and tell the folks all about it. Don't want to hurry you you know, but if a man wants to go, and will go, and praying won't save him, he might as well go one time as another."

"You infernal old milkweed, but I'll knock the top of your head off if you don't clear out," shouted the man as he made as if to pull off his coat.

"Gosh-all-fish-hooks! but don't flare up that way!" gasped the farmer, as he retreated. "What's happened to make you mad? I hain't said nor dun nothing as I knows on."

"Go—clear out—skip!"

"Hold on—I'll go—don't follow me up! Lands alive! but he come within an ace o' hoppin' right on to me! Got reg'lar mad in a minit, and that without the least bit o' cause! Woosh! Clus call fur me, tho' I'd a fit the hardest I could. Suicide and be hanged to him—I'm goin' hum!"

MOSES FROM AN OLD MANSE.

The minister's wife had finished her chores,
By calling on all the church people.
And some she found open as both the church doors,
And some she'd found stiff as the steeple.

For while all the deacons had slept on the wall,
A committee had com like a lion;
And by giving her husband a generous call,
Had shaken the bulwarks of Zion.

For years they had paid him who taught them the Word,
About six hundred dollars or seven;
For they felt that a preacher should "trust in the Lord,"
And grow fat on the "manna from Heaven."

And the cash question often had come to annoy:
Which so many ministers rankles:
For the lord had sent children—three girls and a boy,
And the boy—holer down to his ankles.

Sister Blodgett, the wife of "a pillar," had cried,
(They supported a carriage and horses)
"Beware! lest you sin against God," she had sighed;
"A rolling stone gathers no mosses."

The preacher looked up from the book which he read,
And his merry eyes twinkled with laughter
"Why didn't you tell sister Blodgett," he said,
"That moss isn't what we are after?"

—[G. T. Dowling, New York Independent.

RAIN OF GOLD.

BY DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

A storm came sweeping down the sky,
And shook the forests old,
And where I saw his legions fly
There fell a rain of gold.

And broken crowns were scattered wide,
And in that wreck of storm
The earth itself was beautified
And took more royal form.

And in the whisper of the trees
I heard a low refrain:

"We'll wait until the southland breeze
Shall crown us all again."

Cazenovia, N. Y.

ADAM NEVER WAS A BOY.

Of all the men the world has seen
Since Time his rounds began,
There's one I pity every day —
Earth's first and foremost man.
And then I think what fun he missed
By failing to enjoy
The wild delights of youthtime, for
He never was a boy.

He never stubbed his naked toe
Against a root or stone;
He never with a pin hook fished
Along the brook alone;
He never sought the bumblebee
Among the daisies coy,
Nor felt its business end, because
He never was a boy.

He never hooky played, nor tied
The ever ready pail
Down in the alley all alone
To trusting Fido's tail.
And when he home from swimming came
His happiness to cloy
No slipper interfered, because
He never was a boy.

He never cut a kite string, no !
Nor hid an Easter egg;
He never ruined his pantaloons
A-playing mumble peg;
He never from the attic stole
A coon hunt to enjoy,
To find the "old man" watching, for
He never was a boy.

I pity him. Why should I not?
I even drop a tear;
He did not know how much he missed;
He never will, I fear.
And when the scenes of "other days"
My growing mind employ
I think of him — earth's only man
Who never was a boy.

— T. C. Harbaugh

'Twas whispered one morning in heaven
How the little child angel May,
In the shade of the great white portal,
Sat sorrowing night and day;
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the key and bar:
"Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you
Set the beautiful gates ajar,
Only a little, I pray you,
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

"I can hear my mother weeping,
She is lonely; she cannot see
A glimmer of light in the darkness
When the gate shut after me.
Oh, turn me the key, sweet angel,
The splendor will shine so far."
But the warden answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."
Spoke low and answered, "I dare not
Set the beautiful gates ajar."

Then uprose Mary, the blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and her touch sufficed.
Turned was the key in the portal,
Fell ringing the golden bar,
And, lo, in the little child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar,
In the little child's angel fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

DECORATING THE GRAVES.

HER STORY.

Here, at the gate, let us stand and wait
Till the grand procession pass;
The marshal first, in marvelous state,
With the drums and the sounding brass;
Then the veterans brave in blue draw near,
With a sober, soldierly air;
And the halt and the maimed are riding here,
And the priest and the poet there.

And now the troop of the children comes,
In wavy, hesitant files,
All bright with the blush of the early blooms,
All wreathed in roses and smiles.
They are halting now at the graves of the boys,
And a dirge will be softly sung;
And the parson will give to faith a voice,
And the poet to love a tongue.

But you and I, my Harry and Bess,
Will turn from these well-meant words
Apart through the woodland silences—
Alone with the breezes and birds.
Here at this grave, where the pine boughs grieve,
When the solemn south winds roam,
Our rosemary and our rue we'll leave,
And carry our heart's-ease home.

Did I promise? Well, there is nothing new.
But the joy and the pain are one.
Sit down on the bank here, Bessy, and you
Lie here on the grass, my son.
Fourteen next month! You were only four
When your father went away;
And you, little queen, you were scarcely more
Than a babe that desolate day.

A sudden and terrible call had come
For an army of volunteers;
And the tidings brought to our happy home
Hard struggles and boding fears.
That night he stood in a silent mood,
And held you both to his breast;
I saw on his brow the shadows brood
And darken—I knew the rest!

He carried you up to your crib that night,
And watched with you till you slept;
Then, praying that God would guide him aright,
The strong man wrestled and wept.
I found him praying and left him there
Alone with his Father and you;
Till the Helper lifted his load of care,
And lightened his sorrow too.

And then he came forth and told me all;
I could neither strive nor cry;
He would follow his suffering country's call,
Who should dare to forbid? Not I.
You know the story—the parting word,
The year that drearily passed,
The droning pain of a hope deferred,
The blinding blow at the last.

But here is a picture you never saw—
On this side mother and Bess,
Hal on the other; the little flaw
Is the dint of a ball, I guess.
He carried it always here, by his heart;
And when they led him away
Faint from the field, where he bore his part
So gallantly on that day.

When they laid him down in a sheltered nook
(The chaplain told me this)
He drew it forth, and, with many a look
And many a passionate kiss,
He gazed till he heard the order, "Rest!"
And then, when his spirit passed,
It dropped from his hands upon his breast,
And they found it there at the last.

That is all, my darlings, I have to tell.
Like another diviner Friend,
Having loved his own in the world so well,
He loved them unto the end.
The love that he left you and me
Is our fortune and our pride;
The truest, manliest man was he—
And he loved us all till he died!

Come hither, Harry! I'll lean on you,
His brow and his mouth are there;
And yours, little Bess, are his eyes of blue
And his wealth of golden hair.
So here at his grave, where the pine boughs
grieve,

When the solemn south winds roam,
Our rosemary and our rue we'll leave,
And carry our heart's-ease home.
—The Rev. Washington Gladden.

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Too Proud to Take a Nickel.

"This gentleman," said a foreigner, traveling in the United States, to his American friend, "helped me out of a very embarrassing position. You see, through carelessness, I got caught on a street-car with nothing but a draft in my pocket, and he paid my fare. I insisted on having his card, and now I'm going around to thank him and pay him the money."

"The nickel?"

"Certainly."

"Don't do it."

"But I owe it to him."

"It makes no difference; he'll be angry."

And he was. He said the stranger must have thought him mighty hard up or close-listed to come chasing after him with a nickel, and he indignantly refused to take it.

"But, sir," said the stranger, with surprise. "I owe it to you. I don't wish to have other people paying my street-car fare."

"Offer him a cigar," whispered the friend.

The foreigner promptly followed instructions.

"Will you join me in a smoke, then?" he asked, putting away the nickel, and taking out a handsome cigar-case.

"Ask him to have something," suggested the friend again.

Again the foreigner followed instructions, and they promptly adjourned to a place where something could be had. Here each man felt it incumbent upon him to buy a "round." Then the foreigner and his friend started for the hotel, and the former remarked after some thought:

"Queer ways you have here."

"How so?" asked the friend.

"Why, he was too proud to accept five cents that were due him, but he would take a cigar and a drink that were not. And because he did me a favor I had to take three drinks that I did not want, and smoke a cigar that I was saving for after dinner. If I paid my car-fare regularly that way, I'd be drunk and broke all the time."

Pleaded His Own Cause.

A lady with a long train to her dress was walking along the street when an old colored man passing her stepped on her train with both feet, tearing it badly. The lady was very angry and had the old man arrested for being disorderly.

"What has the prisoner been guilty of?" asked the judge.

"He was disorderly, your honor."

"Who is the complaining witness?"

"Here, your honor," and a lady was brought forward and regularly sworn.

She told with much asperity how the old man at the bar had stepped on the train of her dress, tearing it, and when he saw the damage he had done, instead of apologizing, he tried to get away.

"Who represents the prisoner?"

"He pleads his own case."

The old man was brought forward, a mild-mannered old fellow wearing spectacles and looking the embodiment of good-natured dignity.

"It's dis way, jedge, concernin' dat lady. Here is a s'posable case. S'pose I walk along the street wid my coat-tails a-spread out on the sidewalk, two, three feet, as proud as a peacock, and dat lady cum an' jest plant hertwo dear, sweet little bits of feet on dat coat-tail, you tink I'm goin' to make a fuss an' get dat nice lady 'rested? You tink so, jedge?"

"I think," said the complaining witness at this moment, "that I have made a mistake. If the case is dismissed, I will pay the costs."

The case was dismissed.

Baby.

Darling baby! Dimpled fingers
Pressed against the window-pane,
Make a signal to the birdies
Getting supper in the rain.

Little baby! Laughing bright eyes,
Looking out upon the earth.
See no cause for care or sorrow,
Only cause for joy and mirth.

Sweetest baby! Lips of cherry,
Portals to the soul within,
Wear a smile we all might envy,
'Tis so bright and free from sin.

Precious baby! Clustering ringlets
'Round the open brow so white,
Form a halo, bright and golden,
To our wondering, loving sight.

Little feet, so small and cunning,
Pattering on the broad hall floor,
Run to give papa a welcome
As he comes up to the door.

Little soul, so pure and spotless,
Image of the God above,
Has no thought of sin or hatred,
Only knowing how to love.

Darling baby! Waxen fingers,
Crossed above the silent breast,
Made a signal to the angels,
And they laid her down to rest.

Little baby! Closed eyelids
Hide the bright eyes from my view,
But beside the heavenly portal
They will watch till I come, too.

Sweetest baby! Cheery portals,
Closed and barred forever more,
Still are smiling with the sweetness
That they smiled in days of yore.

Angel baby! Clustering ringlets,
Golden halo 'round her brow,
Only shadowed forth the glory
Of the crown she weareth now.

Little feet so cold and quiet—
Strange that they so still should be—
When I reach the door of heaven,
They will run to welcome me.

Little soul, so pure and spotless,
Stainless still the Father keeps.
Hush! tread softly, lest your footsteps
Break her slumber. Baby sleeps.

He Took too Much.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat, and check-board trousers boarded a street-car in a Western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began puffing a concentrated essence of vilest odors into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One, a plain old farmer, couldn't stand it, and stepped off to wait for the next car. When he reached the station, the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the restaurant counter.

"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, give me one," and he tossed out a nickel and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half-dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him.

The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another person had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were the young man's gripsack and overcoat. "Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squelch the old farmer, who went into the smoking car.

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the Governor of the State, armed with recommendations and indorsements, an applicant for a position under the State government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his traveling companion of the morning without any trouble. Glancing over his papers, the governor said—

"H-m—yes; so you want me to appoint you to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might write my own resignation at the same time."

"Wh—why so?" stammered the young man.

"Because I saw you pay for a street-car ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car; you bought a sandwich and spoiled the plateful; you paid for a seat in the train, and took mine, too; and if I should give you the place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?"

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be postponed one week.

At the close of service at the First Parish Church, last Sunday morning, Prof. Joseph A. Allen arose and said: "Friends next Wednesday is the 25th anniversary of the marriage of our pastor and his wife. And you are invited to meet and congratulate them on that evening at 8 o'clock in the vestry below." Such an invitation was sure to be accepted, and Wednesday evening found the vestry and parlor filled with guests, eager to grasp the hands of the popular pastor, Rev. John A. Savage, and his estimable lady. The couple received their friends under a silver arch, crowned with five silver bells. Congratulations and signing the autograph album consumed the first hour. During that time the company were regaled with the music of an elegant music box loaned by Edwin J. Keyou. The ushers were Bracey Curtis, Henry E. Marshall, George Washburn, George H. Smith, Perley E. Woolford, John M. Richardson and Henry Holbrook. The vestry and parlor were decorated and arranged to represent a drawing room. Hung about with draperies and portieres, bright pieces of carpet upon the floor, a profusion of plants and flowers, and handsome chairs scattered about, it presented a very inviting and attractive appearance. Shortly after 9 o'clock Prof. Allen called the meeting to order, and, acting as presiding officer, introduced an order of exercises, extremely interesting in detail, but which we can only speak of in a general way owing to lack of space: Piano duet, Miss Alice Wight, Henry E. Marshall; poem, read by Miss Rosa S. Allen, written for the occasion by Miss Grace Savage of East Bridgewater, daughter of the pastor. It was a beautiful thing, and the author, who was present, was congratulated by many friends. Miss Allen then read letters from Calvin Hervey of Belfast, Me.; President George L. Carey of the Theological Seminary, Meadville, Pa.; Dr. James T. Bixby of Yonkers, N. Y.; Henry D. Wells, Middleboro, N. Y., and Rev. D. W. Morehouse of New York city. Then came a surprise, in the form of a song, by Bracey Curtis, Henry E. Marshall and John M. Richardson, the words of which were written by Prof. Allen. They were as follows:

Just twenty-five short years ago,
If we are not mistaken,
A young and worthy maiden fair
From her good home was taken.

And who did take this maiden fair,
And who her home did ravage?
Alas! Alas! It must be told.
It was, it was, a Savage.

But why was she not eaten up,
As all her friends expected?
Because of all her kindly deeds.
And duties ne'er neglected.

Now, let us join, yes, one and all,
In doing what amuses.
Good health to him and to his wife,
And all their three papposes.
Ha, ha, ha, ha, yes, yes, yes,
And all their three papposes.

"Ye Chronicle of Ye First Parish" was then read by the author, Miss Emma F. Rhodes. It was a mighty interesting paper, dealing with all the pastors from the beginning, and with many prominent members of the present day. William F. Guild spoke for the Sunday School. Miss Elizabeth S. Sewall for the Ladies' Social Circle, which she declared would continue to be, as it had been in the past, "the backbone of the parish." Amos H. Mason spoke for the Hayward Guild. Then Mrs. George Washburn sang the old ballad, "You Remember it, Don't You?"

Rev. Robert Savage, of Walpole, brother of the pastor, made interesting remarks. He advised all the young men present to have their silver wedding just as early in life as possible, and cited his brother as one who had acted on that principle.

Mr. Willard Harwood was the last speaker. He was full of pleasantries. In an interesting way he gave a sketch of the wedded life of the couple before him. Spoke of the many joys and touched lightly on the sorrows. Near the close of his remarks he drew from his pocket a case from which he took a silver medal. It was about two and one-half inches in diameter. He expressed the hope that it might be worth 25 cents 25 years hence, but knew that silver was a drug in the market at present. He then handed it to the couple with the best wishes of the Parish Committee, of whom he is one. Upon one side of the medal appeared a raised monogram, and above it this inscription:—"John A. Savage—Emma Morrison. United in marriage at Wells, N. Y., April 25, 1869. The Twenty-fifth anniversary observed in Medfield, Mass., April 25, 1894." Upon the reverse side was an engraving of the church and parsonage, done in the best style of the engraver's art. About it were these words: "First meeting house in Medfield, 1653. Present house built, 1789. Modernized, 1839. Remodeled, 1874." But Mr. Harwood had another surprise, for with his closing words he presented, as a token of the love and esteem of parishioners and friends, a purse containing \$165 in gold.

Pastor Savage, in responding, said: "I am completely overwhelmed. I had, as I supposed, prepared a few words to say to you, but they have left me. I heartily thank you all who have made this occasion so attractive and pleasant." Refreshments were served, and a social time enjoyed until the "weesma" hours were near at hand. It was in every respect a grand success. Mr. and Mrs. Savage were the recipients of many gifts on that day, and it is but fair to say that nothing in the celebration gave them greater pleasure than the kind and generous way in which they were remembered by friends in former parishes, particularly those of Belfast, Maine. Long may they live and remain among us.

To the memory of our esteemed friend and beloved brother.

Mr. J. B. Morrison.

When God calls one of our number we can only submit our wills to his and say "Thy will not ours be done."

The church he loved so well will miss him for he was ever ready to help bear the burden. As a church member and a christian he was liberal, faithful, consecrated to the work, always at his post cheering his pastor and doing his part cheerfully; of genial disposition, charitable, and having a kind word for all, he had many friends. He filled several offices in the church; he was deacon until the time when he was called to fill his place in the church triumphant. As a neighbor and fellow citizen he was highly respected, loved and honored, ever ready to lend a helping hand to one and all. Yes we have all lost a friend, but our loss is only Heaven's gain.

Servant of God, well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won;
Enter thy master's joy.

Soldier of Christ, well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run;
Rest in thy savior's joy.

His Mother's Song.

Beneath the hot midsummer sun
The men had marched all day;
And now beside a rippling stream
Upon the grass they lay,
Tiring of games and idle jest
As swept the hours along,
They cried to one who mused apart,
"Come friend, give us a song."

"I fear I cannot please," he said
"The only songs I know
Are those my mother used to sing
For me, long years ago."
"Sing one of those," a rough voice cried,
"There's none but true men here;
To every mother's son of us
A mother's songs are dear."

Then sweetly rose the singer's voice
Amid unwonted calm,
"Am I a soldier of the Cross
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause?"
The very stream was stilled,
And hearts that never throbbed with fear
With tender thoughts were filled.

Ended the song; the singer said
As to his feet he rose,
Thanks to you all, my friends, good-night,
God grant us sweet repose."
"Sing us one more," the captain begged,
The soldier bent his head,
Then glancing round, with smiling lips,
"You'll join with me?" he said.

"We'll sing this old familiar air
Sweet as the bugle call,
"All hail the power of Jesus' name
Let angels prostrate fall;"
Ah! wondrous was the old tune's spell,
As on the soldier sang,
Man after man fell into line,
And loud the voices rang.

The songs are done, the camp is still,
Naught but the stream is heard;
But ah! the depths of every soul
By those old hymns are stirred.
And up from many a bearded lip
In whispers soft and low,
Rises the prayer that mother taught
Her boy long years ago.

FACE TO FACE WITH TROUBLE.

You are face to face with trouble,
And the skies are murk and gray;
You hardly know which way to turn,
You are almost dazed, you say.
And at night you wake to wonder
What the next day's news will bring;
Your pillow is brushed by phantom care
With a grim and gastly wing.

You are face to face with trouble;
A child has gone astray;
A ship is wrecked on the bitter sea;
There's a note you cannot pay;
Your brave right hand is feeble;
Your sight is growing blind;
Perhaps a friend is cold and stern,
Who was ever warm and kind.

You are face to face with trouble;
No wonder you cannot sleep;
But stay, and think of the promise,
The Lord will safely keep,
And lead you out of the thicket,
And into the pasture land;
You have only to walk straight onward,
Holding the dear Lord's hand.

Face to face with trouble;
And did you forget to look,
As the good old father taught you,
For help to the dear old Book?
You have heard the tempter whisper,
And you've had no heart to pray,
And God was dropped from your scheme
of life.

Oh! for many a weary day!
Then face to face with trouble;
It is thus He calls you back
From the land of dearth and famine
To the land that has no lack.
You would not hear in the sunshine;
You hear in the midnight gloom;
Behold, his tapers kindle
Like the stars in the quiet room.

O! face to face with trouble,
Friend, I have often stood;
To learn that pain hath sweetness,
To know that God is good.
Arise and meet the daylight;
Be strong and do your best;
With an honest heart, and a childlike
faith
That God will do the rest.

THE PACKAGE OF OLD LETTERS.

"In a little Rosewood Casket, that is resting on the stand,
There's a package of old letters, written by a cherished hand.
Will you go and bring them, sister, and read them all to-night?
I have often tried, but could not, for the tears that dimmed my sight.

Come up nearer to me, sister, let me lean upon your breast;
For the tide of life is ebbing, and I fain would be at rest.
Bring the letters he has written, he whose voice I've often heard;
Read them over, love, distinctly, for I've cherished every word.

Tell him that I watched his coming, when the noon-tide sun was high;
And when at eve the angels, hung their star-lights in the sky.
And when I found he came not, tell him I did not chide;
But I spoke in love about him, and I blessed him when I died.

Tell him that I was supported, not a word of censure spoke;
But his silence, and his absence, this poor heart hath nearly broke.
And when in death's white garments, you have wrapped my form around;
And have lain me down to slumber, in the quiet Church-yard ground.

Place the letters, and the picture, close beside my pulse-less heart;
We for years have been together, and in death we will not part.
I am ready now, my sister, you may read the letters o'er;
While I listen to the words of him I'll never see no more.
And ere you shall have finished, should I calmly fall asleep;
Fall asleep in death to wake not, dearest sister, do not weep."

THE OLD SCHOOL EXHIBITIONS.

O, the old school exhibitions! will they ever come again,
With the good, old-fashioned speaking from the girls and boys so plain?
Will we ever hear old "Iser" with its rapid roll and sweep,
And "Pilot," 'tis a fearful night: there's danger on the deep?"

Sweet Mary doesn't raise her lambs like Mary did of old;
Their fleece is not "as white as snow;" they're wandering from the fold.
The boy upon "the burning deck" is not one-half as fine—
He was not "born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine!"

The girls don't speak in calico, the boys in cotton jeans;
They've changed the old-time dresses 'long with the old-time scenes:
They smile and speak in ancient Greek; in broadcloth and in lace;
And you can't half see the speaker for the collar 'round the face!

O, the old school exhibition! it is gone forever more!
The old schoolhouse is deserted, and the grass has choked the door:
And the wind sweeps 'round the gables, with a low and mournful whine
For the old boys "born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!"
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

"The Sooburbs."

They's a prejudice allus twist Country and Town,
Which I wisht in my hart wasent so,
You take city people, jest square up and down,
And they'r mighty good people to know.
And whare's better people a livin to day,
Than us in the country?—Yit, good
As both of us is, we're divorced, you might say
And won't compromise, like we should.

Now as nigh into town fer yer Pap, ef you please,
Is what's called the Sooburbs,—fer there
You'll at least find the breeze, and the birds in
the trees,

And the hum of the bees ev'ry whare,
They's room fer the children to play and they's room
For the toddlers to roll in the grass—
They's room fer the first apple-blossoms to bloom—
Yes, and room fer the first apple-sass.

My Son-in-law said, when he lived in the town,
He jest natcherly pined, night and day,
Fer a sight of the woods, er a acre of ground
Whare the trees wasent all cleared away.
And he says to me onet, while a visitin' us
On the farm, "Its not strange, I declare,
That we can't coax you folks, without raisin' a fuss,
To come to town visitin' there."

And says I, "Then git back whare you sort of belong,
And Madaline, too, and yer three
Little children, "says I," that don't know a bird
song.

Ner a hawk from a chicy dee-dee,
Git back, "says I," to the blue of the sky
And the green of the fields, and the shine
Of the sun, with a laugh in yer voice and yer eye,
As harty as Mother's and mine.

Well,—long and short of it—he's compromised some,
He's moved in the Sooburbs,—And now
They don't haf to coax, when they want us to come,
Cause we turn in and go anyhow—
For there—well, they's room for the songs and
perfume

Of the grove and the old orchard ground—
And they's room for the children out there, and
they's room

Fer theyr Gran'paw to waller em round.

—James Whitcomb Riley

The Brakeman's Appeal.

In the pleasant summer weather,
Standing on the car-tops high,
He can view the changing landscape,
As he swiftly rushes by.
While he notes the beauteous pictures
Which the lovely landscape makes,
Suddenly across his dreaming,
Comes the quick, shrill cry for brakes.

But when winter's icy fingers
Cover earth with snowy shroud,
And the north-wind like a mad man,
Rushes on with shrieking loud,
Then behold the gallant brakeman,
Spring to heed the engine's call,
Running o'er the icy car-tops,
God protect him should he fall.

Do not scorn to treat him kindly,
He will give you smile for smile,
Tho' he's nothing but a brakeman,
Do not deem him surely vile,
Speak to him in kindly language,
Tho' his clothes are coarse and plain,
For in his breast there surely beats
A heart that feels both joy and pain

He may have a hopeful mother,
He may be her greatest joy;
Perhaps in her house she's praying,
For the safety of her boy.
How he loves that dear, good mother,
Toiling for her day by day,
Always bringing her some present,
Every time he draws his pay.

Daily facing death and danger,
One mistep or slip of hand,
Sends the poor unlucky brakeman
To the dreaded unknown land
When we scan our evening paper,
Note what its filled columns say,
One brief line attracts our notice:
"One more brakeman hurt to-day."

Yours truly,

C. E. MONGER.

THE TWO SINGERS

BY EBEN E. REXFORD

I KNEW two of earth's singers; one longed to
climb and stand
Upon the heights o'erlooking the peaceful
lower land.

"There where great souls have gathered, the
few great souls of earth,
I'll sing my songs," he told us, "and they will
own their worth.

"But if I sang them only to those who love
the plain
They would not understand them, and I would
sing in vain.

O, better far to sing them to earth's great
souls, though few,
Than to sing them to the many who ne'er one
great thought knew."

So he climbed the heights and on them he
sang, and those who heard—

Earth's few great souls—ah, never they gave
one longed-for word,

For the mighty thoughts within them filled
each one's soul and brain,

And few among them listened to the music
his strain.

But the other singer sang to the toilers in the
vale,

The patient, plodding many, who strive, and
win, and fail.

His songs of faith and gladness, of hope and
trust and cheer,

Were sweet with strength and comfort and men
were glad to hear.

Little this valley singer knew of the good he
wrought;

He dreamed not of the courage that from his
songs were caught—

Of the hearts that were made lighter, the hands
that stronger grew,

As they listened to his singing to the many,
not the few.

He who sang upon the mountains was forgotten
long ago.

Not one song of his remembered as the swift
years come and go.

But the dwellers in the valley sing the other's
sweet songs o'er,

And as his grave grows greener they love them
more and more.

This story has a mate in one which
was brought out at a country board-
ing house a day or two since. Among
the boarders was Mrs. Blank, a married
woman, who was quite small in stature.
A six-year-old boy being amused by his
aunt, when he became serious, and
wanted to know what made people
grow.

The aunt: "God makes people grow."
The six-year-old: "Then why didn't
he make Mrs. Blank grow?"

An Italian was turning his peanut-
roaster the other day with slow and
measured hand when an old woman
came to a halt and carefully observed
the operation. After scrutinizing the
roaster from every side, she finally gave
it up and remarked: "No, you don't get
a cent out of me for no such music as
that. Why, I can't catch half of any of
the tunes, and it smells as if something
was burning inside."

WEDDED TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

Rev John A. Savage and Wife of Medfield
Given a Silver Medal and Purse.

MEDFIELD, April 26—The happiest
social event seen in this town for a long
period took place in the First parish
vestry and parlors last evening.

The popular pastor, Rev John Arthur
Savage, and his estimable wife, had
rounded out 25 years of married life,
and upwards of 200 of their parishioners
and friends gathered to do them honor.

The couple received under an arch of
silver bells. The ushers were Mr Bracey
Curtis, Mr George H. Smith, Mr Perley
E. Woolford, Mr John M. Richardson
and Mr George Washburn.

The vestry was arranged to represent
a large drawing room. Prof Joseph A.
Allen, chairman of the parish commit-
tee, presided, and introduced the follow-
ing exercises: Piano duet, Miss Alice M.
Wight and Mr Henry E. Marshall;
reading of a poem written by Miss
Grace Savage, daughter of the pastor
and one of the teachers in the academy
at East Bridgewater. The poem was
finely rendered by Miss Rosa S. Allen.
Miss Allen then read extracts from let-
ters of congratulation received by the
pastor from Calvin Hervey of Belfast,
Me; George L. Cary, president of the
theological seminary, Meadville, Penn;
Dr James T. Bixby of Yonkers, N Y;
Henry D. Welles of Middleboro, N Y;
and Rev D. W. Morehouse of New
York.

A vocal trio by Messrs Bracey Curtis,
Henry E. Marshall and John M. Rich-
ardson proved very pleasing. The words
were written by Prof Allen, and were
adapted to the occasion. Next in order
was "Ye Chronicle of Ye First Parish,"
read by the author, Miss Emma F.
Rhodes. The paper was interesting
throughout. Mr Wm. F. Guild, being
called upon, spoke for the Sunday
school, and Mr Amos H. Mason for
Hayward Guild. Miss Elizabeth S. Sev-
all, president of the Ladies' social circle,
stated that that organization would in
the future, as in the past, be the back-
bone of the parish. Rev Robert Savage
of Walpole, brother of the pastor, gave
remembrances and extended congratula-
tions.

Willard Harwood was the last speak-
er. He briefly outlined the wedded life
of the pastor and his wife, spoke of the
wedding in Wells, N Y, 25 years ago.
The pastorates in the Methodist
churches at Stamford, Vt, Middleboro
and East Albany, N Y, were touched
upon. Then came a change of faith, and
the pastor adopted Unitarianism, a
course which he has never regretted. Mr
Harwood then extended to all a hearty
welcome.

Then, turning to the couple, he pre-
sented, on behalf of the parish commit-
tee, a beautiful silver medal. Upon one
side was the monogram of the couple
and this inscription: "John A. Savage—
Emma Morrison. United in marriage at
Wells, N Y, April 25, 1869. The 25th an-
niversary observed at Medfield, Mass.,
April 25, 1894." Upon the other side ap-
peared a fine engraving of the church
and parsonage, and these words: "First
meeting house in Medfield, 1653. Present
house built 1789. Modernized 1839. Re-
modeled 1874."

Mr Harwood then presented, on behalf
of a host of friends, a purse containing
\$165 in gold.

The couple were overwhelmed with
surprise, and the pastor found it difficult
to respond. The old ballad, "You Re-
member It, Don't You?" was finely ren-
dered by Mrs George Washburn. Then
came refreshments and a social hour,
and it was after midnight when the
guests had all departed. Among them
were noted Nathaniel T. Allen, James T.
Allen, West Newton; Mrs Abbie Davis,
Northboro, Mrs Clara Parsons, Belfast,
Me; Rev and Mrs Robert Savage, Wal-
pole.

A young lady, evidently impressed with the idea that she knows all about it, says: "If a fellow is desperately in love with a girl and is persistent in his efforts to win her, he is sure to gain his suit. Widowers understand this point, and know exactly how to make love and propose, and you will observe they are always successful."

Brother Gardner on Matrimony.

"I should like to spoke a few remarks to Brudder Side Bar Skinner," observed the President, as the dust began to settle in Paradise Hall.

Brother Skinner, who is a man of 23, with a mild eye and a lilac necktie, advanced to the front and the President continued:

"Brudder Skinner, de news has reached my ears dat you am about to be mar'd. I trus' dat de report am true, bekase I believe it am de dooty of ebery young man who kin support a wife to take one."

"It am true, sah."

"Den let me compliment you wid one hand an' spoke a few remarks to you wid de odder. Gittin' mar'd has its werry serious side. Fur instance, am de gal gwine to mar'y you bekase she loves you, or to spite her folks bekase dey kept her away from de skatin' rink? Am you gwine to mar'y de gal fur love, or bekase her father has some wealth which you hope he'll shell out fur your benefit?"

"Love am a powerful emoshun, Brudder Skinner, but love widout pork and 'taters to keep it goin' am like de froth on top of soda water."

"Don't mistake your sentiment. If you am sartin dat you love, go ahead. If it am only lollypop, hire out as a deck hand on a steamboat fur a week an' it will all go away. I hev known couples ez seemed to be dyin' of love. Deir silly ackshuns made 'em de laffin'stock of a hull nayburhood. Dey seemed to dote and dote, but it didn't last. After a couple of y'ars de husband war a home grumbler an' tyrant, an' de wife a gadabout an a scold. What dey s'posed was love war' only lollypop."

"Doan' marry a gal hopin' dat her father will set you up in de barber bizness. Most fadder-in-laws not only want all dey hez got, but am willin' to struggle fur another \$20,000."

"Doan' sot down an' figger dat fo' taters, a loaf of bread, half a pound of meat an' a quart of applesass am goin' to run you fur a week. You will want all de salary you kin ai'n, an' you had better look aroun' an' find somebody who will lend you a dollar now an' then."

"Doan' flatter yerselves dot all you hev got to do am to hug in de house an' kiss ober de gate. You'll be hungry fur co'n beef an' baked beans; your cloze will war

out; your flour an' butter will waste away, an' a bill fur two month's rent will send a chill up yer back. De man or woman who specks dat mar'd life am a green an' shady lane, lined wid orange blossoms on one side an' ten dollar bills on de odder, am gwine to wake up some day an' find de rats leavin' de place in disgust."

"Think of dese thing, Brudder Skinner. You kin get a wife in about five minutes, but it takes five y'ars to git rid of some of 'em. Expeck about one day's sunshine for a week of cloudy weather. Reckon on house rent comin' due de first of ebery month, an' de grocer an' butcher keepin' an eye out fur you each Saturday night. It will amaze you how de woodpile decedes an' how de flour gits outen de bar'l so soon. Doan' walk into matrimony like a lobster into a box, but figure on whether de bait am wuth de risks. If you conclude to mar'y you kin depend on dis club attendin' de obsequies in a body, bringin' along a bounteous supply of ham sandwiches. If you decide not to, it am probable dat you will soon be promoted to some posishun of trust an' responsibility."

THE LABOR SONG.

BY MARY BRAINARD.

In dark, damp soil, away from sight,
The sower cast the seed,

To waiving wind and frowning sky
He gave but little heed;

He sang this song,—

"The time is long,
But God the life will give,

The light comes down,

The rain comes down,

And they that trust shall live."

Fair Plenty spread her golden robe
Upon the smiling plain,

And men from off the harvest-field
Did reap the ripened grain;

They sang this song,—

"The time is long,
But God the life will give,

The light comes down,

The rain comes down,

And they that trust shall live."

All honest toil hath its reward,
And labor bringeth rest;

God holds the times in his own hand,
He knoweth what is best.

Then sing this song,—

"The time is long,
But God reward will give;

The Light comes down,

The Truth comes down,

And they that love shall live."

"Talk about bein' careful about wearin' out the seat o' my trousers," said the boy to his mother; "you don't seem to think o' that when your old slipper's agoin' it."

Uncle Bill's Story.

Here is what he said: When I was a drunkard, I could never get my barn more than half full. The first year after I signed the pledge I filled my barn; the second year I filled my barn and had two stacks; this year I filled my barn and have four stacks. When I was a drunkard, I owned only one poor old cow, and I think she must have been ashamed of me for she was red in her face; now I own five good cows, and three as good horses as ever looked through a collar. When I was a drunkard, I went from place to place on foot; now I can ride in a carriage of my own. When I was a drunkard, I was \$300 in debt; since I have signed the pledge, I have paid the debt, and have purchased 200 acres of wild land, and I have the deed in my possession; two of my sons, who are teetotalers, are living on that lot. When I was a drunkard, I used to swear; I have ceased to be profane. The last year of my drunkenness, my doctor's bill amounted to \$30; since I signed the pledge, I have not been called upon to expend a cent for medicine.—*Christian Messenger.*

The He or She of It.

HIS VIEW.

There's a glory of the sunlight, and another of the moon,
There's the beauty of the morning, and the richness of the noon;
There's a joy and satisfaction in all the earth contains,
But contentment dwells in woman, it she can but hold the reins.

HER VIEW.

The earth is full of glory, and the world is passing fair;
December days are pleasant, and June days rich and rare;
Life seems like some gay picture, o'er which the sunbeams flash,
If a man's wife never asks him to "let her have some cash."

At the marriage of an Alabama widower one of the servants was asked if his master would take a bridal tour. "Dunno, sah; when old missus's alive he took a paddle to her; dunno if he takes a bridle to de new one or not."

Make a Beginning.

Remember in all things that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first seed in the ground, the first dollar put in the savings-bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey are all important things; they make a beginning, and hold out a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping and crawling on his way through the world who might have held up his head and prospered if, instead of putting off his resolution of industry and amendment, he had only made a beginning.

You will observe this: Satan never offers to go into partnership with a bizzzy man, but you will often see him offer to jine the lazy, and furnish all the capital beside.
—Josh Billings.

"Papa's Home To-night" is the title of the latest song. Late hours fetch them all, sooner or later.—*Boston Globe.*
The original Mary's little "lamb" was given to her by her angry mother—and Mary wept.—*Wilmington Star.*

When uncle came to dinner he always said grace before meat, and the little truthseeker of five years asked, "Papa, why don't you go to sleep and talk before you eat, same as uncle does?"

The Lost Babies.

Come, my wife, put down the Bible,
Lay your glasses on the book,
Both of us are bent and aged—
Backward, mother, let us look.
This is still the same old homestead
Where I brought you long ago;
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now the winter's snow.
Let us talk about the babies
As we sit here all alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them one by one.

Jack, the first of all the party,
Came to us one winter's night,
Jack, you said, should be a parson,
Long before he saw the light.
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled, the transept and the nave,
Hear the organ grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hangings wave;
See the priest in robes of office,
With the altar at his back—
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our own little Jack?

Then a girl with curly tresses
Used to climb upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess
Ruling at the age of three.
With the years there came a wedding,
How your fond heart swelled with pride,
When the lord of all the country
Chose your baby for his bride!
Watch that stately carriage coming,
And the form reclining there—
Would you think that brilliant lady
Could be your own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue-eyed youngster—
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a strong and sturdy fellow,
With his broad and honest brow.
How he used to love his mother!
Ah! I see your trembling lip;
He is far off on the water,
Captain of a loyal ship.
See the bronze upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That the boy who clung so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand?

Ah! my wife, we've lost the babies,
Ours so long and ours alone;
What are we to these great people,
Stately men and women grown?
Seldom do we even see them;
See, a bitter tear-drop starts!
And we sit here in the fire-light,
Lonely hearth and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us;
They'll stop long enough one day—
Just to lay us in the churchyard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

—[Harper's Weekly.

IT IS ALWAYS BEST TO TELL THE TRUTH.

Lost your situation? How did it happen,
my boy?"

"Well, mother, you'll say it was all my own
carelessness, I suppose. I was dusting the
shelves in the store, and was trying to hurry
up matters, and sent a lot of fruit jars smashing
to the floor. Mr. Barton scolded, and said he
wouldn't stand my blundering ways any longer,
so I packed up and left."

His mother looked troubled.

"Don't mind, mother, I can get another

situation soon, I know. But what shall I say
if they ask me why I left the last one?"

"Tell the truth, James, of course; you
wouldn't think of anything else!"

"No, I only thought I'd keep it to myself;
I'm afraid it may stand in my way."

"It never stands in one's way to do right,
James, even though it may seem to sometimes."

He found it harder than he had expected to
get a new situation. He walked around and
inquired, and he felt almost discouraged, until
one day something real seemed to be waiting
for him. A young looking man, in a clean
bright store, newly started, was in want of an
assistant. Things looked very attractive, so
neat and dainty, that James, fearing that a boy
who had a record for carelessness might not be
wanted there, felt sorely tempted to conceal the
truth. It was a long distance from the place
from which he had been dismissed, and the
chances were slight of a new employer hearing
the truth. But he thought better of it, and
told frankly exactly the circumstances which
had led to his seeking the situation.

"I must say I have a preference for having
neat handed, careful people about me," said
the man, good humoredly; "but I have heard
that those who know their faults and are hon-
est enough to own them, are likely to mend
them. Perhaps the very luck you have had
may help you to learn to be more careful."

"Indeed, sir, I will try very hard," said
James earnestly.

"Well, I always think well of a boy who
tells the truth, even though it may seem to go
against him—Good morning, uncle; come in,
sir."

He spoke to an elderly man who was enter-
ing the door, and James, turning, found him-
self face to face with his late employer.

"Oh, ho!" he said, looking at the boy, "Are
you hiring that chap, Fred?"

"I haven't yet, sir."

"Well, I guess you might try him, if you
only," he added laughing, "keep him from
spilling all the wet goods and smashing all the
dry ones; you'll find him reliable in every-
thing else. If you find you don't like him,
I'll be willing to give him another trial
myself."

"If you think that well of him," said the
younger man, "I think I shall keep him my-
self."

"Oh, mother," said James, going home after
having made an agreement with his new em-
ployer, after such a recommendation from his
old one, "you are right, as you always are. It
was telling the truth that got it for me. What
if Mr. Barton had come in there just after I
had been telling something that wasn't
exactly so?"

"Truth is always best," said his mother,
"truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the
truth."—*Catholic Child's Sunday Companion.*

NEAR THE DAWNING.

When life's troubles gather darkly
Round the way we follow here;
When no hope the sad heart lightens,
No voice speaks a word of cheer;
Then the thought the shadows scatter,
Giving us a cheering ray—
When the night appears the darkest,
Morning is not far away.

When adversity surrounds us,
And our sunshine friends pass by,
And the dreams so fondly cherished
With our scattered treasures lie;
Then amid such gloomy seasons
This sweet thought can yet be drawn:
When the darkest hour is present
It is always near the dawn.

When the spirit fluttering lingers
On the confines of this life,
Parting from all joyful memories,
And from every scene of strife,
Though the scene is sad and gloomy,
And the body shrinks in fear,
These dark hours will soon be vanished,
And the glorious morn be here.

Pain cannot affect us always,
Brighter days will soon be here,
Sorrow may oppress us often,
Yet a happier time is near;
All along our earthly journey
This reflection lights our way;
Nature's darkest hour is always
Just before the break of day.

THE NEW BABY.

Muzzer's bought a baby,
Little bits of zing;
Zink I mos could put him
Froo my rubber ring.
Ain't he awful ugly?
Ain't he awful pink?
Just come down from heaven—
Dat's a fib, I zink.
Doctor told anuzzer!
Great big awful lie;
Nose ain't out of joyent,
Dat ain't why I cry.
Zink I ought to love him!
No, I wont—so zere!
Nassy, crying baby,
Ain't got any hair.
Send me off wiz Biddy
Every single day;
"Be a good boy, Charlie,
Run away and play."
Dot all my nice kisses,
Dot my place in bed;
Mean to take my drumstick
And hit him on ze head.

When the days are long and lonely,
Summer days most sweet and fair,
When we gather in the gloaming
"Round our darling's vacant chair,
Say we softly to each other,
"Fairer scenes than we can know,
Sweeter airs and softer voices,
Made our darling glad to go."
Shines her happy face upon us,
Still a smile is lingering,
So in patient trust we tarry
For the coming of the king.

Mrs. Heman Brown.

On Sunday morning last occurred the
death of the widow of the late Heman
Brown at the home of her son, Tru-
man D. Brown, after an illness of only a
few days. Deceased was 85 years of
age and a life long resident of this place.
She was loved and respected by all her
acquaintances. She was a member of
the Baptist church of this place and al-
though for some time she had not been
able to be present at the services her
prayers were always for those who
needed them. Mrs. Brown was the
mother of a large family of children,
five of whom survive her. Two sons,
Truman D. of this place, and LeRoy of
Queenston, and three daughters, Hen-
rietta, wife of D. H. Abrams of New-
ton Corners, Maria, wife of Edward
Kennedy of Buffalo and Mrs. Almedia,
Bargess, who makes her home
with her brother Truman, at the
homestead. The funeral was held at the
Baptist church Wednesday morning at
10:30, where the Rev. Marvin delivered
an eloquent and touching tribute to the
departed one. Interment was made at
the cemetery here.

There is no flock, however watched and
tended,

But one dead lamb is there!

There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair!

Joel B. Morrison.

The people of this community were
deeply grieved upon hearing of the death
of Mr. Joel B. Morrison which occurred
about midnight on Friday last. Mr.
Morrison was 61 years of age and had
been in failing health for some time
past but was not confined to his bed un-
til within the past two weeks. He was
a man of broad intellect and liberal ed-
ucation and he had a large circle of
friends who will deeply mourn his loss.
His disposition was kindly and indul-
gent and he was ever ready to lend a
helping hand to the needy. He was a
man who always took an active interest
in the affairs of the town and at the time
of his death was a Justice of the Peace
and also of sessions. At one time he
was nominated for the office of County
Judge but declined the nomination.
He was a school teacher for many years
but for several years he has been pro-
prietor of the *Adirondack Herald*, the
official Republican organ of the county.
He was a prominent member of the
Baptist church of this place and, during
the absence of a pastor he had many
times occupied the pulpit. In early life
he married Miss Mary Neiley, a daugh-
ter of a former pastor here. She hav-
ing died he later married Miss Hattie
Bass of Hope Falls, who survives him.
He is also survived by a son, S. W.
Morrison, who resides here and three
daughters: Miss Plumia, who resides at
his home, Ida, wife of Henry Earls, of
Corinth, and Myra, wife of Edward
Jones of Wisconsin. Also two brothers,
George, of Broadalbin, and Perry, who
lives here and three sisters, Adelia,
wife Thomas Blair of Huntington, Can-
ada, Emily, wife of the Rev. Mr. Sav-
age, who now lives near Boston, Mass.,
and Charlotte, wife of Ira Hosley of
Norwood, N. Y. The funeral was held
from his late residence Tuesday after-
noon and was largely attended, among
others about 35 members of Fish House
lodge No. 298 of Northville, of which
deceased was a member, being present.
The Rev. Mr. Hutchinson of Utica of-
ficiated assisted by Rev. Mr. Marvin.
Interment at the cemetery here, the
beautiful Masonic ceremonies being
conducted at the grave.

A CHANGELING.

I had a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover?
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or, perhaps those heavenly Zingali
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage door
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled;
When I awake in the morning I see it
Where she used always to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bless it (to sleep) on my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle,
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

Total Annihilation.

Oh, he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
And his years they numbered nine;
Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
Munching an apple red,
While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
And "Give us a bite!" they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile;
"No free bites here!" he cried,
Then the boys they sadly walked away,
Save one who stood at his side.

"Bill, give us the core," he whispered low
That bootblack smiled once more,
And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
"There ain't goin' to be no core!"

—Mary D. Brine, *Harper's*

As the Wind Blows.

The wind blows north, the wind blows south,
The wind blows east and west;
No matter how the free wind blow,
Some ship will find it best;
Some one out on the wide, wide sea
Shouts with a happy air,
Ho! shipmates, ho! set all the sails,
The wind is blowing fair!

One ship sails out into the east,
Another to the west;
One has to struggle fierce and hard,
By winds and waves oppressed,
Under bare masts, tossed to and fro,
By rain and salt spray wet;
The other flies before the gale—
With all her white sails set.

"Oh, wind, Oh, wind, why dost thou blow,
And out to ocean roar,
When I would steer my little bark
Toward some pleasant shore?
What honor will it be to thee
If down beneath the wave
My simple craft and I shall find
A cold, forgotten grave?"

"Oh, foolish one, why wilt thou steer
Against the mighty gale?
There are ten thousand ships afloat
Besides thy tiny sail.
If thou would float o'er pleasant seas,
Oppose my will no more;
When I blow shoreward, then do thou
Sail also to the shore."

"Yet if thy will with mine must strive,
Do thou the best thou can;
Against my might set all thy skill,
And fight me like a man.
Keep by the wheel, steer steadily,
Keep watch above, below;
Such hearts will make the ports they seek
No matter what winds blow."

—Harper's Week'y.

Did you ever have a period in your life
when you felt as if no one wanted you? I
had that experience for about two days,
and it nearly broke my heart. I wanted to
die. It was a terrible thought that no one
one wanted me. I was a stranger in a
strange city looking for work. I went from
place to place, and got only a gruff answer:
"No, sir;" "No, sir." No one wanted me.
It seems as if the Son of God must have had
something of that feeling down here; no one
wanted him. The world did not want him;
it took him and put him to death. If he
should come into this audience, and go from
seat to seat, would you say "No, Jesus, I
do not want you; go thy way this time;" or
would you open your heart and let him in?
In one place it speaks of his locks wet with
the dews of the night. Oh, may God help
every unsaved soul here to receive the Son
of God. He has gone up on high to make
room there for us. We are told in one place
that he looked toward heaven and sighed.
He saw sickness and disease and death all
around him, and no one wanted him, so
he looked toward home. I can image he
was home-sick. There he was loved by all.
Oh, sinner, won't you have this rejected
King? Won't you do as Martha and Mary
did—receive him into your heart and home
this very hour?—Moody.

"Oh, dear!" blubbered an urchin, who had just
had an application of the birch; "oh, my! they tell me
forty rods make a furlong, but I've just found out
that one rod makes an acher (acre)."

LIFE LILIES—AN ALLEGORY.

I wandered down life's garden,
In the flush of a golden day,
The flowers and thorns grew thickly
In the spot where I chanced to stray.

I went to choose me a flower
For life, for weal or for woe;
On, on I went, till I strayed me
By the spot where the lilies grow.

"Yes, I will carry a lily,"
I said in my manhood's pride,
"A bloodless, thornless lily
Shall be my flower!" I cried.

I stretched my hands out quickly
To where the pale blossoms grew.
Was it the air that shivered?
Was it a wind that blew?

Was it my hands that scorched them?
As I touched the blossoms fair
They broke and scattered their petals
On the sunny noontide air.

Then I saw a great, bright angel
With opal-colored wings,
Where the light flashed in the feathers
In golden glimmerings.

He said, "Thou hast sinned and suffered;
Lilies are not for thee,
They are all for the little children,
Emblems of purity."

"Shall I never carry a lily?
Never?" I bitterly cried.
With his great eyes full of pity,
The heavenly one replied:

"When the heat of the day is over;
When the goal is won," he said.
"Ah, then I lay God's lilies
In the hands of the stainless dead!"

—All the Year Round.

Put his Foot in It—Quite Ill—Somnambulist Fits—Too Small—Reasonable Pension Claims, Etc.

THE WISH-BONE.

They say that boys are horrid things,
And don't know how to act;
They're nothing, though, to grown-up girls;
I tell you, it's a fact.
I saw myself the whole affair,
And watched the fun begin;
Twas Sue that laid the spiteful plot
To take Amelia in.

At dinner time 'Melia twittered Sue
About a bean she'd lost;
And though Sue kept a smiling face,
I saw how much it cost.
I saw that something had to come;
Boys like an honest fight;
But girls will smile and kiss, and then
Do something mean for spite.

"Just put the wish-bone, dear," said Sue,
"Above the parlor door;
Your husband he the first will be
Who steps the threshold o'er;"
She helped Amelia mount the chair
(I watched it with a grin),
Then beckoned with her finger-tips
And called the waiter in.

FRESH AIR BOY—Mister, do you have to buy chewing gum for those
COWS?

Childish Kindness.—A lover's private gymnastics: How beautiful is the exhibition of humanity in the young. A little boy found a poor half-frozen wasp in the garret and placed it upon a chair before the parlor fire to thaw out. Surely the angels must have looked down approvingly on such an act of kindness. When sister Mary's beau called that evening he glanced at the chair, and seating himself in it murmured: "Ah, bless her heart, how thoughtful she is of my comfort!" Two minutes later there was as much noise and racket in that parlor as if it had been turned into a den of demons. The wasp had thawed out; that is why Mary isn't married yet.

Jones, who is engaged in the real estate business, was riding along one day, when he saw this sign: "This farm for sale." Seeing a woman pick up an apron full of chips at the wood-pile, he politely asked her when the farm was to sell.

"Just as soon as the man comes along who can raise the wind."

"Does Charley wear a corset, Mary?" asked a fond mother of her daughter. "Why, no, I guess not," was the response. "I thought he did," said the mother. "Thought so! What in the world made you think so, mother?" asked the bewildered girl. "Because he's such a good stayer," was the response. —Pretzel's Weekly.



THE NEW WAY.



THE OLD WAY.

Going home from church, she remarked to her husband: "Did you notice that bald-headed man in front of us, and how young he looked? I never saw any one so young before with a bald head." Then he shut her up by replying: "My dear, I was bald-headed before I was a year old." —[Syracuse Sunday Times.

"So you are married at last, Charlie. I hear that your wife is a very energetic woman and keeps things stirred up. Of course you married her for love?" "No," said the husband, bracing up, "I married her to cure my dyspepsia."

"Ma," said a thoughtful boy, "I don't think that Solomon was so rich as they say he was." "Why, my dear?" "Because the Bible says he slept with his fathers, and if he had been so rich he would have had a bed of his own." —London Society.

"Oh, papa, dear, I wish you'd come home. I'm really afraid mamma has taken a drop too much." "Gracious heavens, child, what do you mean?" "That new homœopathic medicine, you know. I'm afraid I've given her seven drops instead of six." —Punch.

"Sonny, is your mother at home?" asked the minister, addressing the little boy who was standing at the door. "Yes, she's at home," was the reply, "but I guess she doesn't want to see you. I heard her just tell pa that she hated fools, and that she never saw a man yet who wasn't a fool."

"YER don't call them good sheep, dew you?" said a man in a fur cap and tattered ulster, as he viewed a lot of "sniffers" going out of the yards this morning. "Why, down in York State, where I come from, they give such to the dogs when they don't think much of the dogs." —Chicago Journal.

"I pride myself on my descent," said a spinster of uncertain age, recently. "One of my ancestors came over with the Conqueror." "Which one was it," cried a cruel wit, "your father or your mother?"

But She Believed She Would Die of Mortification if Taken for a Bride.

"Now remember, Charley, we are to do nothing bridal," said a somewhat elderly bride to her husband, as they boarded the train. "I should die of mortification if I should be taken for a bride. Te, he!" "All right," said Charley. "I'll be careful."

Later on Charley wanted to smoke, and he entered the smoking car for that purpose.

In the seat immediately back of the couple sat an inquisitive old lady.

"Going far?" she inquired, tickling the bride's ear with her breath.

"To Montreal. Te, he!" simpered the bride.

"Travelin' for pleasure?"

"Yes, ma'am. Te, he!"

"Is that man, who has gone to smoke, your husband?"

"Yes. Te, he!"

"Leave the children to home?"

"What's that?" demanded the bride. "Didn't you bring the children?" "We have no children, ma'am." "No children?" repeated the old lady, compassionately. "Pr'aps they are dead?" "Er—we've never had—er—any children," the bride answered, beginning to get a little mad.

"Never had no children? I've had seven, an' they're all growed up an' married. Children is a great comfort when they're well brought up. But some people is unfortunate 'bout havin' children. There's my sister Jane Ann, for instance, she's been married as long as you or me, an' she ain't never had no children, an'—"

Just here the husband returned from the smoking car, and, as he took his seat, the bride laid her head convulsively on his shoulder and whispered:

"It 'gess it's no use, Charlie; I'm sure everybody will take us for a bridal couple, no matter what we do." And during the rest of their wedding journey the bride took precious care that everybody did.

THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.

I passed by the gate of the palace,

Oh! stout are its walls, and wide;

At his post was standing a soldier,

Like a forest oak in its pride.

He was young, he was tall and handsome.

I thought, "Were but I in his stead!"

I spoke—and four words he answered:

"I am on guard," he said.

The air was scented with blossoms,

The skies were blue above;

I said to the stalwart soldier:

"Friend, 'tis the time of love.

You are twenty—to what fair maiden,

Say, is your hot heart sped?"

Only four words he answered:

"I am on guard," he said.

In the river beside the palace

A boy was drowning. A wave

Had closed upon him. "Ho! soldier!"

The crowd cried, "Help us to save!"

Never a step took the sentry—

(The boy has sunk—he is dead.)

Only four words he murmured:

"I am on guard," he said.

An old man passed by the palace—

The soldier's father. The rout

Jeered at the debtor whom tyrants

Should scar i' the back with the knout.

He looked to the stalwart soldier,

"Save me, my son!" he plead.

Four words the sentry answered:

"I am on guard," he said.

Then I turned from the stalwart soldier,

And hid my face in my hand,

For I thought of a dreary proverb

Of a dark and distant land;

I remembered a Georgian proverb

With many a sigh and groan;

And I knew 'twas a truth most bitter:

"A soldier's heart must be stone."

—Ella Heath, in the Continent.

"Give me the baby to hold, my dear," is the name of a new song. You won't hear many married men singing it.

The Bad Boy.

"Say, what is this I hear about your pa and the new minister quarreling?" said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he showed up at his usual hour.

"Well, it was partly true, but it was all a joke," said the bad boy, as he looked out the door to see if his parent was in the vicinity. "You see, it was a new minister that came here to exchange works with our preacher. You know when they exchange works it is as good as a vacation; 'cause both ministers can preach an old sermon that has been laying around and got moth-eaten. The next day after the visiting preacher preached he came to our house to stay a day or two, at ma's invitation. Pa hasn't been feeling very well lately, and ma said he wanted some excitement, and I thought of an old story I read once about some students at a theological seminary making two professors believe that each other was deaf and how they talked loud to each other, and I thought if such a joke was all right in a college where they turned out young preachers, it would do at our house, so I told ma she better tell pa to talk loud enough, or the preacher couldn't hear him. You see I didn't lie, but ma went and told pa the minister was deaf as a post and he would have to yell bloody murder to make him hear. I don't think it was right for ma to say that, 'cause I didn't tell her the minister was deaf, but pa said he hadn't spoken at ward caucuses for nothing, and he would make the preacher hear or talk the top of his head off. I brought the minister's satchel over from the house where he had been stopping, and he came along with me, and I asked him how his voice was, and he said it was all right, and I told him he would have use for it if he talked with pa much. He asked me if pa was deaf, but I wouldn't lie, and all I said was if the minister would yell as loud as he did when he got excited in preaching, pa would hear the most of what he said. Oh, he said he guessed he wouldn't have any trouble making pa hear. Well, I ushered him in the parlor, and they shook hands and I skipped up stairs, just as pa swelled out his chest and took a

long breath and shouted 'Glad to see you?' Well, you'd a dide. It seemed as though his voice would knock the new minister's ear off, but the minister braced himself, inflated his lungs, and shouted, 'The happiness is mutual, I assure you,' and then they both coughed, 'cause I guess it strained their lungs some. Ma was leaning over the banisters, and when pa would roar at the minister, ma would laugh, and when the minister would roar back at pa, I would laugh. Pa seemed to think the minister talked loud, and the minister thought the same, and they was a having it pretty loud, you bet. They talked about religin, and politics, and everything, and pa mopped his bald head with his handkerchief, and the minister got red in the face; and finally pa told the minister he need not yell loud enough to loosen the shingles, as he wasn't deaf, and the minister said he wasn't deaf, and

pa needn't yell like a maniac, and then pa, said he was another, and the minister said pa was a worldly minded son of Belial, and then ma she see it was time to stop it, and she went down stairs on a hop, skip and jump, and told them both that there was a mistake, and that nobody was deaf, and then the minister said he understood from pa's little boy that his pa was hard of hearing, and pa sent for me, but I was scarce. Don't you think a boy shows good sense, sometimes, in not being very plenty around when they yearn for him? Sometimes I am numerous, and then again I am about as few as any of the boys. Well, there was no harm done, but pa and the minister have their opinion of each other."—*Peck's Sun*

A Squatter Family.

A traveler on horse back, attracted by a large number of children huddled around the door of an Arkansaw cabin, stopped and asked of a woman who suddenly appeared:

"Is this a school house?"

"Did you take it for sich?"

"Yes, considering the number of children."

"Well, I reckon you've a right to your opinion."

"But is it a school?"

"No, it ain't."

"Are all those children yours?"

"I reckon they are."

"How do you make a living for all of them?"

"I don't. I turns 'em out an' lets 'em scratch."

"What do they get to eat?"

"Bugs an' sich."

"Come, my good woman, you are trying to joke me. I am a stranger in this country and I really asked for information. I have often heard of squatters. Do you belong to that family?"

"I reckon I do, fur I squat sometimes and comb my har when the chillen air asleep."

"Where's your husband?"

"In town."

"In business there?"

"Yes, I reckon."

"How long has it been since you saw him?"

"About a year."

"Why doesn't he come to see you?"

"Well you see, them deputy martins came along one day an' seed him bilin' some corn in a kittle, an' 'lowed he was makin' whisky, so they tuck him along. Look out thar!"

The stranger dodged, but not quite soon enough. A boy fell from a tree under which the stranger had stopped and struck him on the shoulder.

"Didn't know he was there," said the traveler, regarding with astonishment the youngster, who rose to his feet and began to throw dust at the horse.

"I don't reckon you did," the woman replied, "but lemme me tell you; the woods is full of 'em, an' they're liable to drop on you any minit, an' as it ain't safe to stay in the timber, you'd better take the big road an' mosey. Good day. You lke, put that lizzard down. Eph, that ar' tarripin'll bite you if you put your finger in his mouth. Drap that scorpion, John. Nick, don't claw that vine, fur it'll pizen ye."—*Arkansas*

Looking for His Baby.

The Rev. George Washington Nolley, who died recently at Ashland, Va., aged eighty years, had performed fifty-eight years' active service in the Methodist ministry. He it was who led a charge of the Confederate troops in the battle of Brook church, near Richmond. In the midst of the fight, as the story is told in "Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia," a voice was heard shouting, "Where's my boy? I'm looking for my boy!" Soon the owner of the voice appeared—tall, slim, aged, with silver-gray hair, dressed in a full suit of broadcloth. A tall silk hat and a clerical collar and cravat completed his attire. His voice, familiar to the people of Virginia, was deep and powerful. As he continued to shout the men replied: "Go back, old gentleman; you'll get hurt here; go back, go back!" "No, no," said he; "I can go anywhere my boy has to go, and the Lord is here. I want to see my boy, and I will see him." Then the order "Forward!" was given, and the men made once more for the enemy. The gentleman, his beaver in one hand, a big stick in the other, his long hair flying, shouting, "Come on, boys!" disappeared in the depths of the woods, well in front.



First M. E. Church, Johnstown.

A Painful State of Doubt.—A tramp sat upon a doorstep in New York, tenderly holding his head in his hands, when Eli Perkins came along.

"What is the matter with you, man?" asked Eli.

"I'm in doubt, sir—I'm in a state of doubt."

"In doubt? What about?"

"Well, sir, I went into that alley gate up there to get something to eat. I might have known something would have happened, for there was a dead book-agent lying in the flower-bed, and a liniment man with the side of his head all caved in, leaning up against the peach tree."

"Well?"

"You see I always was venturesome, so I very politely stepped up, and taking off my hat, asked a woman standing there if she would be kind enough to give me a berry pie and some breast of chicken?"

"Well, what happened then?"

"Now, Mr. Perkins, that's what I am in doubt about. I'm thinking it over now. I don't seem to make out whether I got the pie, or the back porch fell down on me, or, perhaps, I fell asleep under a pile driver. I don't know anything about it, but, to give myself the benefit of the doubt, I believe I'd sooner work half an hour than go into that yard again—I would."

We have no dearer word for our friend,
For him who journeys to the world's far end
And scars our soul with going; thus we say
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
Good-bye!

We say it for an hour or for years;
We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
Good-bye!

Alike to those we love and those we hate,
We say no more in parting. At life's gate,
To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,
We cry as to the wanderer for a night—
Good-bye!

—Grace Denio Litchfield, in the Century.

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Good-bye.
—Grace Denio Litchfield, in the Century.

For him who journeys to the world's far end
And scars our soul with going; thus we say
As unto him who steps but o'er the way—
Good-bye.

We say it's milking, say it choked with tears;
We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;
And yet we have no other word than this—
Good-bye.

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TWENTY

TWO YEARS AFTER
THE
RATIFICATION OF A
TREATY OF PEACE
BETWEEN

56809



THE
CONFEDERATE STATES' AMERICA

Will pay **TWENTY DOLLARS** to the bearer
on demand *Richmond, February 1st 1864.*
Edw. M. Davis
for Register
Wm. H. Rouse
for Treasurer

THE CONFEDERATE
STATES
OF AMERICA



The Bad Boy.

"Say, mister," said the bad boy to the grocery man, as he came in burying his face in a California pear, "it is mighty kind of you to give away such nice pears as this, but I don't see how you can afford it. I have seen more than twenty people stop and read your sign out there, take a pear and go off chewing it."

"What's that," said the grocery man, turning pale and starting for the door, where he found a woodsawyer taking a pear. "Get away from there," and he drove the woodsawyer away and came in with a sign in his hand, on which was printed, "Take one." "I painted that sign and put it on a pile of chromos of a new clothes wringer, for people to take one, and b. gum, the wind has blown that sign over on to the pears, and I suppose every blamed fool that has passed this morning has taken a pear, and there goes the profits on the whole day's business. Say, you didn't change that sign, did you?" and the grocery man looked at the bad boy with a glance that was full of lurking suspicion.

"No, sir-ree," said the boy as he wiped the pear juice off his face on a piece of tea paper, "I have quit all kinds of foolishness, and wouldn't play a joke on a graven image. But I went to the Sullivan boxing match all the same though," and the boy put up his hands like a prize-fighter and backed the grocery man up against a molasses barrel, and made him beg.—*Peck's Sun.*

A LEAP-YEAR VICTIM.

"Now, Charley, my darling, I pray th
Just give me a moment of bliss;
I'm going, look kindly upon me,
And give me a dear, parting kiss."

"Don't do it, you'll rumple my collar,
You'll muss up my hair and mustache—
I'll tell my mamma—yes, I'll holler;
You horrid girl, don't be so rash."
—*Oil City Derrick.*

PLUCK AND PRAYER.

There wa'n't any use o' fretting,
An' I told Obadiah so,
For ef we couldn't hold on to things,
We'd jest got to let 'em go.
There were lots of folks that 'd suffer
Along with the rest of us,
An' it didn't seem to be wurth our while
To make such a drestle fuss.

To be sure, the barn was 'most empty,
An' corn an' pertaters sca'ce,
An' not much of anything plenty an' cheap
But water—an' apple-sass.
But then—as I told Obadiah—
It wa'n't any use to groan,
For flesh an' blood couldn't stan' it; an' he
Was nothing but skin an' bone.

But, laws! ef you'd only heerd him,
At any hour of the night,
A-prayin' out in that closet there,
'Twould have set you crazy quite.
I patched the knees of those trousers
With cloth that was noways thin,
But it seemed as ef the pieces wore out
As fast as I set 'em in.

To me he said mighty little
Of the thorny way we trod,
But at least a dozen times a day
He talked it over with God.
Down on his knees in that closet
The most of his time was passed;
For Obadiah knew how to pray
Much better than how to fast.

But I am that way contrairy
That ef things don't go jest right,
I feel like rollin' my sleeves up high
An' gittin' ready to fight.
An' the giants I slew that winter
I ain't goin' to talk about:
An' I didn't even complain to God,
Though I think that He found it out.

With the point of a cambric needle
I druv the wolf from the door,
For I knew that we needn't starve to death
Or be lazy because we were poor.
An' Obadiah he wondered,
An' kept me patchin' his knees,
An' thought it strange how the meal held out,
An' stranger we didn't freeze.

But I said to myself in whispers,
"God knows where His gift descends;
An' 'tisn't always that faith gits down
As far as the finger-ends."
An' I wouldn't have no one reckon
My Obadiah a shirk,
For some, you know, have the gift to pray,
And others the gift to work.

A LEAP-YEAR EPISODE.

Can I forget that winter night
In eighteen eighty-four,
When Nellie, charming little sprite,
Came tapping at the door?
"Good-evening, miss," I blushing said
For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
That Nellie came to woo!

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell
Adown upon her knees,
And cried: "You know I love you well,
So be my husband, please!"
And then she swore she'd ever be
A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose
And mend my shirts, she said,
And grease my comely Roman nose
Each night on going to bed:
She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,
And split the kindling, too—
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul
When Nellie came to woo.

And as I, blushing, gave no check
To her advances rash,
She twined her arms about my neck,
And toyed with my mustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
While I— what could I do
But coyly yield to that bliss
When Nellie came to woo?

I am engaged, and proudly wear
A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
Some time in gentle spring.
I face my doom without a sigh—
And so, forsooth, would you,
If you but loved as fond as I.
And Nellie came to woo.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal.

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.
BY NANCY AMELIA PRIEST.
Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

THE INVENTOR'S WIFE.

It's easy to talk of the patience of Job
Humph! Job had nothin' to try him:
Ef he'd been married to 'Bijah Brown, folks
wouldn't have dared come nigh him.
Trials indeed! Now I'll tell you what—ef you
want to be sick of your life,
Jest come and change places with me a spell
for I'm an inventor's wife.
And sech inventions! I'm never sure, when
I take up my coffee-pot,
That 'Bijah hain't ben "improvin'" it, and it
mayn't go off like a shot.
Why, didn't he make me a cradle once that
would keep itself a-rockin';
And didn't it pitch the baby out, and wasn't
his head bruised shockin'?
And there was his "Patent Peeler," too—a
wonderful thing, I'll say;
But it hed one fault—it never stopped till the
apple was peeled away.
As for locks, an' clocks, and mowin' ma-
chines, and reapers, and all sech trash,
Why, 'Bijah's invented heaps of 'em, but they
don't bring in no cash.
Law! that don't worry him—not at all; he's
the aggravatin'est man—
He'll set in his little workshop there, and
whistle and think and plan,
Inventin' a Jew's-harp to go by steam, or a
new-fangled powder-horn,
While the children's goin' barefoot to school,
and the weeds is chokin' our corn.
When 'Bijah and me kep' company he warn't
like this, you know;
Our folks all thought he was dreadful smart
—but that was years ago.
He was handsome as any pictur then, and he
had such a glib, bright way—
I never thought that a time would come
when I'd rue my weddin' day;
But when I've been forced to chop the wood,
and tend to the farm beside,
And look at 'Bijah a-settin' there, I've jest
dropped down and cried.
We lost the hull of our turnip crop while he
was inventin' a gun.
But I counted it one of my marcies when it
bu't before 'twas done.
So he turned it into a "burglar alarm." It
ought to give thieves a fright—
'Twould scare an honest man out of his wits,
ef he sot it off at night.
Sometimes I wonder ef 'Bijah's crazy, he
does sech cur'ous things.
Hev I told you about his bedstead yit? 'Twas
full of wheels and springs;
It hed a key to wind it up, and a clock face at
the head;
All you did was to turn them hands, and at
any hour you said,
That bed got up and shook itself, and bounced
you on the floor,
And then shet up, jest like a box, so you
couldn't sleep any more.
Wa'al, 'Bijah he fixed it all complete, and he
sot it at half-past five,
But he hadn't more'n got into it when—dear
me! sakes alive!
Them wheels began to whiz and whirr! I
heard a fearful snap,
And there was that bedstead, with 'Bijah in-
side, shet up jest like a trap!
I screamed, of course, but 'twa'n't no use
Then I worked that hull long night

A-trying to open the pasky thing. At last I
got in a fright:

I couldn't hear his voice inside, and I thought
he might be dyin';
So I took a crowbar and smashed it in.
There was 'Bijah, peacefully lyin',
Inventin' a way to git out agin. That was
all very well to say,
But I don't b'lieve he'd have found it out if
I'd left him in all day.

Now, sence I've told you my story, do you
wonder I'm tired of my life?
Or think it strange I often wish I warn't an
inventor's wife?

—E. T. Corbett, in *Harper's Bazar*.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

I'd like a stocking made for a giant,
And a meeting house full of toys,
Then I'd go out in a happy hunt
For poor little girls and boys,
Up the street, and down the street,
And across and over the town,
I'd search and find them every one
Before the sun went down.

One would want a new jack-knife
Sharp enough to cut;
One would long for a doll with hair,
And eyes that open and shut;
One would ask for a china set
With dishes all to her mind;
One would wish a Noah's ark
With beasts of every kind.

Some would like a doll's cook-stove
And a little toy wash-tub;
Some would prefer a little drum
For a noisy rub-a-dub-dub.
Some would wish for a story-book,
And some for a set of blocks;
Some would be wild with happiness
Over a new tool-box.

And some would rather have little shoes
And other things warm to wear;
For many children are very poor,
And the winter is hard to bear.
I'd buy soft flannels for little frocks,
And a thousand stockings or so;
And the jolliest little coats and cloaks
To keep out the frost and snow.

I'd load a wagon with caramels,
And candy of every kind;
And buy all the almonds and pecan nuts
And taffy that I could find.
And barrels and barrels of oranges
I'd scatter right in the way;
So the children would find them the very first
thing
When they woke on Christmas Day.

FOR THOSE WHO FAIL.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

"All honor to him who shall win the prize,"
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries and who fails and dies
I give great honor and glory and tears.

Give glory and honor and pitiful tears
To all who fail in their deed's sublime
Their ghosts are many in the van of years,
They were born with Time in advance of Time.

Oh, great is the hero who wins a name,
But greater many and many a time
Some pale-faced fellow who dies in shame
And lets God finish the thought sublime.

And great is the man with a sword undrawn,
And good is the man who refrains from wine;
But the man who fails and still fights on,
Lo, he is the twin-born brother of mine.

To The Boys.

Boys should never go through life satisfied
to be always borrowing other people's brains.
There are some things they should find out
for themselves. There is always something
waiting to be found out. Every boy should
think some thought, or do some good deed,
that shall live after him. A farmer's boy
should discover for himself what timber will
bear the most weight, what is the most elastic,
what will last longest in the water, what out
of water, what is the best time to cut down
trees for firewood. How many kinds of oaks
grow in your region, and what is each especi-
ally good for! How does a bird fly without
moving a wing or a feather? How does a
snake climb a tree or a brick wall? Is there
a difference between a deer's track and a hog's
track? What is it? How often does a deer
shed his horns, and what becomes of them?
In building a chimney, which should be the
largest—the throat or the funnel? Should it
be wider at top, or down in? The boys
see many horses. Did they ever see a white
colt? Do they know how old the twig must
be to bear peaches, and how old the vine is
when grapes first hang upon it? There is a
bird in the forest which never builds a nest,
but lays her eggs in the nests of other birds.
Can the boys tell what bird it is? Do they
know that a hop vine always winds with the
course of the sun, but a bean-vine always
winds the other way? Do they know that
when a horse crops grass he eats back towards
him; but a cow eats outward from her,
because she has no teeth upon her upper jaw,
and has to gum it?—*Chatterbox*.

Hark! 'tis the song of angels!
How sweet the heavenly strains!
With joy the shepherds listen,
On old Judea's plains.
The blissful music ringing
Wakes up each hill and glen,
"To God be highest glory,
Peace and good will to men."

Good will! E'en man's salvation,
Has come to earth this day.
Hail ye the infant Jesus!
Hail ye the Christ-child's sway!
Fear not: though cradled lowly,
The son of Mary now,
To him, "Desire of Nations,"
Shall every creature bow.

The shepherds, looking eastward,
See the bright guiding star,
The "wise men" note its meaning,
And follow from afar.
O, star! best light that ever
Shone o'er our darkened earth,
Thy sacred beams revealing
The place of Jesus' birth.

Let's enter with them, kneeling
Low at that manger-shrine,
And our glad homage render
To the Christ-child Divine!
Hail him our new born Saviour,
Who brings our souls release!
Hail to the world's Redeemer!
We hail thee, Prince of peace!

Are these pure canaries?" asked a gentleman of
a bird-dealer, with whom he was negotiating for "a
gift for his fair one."
"Yes, sir," said the bird-dealer, confidently; "I
raised them 'ere birds from canary-seed myself!"

"What do you propose to take
for your cold?" said a lady to a sneez-
ing gentleman. "Oh, I'll sell it very
cheap; I won't higgie about the price
at all."

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Phila-
delphia man when the subject was
broached. "What more rights do they
want? My wife bosses me; our daugh-
ters boss us both, and the servant girl
bosses the whole family. It's time the
men were allowed some rights."

From virtue's bright and pleasant ways
Let not thy steps depart;
Better than gold, or brilliant gems,
A pure and guileless heart.

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Cheney

PHONETIXI

This intercepted letter from a printer's "devil" to his "girl," Katharine Jay, in Utica, N. Y., is too good to be lost. We reproduce it verbatim et literatim, and challenge its il-

An S A now I mean 2 write

2 U sweet KT J

The girl without a l

The bL of UTK.

I lder if U got that 1

I wrote 2 UB4

I sailed in the RKDA

And sent by LN Moore.

My MT head will scarce contain

A calm IDA bright

But AT miles from U I must

M— this chance 2 write.

And 1st should NE NV U

B EZE, mind it 0

Should NE friendship show B true

They should 0 B forgot.

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Her influence B9

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Or 40tude Dvine.

And if you cannot cut a —

Or shout an l

I hope U'll put no.

21?

R U 4 anX8tion 3

My cousN? Heart and 137

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A \$ 2 of land.

He says he loves U 2 XS

U R virtuous and YYY

In XLNC U XL

All others in his III.

This SA until U I C

I pray U 2 XQ's

And do 0 burn in FIG

My young and wayward mUU.

Now fare U well dear KT J,

I trust that U R true.

When this U C then U can SA

An SA I O U.

"When His Heart Thawed Out."

One day two or three years ago a gruff old man, hard-hearted and given to drink, and living alone in a house on Gratiot street, found a crippled boy nine or ten years of age crying in front of his door. It was his way to curse children and drive them away, but in this instance he spoke kindly to the lad, and even sympathized with him. For that once his hardened heart seemed to thaw out, and men who noticed his kind action wondered greatly.

By and by the crippled boy, known as Jakie, seemed to grow into the old man's heart and spent hours with him at his house. He was, so far as any one could remember, the first and only human being to say a kind word for gruff old Ben.

When the old man fell sick a few weeks ago nobody missed him for several days. Indeed, no one cared much whether he was sick or well, but some one interested himself enough to discover that the sick man was being nursed by the cripple. The days and nights must have been terribly lonesome to the lad, but he was faithful to the last. The other morning he quietly announced to the neighbors that old Ben was dead. Those who went in found the rooms in neat order, the dead man lying as if asleep, and the money to bury him was safe in an old wallet in the bureau. When they asked Jakie about it he explained:

"He died as easy as a baby. 'Long at first he used to curse and swear about his sickness, but after a while he let me read the Bible to him, and sometimes I saw tears in his eyes."

"Folks thought him a hard man."

"But he wasn't. When his heart thawed out he was like a child. One day I brought him from the chest a lot of old letters, the photograph of a woman and baby, and he cried over them. I guess they were dead, and I guess he had had lots of trouble."

"Did he die easy?"

"Just like going to sleep," answered the lad. It was just at daylight. I sat by the bed and had fallen asleep when he put out his hand and whispered: 'Jakie, I'm dying!' With that I jumped up to do something, but he said it was too late. There was a great change in him. All the hardness had gone out of his face, his eyes had a kind look, and the boys who used to be afraid of him wouldn't have known him for the same man. I was reading to him from the old Bible, when all at once his fingers let go of my hand and he was dead."

"And then?"

The boy turned away and wept.

From the day gruff old Ben had addressed him a kind word the prayers of a child pleading for a wicked man had been heard in Heaven. He had prayed for him in life and after death, and if the prayer had not brought that peaceful look to the white, dead face, what else could have done it?—Free Press.

ONE BACHELOR OF MANY.

There's one thing to the ladies I plainly wish to say:

I'm a man of no pretenses; I'm fifty, if a day; I'm neither gay nor amiable, I'm fussy, and I'm plain;

But, girls, you needn't plot for me—all plotting is in vain.

I never see the brightest eyes, and all their witchery

Is wasting ammunition, if its aim is hurting me;

I never see the reddest lips, I'm proof against all smiles;

I rather think I'm not the man for any woman's wiles.

I can sew on my own buttons, my stockings I can mend,

And women's hands around my room are not what I intend;

I want no knitted, netted things, no traveling bags, no wraps,

No slippers, no comforters, no painted plaques, no caps.

I buy the things that I require; so, ladies, hear me say,

All such attentions spent on me are simply thrown away;

So shake your curls and give your gifts, bewilder all you can,

But just remember, if you please, that I am not the man.

I've heard there's twenty-one old maids consider me there "fate"

And clever widows five or six that wish with me to mate;

There's pretty school-girls who insist I "must have had some loss,"

And say I'm so "romantic" when I'm only tired or cross.

But, ladies, all attentions from this date I hope will cease;

The only favor that I ask, is to be left in peace;

For I consider one thing sure as anything can be—

I will not marry any girl, and none shall marry me.

* * * * *

That's just exactly what he said about a year ago.

Now, if you could but see his rooms, they are a perfect show

Of netted things, and knitted things, and painted plaques and screens,

Of photographs of famous men, and Beauty's living queens;

While on the hearth-stone sits his wife—she's sweet and good, I know.

And if you tell him of the words he said a year ago,

He answers you, without a blush, "Oh, that's the usual way;

No one believes a single word old bachelors may say;

When the right angel comes along, they marry any day."

M. B.

—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in Harper's Magazine for January.

"O, mother of earth, still trusting in heaven, And in Christ, the way and the truth,

Mourn not for the loved ones whose sufferings are o'er,

Put are blooming above bright and sweet evermore,

Entalmed in perpetual youth.

'Turn with patience and love to the sufferings of earth,

Work well till the Master shall come,

And ye hear the blest plaudit, 'Well done, good and true,

Enter into the rest that remaineth for you In your Father's mansion at home.'

Rhaca, N. Y.

Sombody heard a Boston girl say: "I think he looked like a perfect raving angel in his uniform! He was awful heavenly."

A Russian proverb says: "Before going to war pray once, before going to sea pray twice, before getting married pray three times."

"LANDS are measured in rods, leagues and so forth," said the teacher, "now what is a surveyor?" "A land leaguer!" shouted one of the boys.

"I won't higggle about the price at all!"

"men were allowed some rights."

"I got for his air one. "Yes, sir," said the bird-dealer, confidently; "I raised them 'ere birds from canary-seed myself!"

There is a curious passage in the prophecy of Habakkuk, which speaks of fishermen who "sacrifice to their net, and burn incense to their drag." I think that sometimes very true and earnest Christians are in danger of doing that. They almost worship the visible Church, which, after all, is only a net "to catch men" for Christ. They delight in its historic character. They glory in its apostolic order. They venerate every feature of its organic structure. In one word, it becomes no more a spiritual Church, but a kingdom of the world. But by and by a terrible shock shakes them like an earthquake. Some iniquity appears in Zion. Wickedness shelters itself under the robes of piety. Political scheming creeps into ecclesiastical councils. The very law of the Church is made an instrument of oppression. They stand confounded and amazed. What means it all? Why, it means just this, that Christ is telling you that no earthly kingdom is the Church of Christ. This is not your rest. The marriage supper of the Lamb is not in the poor feast of a visible Church. The "New Jerusalem" is not yet let down from God out of heaven.—Bishop Cheney.

THE BAD BOY AND HIS PA.

MILWAUKEE'S JUVENILE TERROR
BOBS UP SERENELY.

And Once More Makes It Interesting
for His Paternal Progenitor—A
Great Rabbit Hunt.

"Come in the back room, Henny, I want to talk with you," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in laughing and slapping his hands on his legs. "I have heard something to-day that has hurt me as much as though you were my own boy," and the groceryman looked as though it wouldn't take many good-sized onions to make the tears come.

"Great jewhilkens, what is it," asked the bad boy, as his face sobered down at the look of pain on the face of his mercantile friend. "What is the matter? Won't your creditors accept ten cents on a dollar?" and the boy looked like a lawyer, ready to help a client out, and reached into a cinnamon bag and took out a handful of cinnamon.

"No, nothing of that kind," said the groceryman. "I have concluded not to fail. But I am told on good authority that you have become bad again, and that you have been playing the meanest trick on your pa that you have ever played. The minister told me he was coming in from a country funeral the other day, and he overtook your pa on the road with a gun, and asked him to get in and ride, and your pa's pants were all torn, his boots and gun full of snow, and he was so scared that he kept looking around all the way to town, expecting to be shot in the back. Now, what kind of a way is that to treat the author of your being? Say, you will have a through ticket to the bad place, and your train will leave on schedule time, and arrive at the grand central depot in hades, just as the fire is kindled. You bad, bad, boy. I have been proud of you, and thought you would come out all right, but now I know you are a hypocrite."

"There, don't put on any extra sadness," said the boy, as he quartered an orange. "Pa is all right. He wanted us to stir him up. You see, since I have been good, pa has been neglected, and he has become sour, and his clothes don't fit. He told ma that what he wanted was excitement, and he had got to have it. He said when the boys were playing things on him, and making him scratch gravel, and he felt as though a house was going to fall on him every minute, he enjoyed himself, had a good appetite, and felt equal to any emergency, but since the boys had become good, and let him alone, his life was a burden, he had failed in business, and everything went wrong, and unless there was a change soon, he would lose his mind. He said he sighed for the old times, when he didn't know whether he was afoot or a horseback, and when something was liable to happen every minute. He said he was brought up to be surprised, and fall through holes, and to have everything stop, and to lead a quiet life, and just eat, drink and sleep, with no cyclones, no happy laughter of children

raising the deuce, was more than he could bear. Ma told me about it, and the state of mind pa was in, and I felt sorry for pa. Ma told me to try and think up something that would sort of wake up pa, or he would relapse into a state of melancholic, and have to hire a doctor. I told my chum pa's case, and he said it was too bad to see a man suffer that way, and we must do something to save his life. So we agreed to take pa out rabbit hunting. I asked pa if he didn't want to go with us, and he jumped right up and yelled, and said it would tickle him half to death to go. I told him where there was a place about four miles out of town, where there was dead loads of rabbits, but the man that owned the farm drove everybody off. Pa said there couldn't no man drive him off, and for us to come on. Well, you'd a dide. Pa wasn't afraid of anybody, until the man hollered to him to git. You see, we went out to the farm, and stationed pa by a fence, and my chum and me went on the other side of a piece of woods, to scare rabbits toward pa. Then we went up to the farm house, where a man lived that we know, and told him we wanted to scare a man out of his boost, and he said all right, go ahead. So we borrowed some farmer's clothes, and old plug hats, and went around behind the barn and yelled to pa to get off that farm. Pa said he come out to hunt rabbits, and by gosh he was going to hunt rabbits. Then my chum and me started toward pa, wading through the snow, and pa thought we were grown men, seven feet high. When we got about twenty rods from pa we told him to 'git,' and he was going to argue with us, when we pulled up our guns and fired both barrels at him. We had blank cartridges, but pa thought he felt shot striking him everywhere, and he started for a barbed wire fence, and we loaded our guns again and fired just as pa got on the fence, and he yelled murder. You know these barbed wire fences, don't you? The barbs catch on your pants and hang on. Well, pa got caught by the pants, and couldn't get over, and we kept firing, and he dropped his gun in the snow, and tried to tear the fence down, and he kept yelling, 'For mercy's sake, gentlemen, spare my life. I don't want any of your rabbits.' I got to laughing so I couldn't shoot and I laid down in a snow bank, and my chum kept shooting. Pa finally got off the fence and burrowed in a snow bank; and held up a piece of his shirt, which the fence tore off, for a flag of truce, and we quit, and he stuck up his head and saw me laying there on the snow, and pa thought his gun had went off and killed one of the farmers, and my chum said, 'Great hevings, you have killed him.' At that pa grabbed his gun and run for the road, and started for town, and that's where the minister overtook him. Along toward night me and my chum came home with four rabbits, and we told pa he was a pretty rabbit hunter to leave before the rabbits got to running, and that we looked all around for him. He looked surprised, and asked us if we struck any corpses around on that farm, and I thought I should bust.

We told him we didn't see any, and then he told us that he was standing there waiting for rabbits, when a gang of about fifteen roughs came and ordered him away, and he refused to go. He said they opened fire on him, and he threw himself into a hollow square, the way they used to do in the army, threw up intrenchments of snow, and defended himself, and when he was finally surrounded and had to retreat, he saw the ground covered with dead and wounded, and he expected he had wiped out an entire neighborhood. He said it was singular we didn't see any corpses. I asked him how he tore his pants, and he said the gang shot them all to pieces. Then we told him of the joke we had played on him, and how we fired blank cartridges at him as he was trying to get over the fence, and he tried to laugh, but he couldn't. He was inclined to be mad at first, but finally he said this was more like business, and he hadn't felt as well before since we initiated him into the Masons, and we could play anything

on him, and do anything we chose except let him alone. So you see I am not so bad as you think. Pa enjoys it, and so does my chum and me. Eh! old rubabaga, do you see?"

"Oh, yes, that is all right if your pa likes that kind of fun, but if you was my boy I would maul you till you couldn't stand." Just then a big cannon firecracker that the boy had lit and laid on the floor exploded and the groceryman went out the back door bareheaded while the boy went out the front door whistling, "Be sure and call me early, for I'm to be queen of the May."

—Peck's Sun.

ONLY GOING TO THE GATE.

Like a bell of blossoms ringing,
Clear and childish, shrill and sweet,
Floating to the porch's shadow,
With the fainter fall of feet,
Comes the answer softly backward,
Bidding tender watcher wait
While the baby-queen outruns her,
"Only going to the gate."

Through the moonlight, warm and scented
Love to beauty breathes a sigh,
Always to depart reluctant,
Loath to speak the words good-bye;
Then the same low echo answers,
Waiting love of older date.
And the maiden whispers softly,
"Only going to the gate."

Oh, these gates along our pathway,
What they bar outside and in!
With the vague outlook beyond them,
Over waves we have not been.
How they stand before, behind us!
Toll-gates some, with price to pay;
Spring-gates some, that shut forever;
Cloud-gates some, that melt away.

So we pass them going upward
On our journey one by one,
To the distant shining wicket
Where each traveler goes alone—
Where the friends who journey with us
Strangely falter, stop and wait;
Father, mother, child or lover;
"Only going to the gate."

When in life thy path may lead,
Take virtue for thy guide,
Let not the wealth of royal mines
Entice thee from her side.

"Well, sir," the city chap replied;
"If you'd really like to know,"
"I travel, sir, on my good looks,"
The countryman said "Sho!"
And staring hard a moment said:
"I guess you hain't got fur to go!"

The conductor came for the tickets,
And passed a person by,
Opened a very wide his eye,
And approached his fellow-passenger,
Bound to know the reason why.

"You see this passage is marked 'f,'" said the teacher; "'f' means forte, and it means to sing it louder." "Forty means louder, does it?" asked the pupil. "Yes." "Then when its marked forty it should be sung like sixty." —Derrick.

A physician said jocosely to a policeman one evening: "I always feel safe when I see a policeman in the evening, for there is no danger about." "Yes, safer than I feel when I have a doctor about," was the bright retort.

Take virtue in thy eyes,
Let not the wealth of royal miles
Entice thee from her side.

"I travel, sir, on my good looks,"
The countryman said "Sho!"
And staring hard a moment said:
"I guess you hain't got fur to go!"

...countryman
Opened very wide his eye,
And approached his fellow-passenger,
Bound to know the reason why.

...forty
it means to sing it louder."
means louder, does it?" asked the pupil.
"Yes." "Then when its marked forty it
should be sung like sixty." —Derrick.

...yes,
...about.
safer than I feel when I have a doctor
about," was the bright retort.



A Queen City girl eating souse,
Caught a glimpse of a beautiful mouse,
When the note that she reached,
As she stood up and screeched,
Would have drawn a \$10,000 house.

The best hand to hold in the game of
life is that of your best girl. — *Waterloo
Observer.*

"Mary, be careful, my child, when
going out. Have a will of your own."
"Oh, I've got a Will of my own, mother;
but he can't be with me all the time."

Bill Nye Gives His Beloved Son in College Some Good Advice.

MY DEAR SON:—I tried to write you last week, but didn't get around to it owing to circumstances. I went away on a little business tower for a few days on the cars, and then when I got home the sociable broke loose in our once happy home.

While on my commercial tower down the Omehaw railroad buying a new digging machine of which I had heard a good deal pro and con, had the pleasure of riding on one of them sleeping cars that we read so much about.

I am going on 50 years old, and that's the first time I ever slumbered at the rate of 45 miles an hour, including stops.

I got acquainted with the porter and he blacked my boots in the night unbeknownst to me, while I was engaged in slumber. He must have thought that I was your father, and that we rolled in luxury at home all the time, and that it was a common thing for us to have our boots blacked by menials. When I left the car this porter brushed my clothes till the hot flashes ran up my spinal colyum, and I told him that he had treated me square, and I wrung his hand when he held it out toward me, and I told him that any time he wanted a good, cool drink of butter-milk to just holler through our telephone. We had the sociable at our house last week, and when I got home your mother set me right to work borryin' chairs and dishes. She had solicited some cakes and other things. I don't know whether you are on to the skedjule by which these sociables are run or not. This idea is a novel one to me.

The sisters in our set, once in so often, turn their houses wrong side out for the purpose of raising \$4 to apply on the church debt. When I was a boy we worshipped with less trills than they do now. Now it seems that the debt is a part of the worship.

Well, we had a good time and used up 150 cookies in a short time. Part of these cookies was devoured and the balance was trod into the all-wool carpet.

Several of the young people got to playing Copenhagen in the sitting room and stepped on the old cat in such a way as to disfigure him for life. They also had a disturbance in the front room and knocked off some of the plastering.

So your mother is feeling rather slim and I am not very chipper myself. I hope that you are working hard at your books so that you will be an ornament to society. Society is needing some ornament very much. I sincerely hope that you will not monkey with a telon's doom, or fill a drunkard's grave. If anybody has got to fill a drunkard's grave let him do it himself.

What has the drunkard ever done for you that he should expect you to fill his grave for him.

I expect you to do right as near as possible. You will not do exactly right all the time, but try to strike a good average. I do not expect you to let your studies encroach too much on your polo, but try to unite the two so that you will not break down under the strain. I should feel sad and mortified to have you come home a physical wreck. I think one physical wreck in a family is enough, and I am rapidly getting where I can do the entire physical wrecking for our neighborhood.

I see by your picture that you have got one of them pleated coats with a belt around it, and short pants. They make you look as you did when I used to spank you in years gone by, and I feel the same old desire to do it now as I did then. Old and feeble as I am, it seems to me as tho' I could spank a boy that wears knickerbocker pants buttoned onto a garribaldy waist and a pleated jacket.

If it wasn't for them cute little camel's hair whiskers of yours I would not believe that you had grown up to be a large expensive boy, with thoughts. Some of the late thoughts you express in your letters are far beyond your years. Do you think them yourself or is there some boy in the school that thinks all the thoughts for the rest.

Some of your letters are so deep that your mother and I can hardly grapple with them. One of them especially was so full of foreign stuff that we have to wait till you come home before we can take it in. I can talk a little Chippewa, but that is all the foreign language I am familiar with. When I was young we had to get our foreign language the best we could, so I studied Chippewa without a master. A Chippewa chief took me into his camp and kept me there for some time, while I acquired his language. He became so attached to me that I had difficulty in coming away.

I wish you would write in the United States dialect as much as possible, and not try to paralyze your parents with imported expressions that come too high for poor people.

Remember that you are the only boy we've got, and we are only going through the motions of living here for your sake. For us the day is wearing out, and it is now way along in the shank of the evening. All we ask of you is to improve on the old people. You can see where I fooled myself and you can do better. Read and write and sifer and polo and get nollege and try not to be ashamed of your uncultivated parents.

When you get that checkered little sawed-off coat on and that pair of knee pants and that poker dot necktie, and the sassy

little boys holler "rats" when you pass by and your heart is bowed down, remember that, no matter how foolish you look, your parent will never sour on you.

YOUR FATHER.

"TOD."

(Written for The St. Jacobs Oil Family Calendar, 1885, by Miss Duam, Baltimore, Md.)

Tod was such a little kid
You'd hardly think 'twas in him,—
Quiet as a mouse when hid,
A kindly word would win him;
But if you'd let him have his way
He'd make your hair stand, any day.

I told him once the story quaint
The Bible tells, of certain boys
Who ridiculed an aged Saint
By crying, "Bald-head!" with a noise,
And then the bears, from out the wood,
Devoured them all, just where they stood.

I saw he didn't quite believe
A word I said about it,—
He really thought I might deceive,
And said as much to doubt it;
He'd laugh at heads without a hair,
And never once would see a bear.

The next day, sitting all alone,
Tod saw an old man pass;
His hat was off, his bald-pate shone
As shines a piece of glass:
The child looked up, and with a glance
Was on his feet;—he saw his chance.

To make things sure, he seized the door,
Then cried: "Old Bald-head!" twice.
He slammed it too, and o'er the floor
Came tripping in a trice;
And then, as through the hall he tears,
I heard him say, "Bring on your bears!"

"Aunty," he said to me, that night,
"Now what's the yuse to yarn,
I called him 'Bald-head' right on sight,
An' didn't keer a darn;
On his head there wurn't no hair,
An' Tod ain't seen a nary bear."

WELCOMED.

Weary and worn with my journey,
I stepped from the railroad train,
Expectant, anxious, waiting,
With a pleasure half-filled with pain,

I had wonder'd if some one would meet me,
Or, if all alone, I must go,
To the resting-place I was seeking,
To the home I had longed-for so.

'Tis so sweet to have some one to greet us,
Some one to take our hand,
And lead our tired footsteps
Into the stranger land.

I had only a moment to wonder—
Ah, friend! I can see it now,
That smile so sweetly tender
Beneath the clear cam brow.

"We give thee welcome, daughter,"
That was all, to the waiting guest,
But the tone and the true hand-pressure
Faithfully told the rest.

And so, in the peaceful twilight,
Neath the glow of the evening-star,
I was led to the rest I needed—
The home that had seem'd so far.

Sometime, when life's journey is ended,
And with longing eyes I wait,
I shall find my Heavenly Father
At the opening of the Gate.

His smile and his hand will greet me—
And the home that has seem'd so afar,
I shall see in the golden Day-break,
By the light of the "Morning Star."

Insinuating Agent: "Can I see the lady of the house, please?" Bridget: "Yer luckin' at her, young man."

"There is no flock however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there,
There is no fireside howso'er defended,
But has one vacant chair."

"Why, love, what do you mean by eating breakfast with your trousers turned up? It is n't raining," Mr. Youngblood: "No, dear; but the coffee looks awfully muddy."

breakfast with your trousers turned up? It is n't raining," Mr. Younghusband: "No, dear; but the coffee looks awfully muddy."

A Sum for the Boys and Girls.

Henry, upon being asked how many boys were in his Sunday-school class, replied: "If you multiply the number of Jacob's sons by the number of times which the Israelites compassed Jericho, and add to the product the number of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth; divide this by the number of Haman's sons; subtract the number of each kind of clean beasts that went into the ark; multiply by the number of men that went to seek Elijah after he was taken to heaven; subtract from this Joseph's age at the time he stood before Pharaoh; add the number of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath; subtract the number of furlongs that Bethany was distant from Jerusalem; divide by the number of anchors cast out at the time of Paul's shipwreck; subtract the number of people saved in the ark, and the remainder will be the number of boys in the class." How many were there?

"A Sum for Boys and Girls."

We have received from Miss L. Angie Davis, of Battle Creek, Mich., the following answer to "a short article" with above heading in *The Christian Advocate* of March 18:

Gen. xxxv, 22—No. of Jacob's sons.....	12
Josh. vi—No. of times the Israelites compassed Jericho.....	7
Multiplied make.....	84
Ruth iii, 15—Add No. of measures of barley which Boaz gave Ruth.....	6
Ester ix, 10—Divide by No. of Haman's sons....	10/90
Gen. vii, 2—Subtract No. of clean beasts that went into the ark.....	7
2 Kings ii, 16—Multiply by No. of men seeking Elijah after he was taken to heaven....	50
Gen. xli, 46—Subtract age of Joseph when he stood before Pharaoh.....	30
1 Sam. xvii, 40—Add No. of stones in David's bag when he killed Goliath.....	9
John xi, 18—Subtract No. of furlongs from Bethany to Jerusalem.....	15
Acts xxvii, 20—Divide by No. of anchors cast at the time of Paul's shipwreck.....	4/90
Gen. viii, 15—Subtract No. of people saved in the ark.....	8
No. of boys in class.....	7

Also one from C. H. E., of Clifton Heights, Pa., similar to above, excepting the places where found in the Bible.

"A Sum for the Boys and Girls."

In *The Christian Advocate* of April 22 you give a solution from Miss L. Angie Davis of the "Sum for Boys and Girls." I beg to call your attention to two mistakes. She gives 7 as the number of times the Israelites compassed Jericho. Read Joshua vi, 12-15, and you will observe that they compassed the city once a day for 6 days and 7 times on the 7th, making in all 13 times; and the number of clean beasts that entered the ark as 7, while there were evidently 14, being by sevens of each kind—"the male and his female." However, by changing the word "add" to subtract before the words, "No. of stones in David's bag," the question will still work with the same result. I give my solution:

No. of Jacob's sons.....	12
No. of times Israelites compassed Jericho.....	13
No. of measures of barley.....	6
No. of Haman's sons.....	10/162
No. of clean beasts.....	14
No. of men seeking Elijah.....	50
Joseph's age.....	30
Stones in David's bag, (subtract, not add).....	5
No. of furlongs.....	15
No. of anchors.....	4/60
No. of people in the ark.....	8
No. of boys in the class.....	7

The superintendent of our Sabbath-school, Mr. J. C. Galloway, distributed a number of copies of this sum in the school, and it has made quite a stir among the "boys and girls," as well as setting some older ones to searching their Bibles for the correct solution.

EVANSTON IVES HART.

ALL the letters of the alphabet appear in the following sentence: "The quick brown fox jumps over a lazy dog."

Sampson Hosley.

On Friday Sept. 20th, 1895, at 5 o'clock p. m. occurred the death of Sampson Hosley, after an illness of only a few days. He was taken violently ill Sunday night Sept. 15th, J. F. Blake of Northville, being at once summoned who pronounced his case that of typhoid fever and despite skilled medical attendance and competent nursing, he continued to sink and passed away at the above stated time.

In social and business life, Mr. Hosley had made a host of friends and was one of our most enterprising and popular citizens. He had successfully conducted the Hosley house, which is so well known by all who ever visited this section of the Adirondacks, for over 32 years. He will be greatly missed, not only by the people of this immediate locality, but by the traveling public in general.

Mr. Hosley was born in the town of Edinburgh N. Y., July 22d, 1828. He has since remained a resident of this place, and his pleasant and upright bearings have made him popular with all.

Besides a wife and two adopted children, Mrs. Peter Downs and Miss Lizzie Smith, he is survived by one sister, Mrs. Lydia Morrison, and four brothers, Martin, Ira, John and George Hosley.

The funeral was held from the Baptist church at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, Rev. J. N. Wooster, of Lake Pleasant, officiating. The remains were laid to rest in the village cemetery.

A BRILLIANT WEDDING.

A wedding took place at the Adirondack Hotel, D. Cochran's, the 27th of April.—The ceremony was short, but impressive. The costumes of the uninvited guests are described as follows: Miss Emma Harris crushed strawberry overdress with nun's veiling trimmed with real lace, hair dressed à la mode, with false teeth, full upper set. Miss Belle, terra cotta satin, trimmed with nickel plate and heavy shoes. Selene Beauty light sky-green with silver filigree jewelry. Miss Bass dark brown swan's down, slippers to match, a bouquet of buttermilk lilies for the corsage. Miss Clara Deming, Cardinal pink velvet trimmed with Irish point jewelry—tin foil. Miss Eva Beauty subdued mouse plush, with the latest Medina wave and teeth to match. Mrs. Cochran myrtle-green bombazine with over dress of silk tissue applique. Miss F. Beauty moire antique trimmed with darned lace. Her bouquet was sunflowers, the dimensions of the largest being seven by nine. Mr. Cochran wore high-water pants, heavy boots, hat the relic of Finch, Prime & Co., sealskin overcoat trimmed with rick-rack.

We must not omit costumes of the bride and groom. The bride wore black satin with passementerie overdress, trimmed with macramé, hair à la Langtry, teeth set in ivory, pebble goat slippers to match.

The groom was dressed in navy blue eyes, terra cotta hair, swallow-tailed grenade coat and one kid-glove. The clergyman appeared in full livery.

The collation was exceptionally fine, and gracefully presided over by the pleasant hostess, Mrs. Cochran. It consisted of a bride's cake flavored with apple sauce, in-laid with cod liver oil. The fruit cake ordered from New York for the occasion was rich in pumpkins, sweet potatoes and onions. The side dishes were numerous; we will speak of one only, a dish of scalloped oysters made of codfish balls. The cold meats were corned beef, cabosh, Limberger cheese, souse and mackerel. The fruits were green citrons, cucumbers, vegetable oysters, and fresh green peppers, with horse-chestnuts, acorns, three-cornered napkins with napkin rings. The feast wound up with spruce gum.

The wedding party were to take in Pumpkin Hollow on their tour, and drove away to the tune of a lively march executed by Miss Satie Bass, a celebrated bell ringer. A shower of old rubbers and slippers followed them, also a hearty wish for a lifetime of happiness from these their unwelcome and unexpected guests.

We have a new resident in town, Miss Edna Wilson by name. This young lady is modest and unassuming and may be found at the residence of her father J. B. Wilson.

John H. Craig says "his boy's head is black, there must be 'enthin' wrong somewhere."

DANCING DENOUNCED.

A PULPIT CRITICISM UTTERED SUNDAY IN ALBANY.

Pastor Jackson of the Christian Church Says Dancing Offers Incense to the Meanest of Passions.

Following an exhaustive discourse on the the history of dancing and after the introduction of copious quotations from Plato, Olive Logan, Daniel Webster, Spurgeon and others, the Rev. Charles L. Jackson, pastor of the First Christian church of this city, Sunday in a sermon said in opposition to the claim that dancing is an unrivalled means of acquiring grace of motion: "I might possibly admire the grace of movement, etc., just the same as I admire the beautiful symmetry of the Venus de Medici, but I would not much sooner think of marrying the one than the other. The accomplishment which is given by dancing is not a very valuable one. It is an accomplishment in which the most degraded and the least intellectual may far outstrip the refined and educated. It will not be pretended that the dance gives intellectual accomplishments. I admit that a knowledge of the dance will give skill to the movements of the feet, but in selecting companions an intelligent young man would much prefer to have the accomplishment on the other end.

OFFERS INCENSE TO THE MEANEST PASSIONS.

"The dance offers incense to the meanest of passions," continued the preacher. "This is a delicate point, and I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I do not mean to even hint that the morals of all are corrupted by the dance, far be it from me to suggest such a thing. On the contrary, I believe there are many who thread the mazes of the dance without an impure thought or suggestion, but a prominent divine, whom I quote, thinks differently. He says: 'The round dance of fashionable society cannot be participated in in the heat and glare of the full room, with the accessories of music and motion, with the close physical contact and the hot breaths on each other's cheeks without intoxicating the brain and setting the passions of the participants on fire. It is a psychological impossibility, deny it who will; and any honest, intelligent physician will tell you so.' Gail Hamilton proclaims with vehemence concerning the dance: 'The thing in its very nature is unclean and cannot be washed. The very pose of the parties suggests impurity.' It is difficult to quote from a sermon of this character without injustice to its author. Many of the ideas advanced sound quite indifferent when quoted without the surrounding ideas of the sermon in its original form.



The new pulpit presented to the M. E. church, this village, by Mr. and Mrs. Ira Hosley of Norwood, was used for the first time on Sunday last. The desk is of pin maple finished in the natural wood and richly upholstered, the chancel rail is of oak, natural finish, and when placed in position will add materially to the beauty of the auditorium. At the conclusion of the morning service on Sunday last, a rising vote of thanks was extended to Mr. Hosley and wife, for their beautiful gift.

Selden-Savage.

Mr. Charles A. Selden, city editor of the PROVIDENCE NEWS, and formerly a reporter on the Providence Journal, was married to Miss Grace Savage at the Unitarian Church at Medfield, Mass., yesterday. After the regular morning service, Rev. John A. Savage, father of the bride, and pastor of the church, performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. Robert Savage of Walpole, the bride's uncle.

The groom is a Brown University man, class of '93, and member of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity. He is well and favorably known throughout the city.

The bride is a graduate of the Massachusetts State Normal School at Bridgewater, and for three years taught in the East Bridgewater High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Selden have gone on a short wedding tour, and on their return will reside at 16 Prospect street, East Providence.

A Quiet Home Wedding.

At the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Fry, on Wednesday, June 2, 1897, occurred the marriage of Miss Nellie E. Fry to Allen S. Hosley. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Nelson Whitman in the presence of only the near relatives and a few of the immediate friends of the family.

The happy couple are among our most prominent young people and the RECORD unites with a large circle of friends in wishing them many years of prosperity and happiness. After a tour of Niagara and other western points they will return to this village which they will make their future home.

Rev. Nelson Whitman and Miss Melissa Stone, were married at St. Johnsville, on Wednesday of last week. None but the immediate relatives and friends were present.

MARRIED.—At the Sacandaga House, Northville, N. Y., Thursday, February 22nd, 1883 by Rev. W. W. Foster, Mr. Orson R. Matting and Miss Lizzie Stanyon, both of Wells.

W. L. Abrams and Miss Ruby Morrison, Daughter of Mrs. Lydia Morrison, were married at the residence of the bride, Dec. 19th, 1888, by Rev. G. H. Marvin.

PAGE—BROWNELL.—In New York City, on Thursday, Dec. 20th, 1888, by Rev. W. H. DePuy, D. D., Mr. N. D. Page, of Hammondon, N. J., and Mrs. A. E. Brownell, of Norwood, N. Y.

Married.

EARLS—MORRISON.—At Greenfield, N. Y., April 16th, 1891, by Rev. R. D. Andrews, HENRY EARLS of South Corinth, N. Y., and Miss Ida A. MORRISON of Wells, N. Y.

MARRIED.

SEAVER—WILBUR.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Norwood, N. Y., Dec. 27, by Rev. J. W. Simpson, Fred J. Seaver and Miss Sarah L. Wilbur, all of Norwood.

MISS HELEN M. SEAVER and Mr. Milan E. Jones were married at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. N. S. Seaver, in this place, Friday evening, Aug. 24th, by Rev. J. W. Simpson. The wedding was a very pleasant one, and performed in the presence of a few invited friends. The bride and groom received many valuable presents.

Rev. J. W. SIMPSON, pastor of the M. E. Church, Norwood, having completed his western trip, arrived home Friday, bringing with him a bride, Mrs. E. A. Gibson, to whom he was married Aug. 21, at Watertown. He was extended a cordial reception by the people of Norwood, who filled the M. E. parsonage, presenting congratulations and good wishes for many years of blissful prosperity. A speech of welcome was made by Col. Stoughton, and heartily responded to by Rev. Simpson, after which all repaired to the basement of the Church where a sumptuous collation was served. Rev. E. R. Earle then delivered an address of welcome and congratulation in behalf of the friends present and absent, to which Rev. Simpson responded in his genial way, appreciating most sincerely the kind expressions and congratulations of the people of Norwood.

MARRIED. 1888.

At Franklin, May 30th, at residence of the bride's father, by the Rev James O'Hara, Alexander Blair to Hettie, youngest surviving daughter of Mr William Blair.

Married.—Feb. 17th. at Wm. Carpenter's in Northville, N. Y., by Rev. S. W. Snow J. B. Morrison of Wells N. Y. Editor of the "Adirondack Herald," to Miss. Hattie Bass of Northville.

By Rev. A. B. Palmatier, on Thursday, May 1st, 1884, at the residence of John G. Hyer, his oldest daughter, Annie, to Edgar Dunning. All of Wells.

HANNA—BLAIR.—Jan. 1st, 1885, at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. I. Wilkinson, THOMAS A. HANNA to Miss CLARA A. BLAIR, daughter of Wm Blair, all of Franklin Centre, P. Q.

Married.

MORRISON—EARLES.—At Jessup's Landing, Sar. Co., April 4th, 1886, by Rev. Dr. Dinsmore, S. W. Morrison, of Wells, N. Y., and Miss Matilda Earles of South Corinth Sar. Co.

MATRIMONIAL.

The sheltering walls of the old Francisco mansion, at Wells, have surrounded few more pleasant gatherings than that of the morning of July fifth, to witness the marriage of Mr. James S. Hosley, of Wells, N. Y. to Miss. Lina Burton, of Sageville, N. Y.

The company was a small but merry one. The form and face of the bride, enhanced by a tasty and than lovely and the handsome groom was as proud and happy as any young man need be.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. C. Kennedy, Mr. Elmer Ostrander acting as groomsman and Miss Minnie Burton, sister of the bride as bridesmaid.

Immediately after the ceremony, which took place at an early hour, the happy couple started for Northville, whence, after taking dinner, they go on a bridal trip through Saratoga county, intending to visit friends at South Corinth and to stop at the Springs.

Mr. and Mrs Hosley may be assured of the best wishes of their numerous friends for their future prosperity and happiness.

—Rev. M. S. Reed, of Holley, N. Y., who for the past year has been acting pastor of the Baptist church at this place, and Miss Hattie Hosley were united in marriage at the home of Mrs. H. A. Morrison on Wednesday, Sept. 15, at 7 A. M. Rev. A. A. Reed, of Sloansville, a brother of the groom, performed the ceremony. Mr. and Mrs. Reed left immediately after the ceremony for Holley where they will spend a few weeks among friends.

Married.

BROWN—HOSLEY.—At the residence of the bride, Nov. 10th, 1885, by Rev. Chas Kennedy, Albert Brown, of Arietta, N. Y. to Miss Lizzie Hosley, of Griffin.

HYMENIAL.—Married, Wednesday, at 12 M. Sept. 7th, 1887, at the residence of the bride's father, Clara, eldest daughter of George W. and Sarah J. Morrison of Broadalbin, Fulton Co., to E. G. Fuller, of the same place.

STEVENS—POTTER; WILLIAMS—POTTER.

A double wedding was celebrated last evening at 9 o'clock at the residence of Rev. and Mrs. F. K. Potter, No. 50 Church street, when their daughters, the Misses Hattie L. Potter and Clara A. Potter, became Mrs. Edgar L. Williams and Mrs. Frank C. Stevens respectively.

The solemnization of the nuptial contract was pretty and impressive. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Potter, the father of the brides. He was assisted by Rev. C. W. Stevens, the father of Frank Stevens.

The marriages were witnessed by about sixty relatives and friends. After four young people had been made two congratulations were in order for some little time. A bountiful and sumptuous wedding supper was served. The evening was very pleasantly spent. The house was prettily decorated for the occasion.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Stevens departed on the south bound midnight train on their wedding trip. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Williams will reside at No. 205 Circular street. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens will reside with Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stevens until spring. The young couples were presented with many beautiful and useful presents of glass and china ware, silver ware and furniture.

Among the guests at the wedding from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Whitmore and Miss Libbie Whitmore of Gloversville, John Fulton of Cohoes, Mrs. Lois Ayers and Miss Ayers of Albany, Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Foote and Ray Foote of Ballston, Mr. and Mrs. Van Vranken and E. Potter of Quaker Springs, Miss Grace Bennett of Schuylerville, Will Henry, Miss Grace Reeves and Mulford Burt of Albany.



PAT. MARCH 1876